SPECIAL: WOMEN AND IMMORALITY

JANUARY, 1963 • 35c

COSMOPOLITAN

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' MOTHER DISCUSSES THE HEROINES OF HIS PLAYS

A Kept Woman Explains Her Life

The Spiritually Aroused Female

JOHN D. MAC DONALD'S NEW MYSTERY NOVEL THE DROWNER

PAT SMITH: GIRL GOING SOMEWHERE

TWO NEW TYPES

A NEW SUPER HOLD AND A NEW GENTLE HOLD ADDED TO

Breck Hair Set Mist



Two new types, Super Hold and Gentle Hold, have been added to Breck Hair Set Mist. New Super Hold is for hard-to-manage hair and styles, New Gentle Hold is for soft styles. Original Breck Hair Set Mist has a medium hold, best for most hair types and styles. All three, with lanolin, hold curls softly in place without stiffness or stickiness.

Use after combing, to hold hair in place • Use before combing — style as you comb • Use to set hair

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

New Super Hold, New Gentle Hold, Original Breck Hair Set Mist: 2 oz. size 65¢; 8 oz. size $1.50. Plus tax.



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff Photo by Philippe Halsman
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

12 famous authors start a new kind of writing school

If you show you have writing talent worth developing, they are interested in helping you achieve professional success . . . right in your own home, and in your spare time

If you want to write professionally, here's an opportunity never before available:

These leading authors and teachers in every branch of writing have joined together to create a school of professional writing to help you develop your skill, talent and craftsmanship; and to pass on to you their secrets of achieving commercial success and recognition.

The training is supervised by Rod Serling, winner of five Emmys and author of the popular TV series, *The Twilight Zone;* Bruce Catton, Pulitzer-Prize-winning author of *A Stillness at Appomattox;* Faith Baldwin, author of 80 best-selling novels; Max Shulman, creator of the TV show, *Dobie Gillis;* Bennett Cerf, publisher, author and syndicated columnist; Red Smith, famed for his distinctive sports columns; Rudolf Flesch, noted teacher of business writing, author of *The Art of Readable Writing:* Mignon G. Eberhart, world-famous mystery novelist; Bergen Evans, university professor and language expert; J. D. Ratcliff, called by *Time* magazine "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction"; John Caples and Mark Wiseman, renowned experts on advertising writing.

These famous authors have applied to the teaching of writing – for the first time – a principle which has proved itself time and again: "If you want success for yourself, learn from successful people."

They have developed a series of home study textbooks, lessons and writing assignments that present – in a clear and stimulating way – what they have learned in their long, hard climb to the top.

The teaching methods of Famous Writers School are patterned after those of its parent organization, Famous Artists Schools, which has trained thousands for successful art careers.

You are a class of one

Instructors at the Famous Writers School are established authors whose work appears in leading publications. Under the supervision of the twelve Famous Writers, these instructors work with students by mail, just as editors work with established authors. And just as editors do, the School's instructors develop over a period of time increasingly warm relationships with the writers whose talent they are nurturing.

An instructor often spends up to several hours revising and correcting your completed assignment. He then writes you a long personal letter of analysis, criticism and encouragement. In his letter, he gives you concrete suggestions for improving your writing. While he is appraising your work, no one else competes for his attention. You are literally a class of one.

To help outstanding students achieve professional recognition, the School publishes a quarterly, the *Famous Writers Magazine*, which provides a showcase for student work. It also features articles and stories by the twelve Famous Writers, by the School's instructors and by other literary figures.

First reports of student success

The Famous Writers School is less than two years old. Its first students are not due to graduate until later next year. Yet, dozens of them are already tasting success.

"I've done it! I've made my first sale!" Lillian Maas, Zumbrota, Minn., wrote to her instructors. "My first fledgling, on its first trip out of the nest, has sent back a check for $150 from *Better Homes & Gardens*. I couldn't possibly have done it without the Course."

Other students are selling their writing to such varied publications as *Dallas Times Herald, Christian Science Monitor, Reader's Digest, Redbook, Popular Science, True Story, All Florida Magazine.*

Send for Talent Test

The twelve Famous Writers have designed a revealing Talent Test. The coupon will bring you a free copy plus a brochure about the School. When you complete the Test, it will be graded without charge by a School instructor. If your Test indicates writing talent, you are then eligible to enroll in the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6207, Westport, Connecticut

I am interested in finding out whether I have writing talent worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, the Famous Writers Talent Test and descriptive brochure.

Mr.
Mrs. .... Age ....
Miss (please print)

Street ....

City .... Zone ......

County .... State ......

The School is accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

COSMOPOLITAN

®

JANUARY, 1963 Vol. 154, No. 1

SPECIAL ISSUE: WOMEN AND IMMORALITY

FICTION

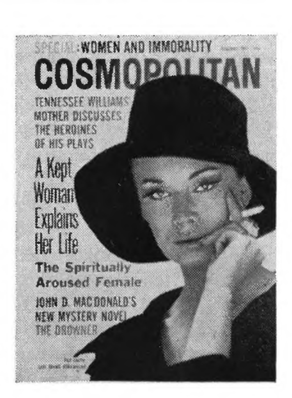
COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

ENTERTAINMENT

PEOPLE AND PLACES

SERVICES

OUR COVER—*All the pictures in this issue, including our cover photo, are the work of J. Frederick Smith, a former commercial artist-illustrator who switched to photography six years ago. (His last painting:* COSMOPOLITAN*'s June, 1956, cover.) In twenty-three years, Fred has worked on enough magazine assignments to stagger the imagination, but he says this project is his all-time favorite, partly because it stems from an idea he had cherished for years: doing a book that would show "one girl as all women." He mentioned the idea to our editor-in-chief, and presto! Photographer Smith and our January issue were in business. Of his model Pat Smith (no relation), he can speak only in superlatives: "Most completely flexible, adaptable girl ever seen through a camera." We feel sure you'll agree, as you see her portray a galaxy of fascinating females from cover-to-cover.*



COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y., U.S.A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; RICHARD E. DEEMS, PRESIDENT OF MAGAZINES; FRED LEWIS, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT OF MAGAZINES; JOHN R. MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF MAGAZINES; G. HARRY CHAMBERLAINE, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR RESEARCH AND MARKETING; WILLIAM S. CAMPBELL, VICE-PRESIDENT AND DIRECTOR OF CIRCULATION; FRANK MASSI, TREASURER; R. F. McCAULEY, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, $4.20 PER YEAR; CANADA, $4.70 PER YEAR. ALL OTHER COUNTRIES $7.20 PER YEAR. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL BY THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA, AND FOR PAYMENT OF POSTAGE IN CASH. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: MAIL ALL SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING SUBSCRIPTIONS AND POSTMASTER NOTICES OF UNDELIVERABLE COPIES TO COSMOPOLITAN, 250 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK. PRINTED IN U.S.A. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND OTHER MATERIAL SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.

The Moral Issue

One woman modeled for every photograph in our special issue, "Women and Immorality."

In a triumphant tour de force no other magazine has ever attempted, COSMOPOLITAN proves how a woman can uncannily change her face, personality, figure. The Martini-drinking suburban housewife, Joan of Arc, a native African girl, Queen Victoria, a streetwalker—these and all the other women you'll see in this issue are twenty-three-year-old, 5′10″ model Pat Smith, directed in this feat by photographer J. Frederick Smith (no relation). Even the elegant, sly young homosexual, shocking in its accuracy (page 60), isn't a man—it's Pat Smith.

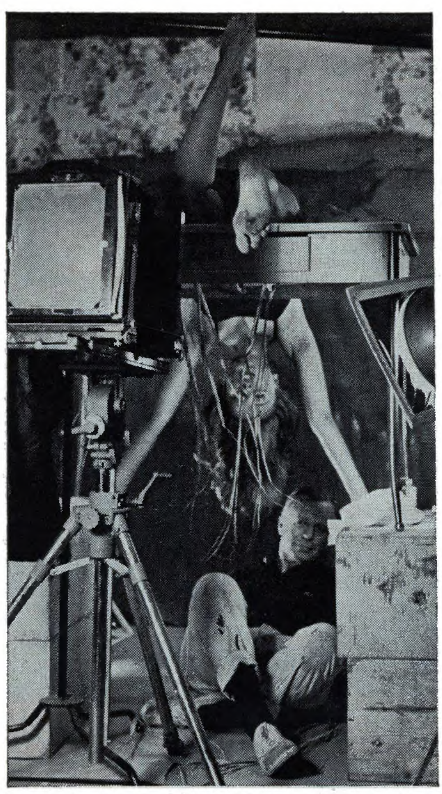
How was it accomplished?

Smith shot all the photographs in a radius of an hour-and-a-half's drive from New York City, east to Long Island and north to Ossining, New York, using either an 8″ x 10″ studio camera or his small Hasselblad. What went into the shooting:

For the photograph of the speed-dominated girl compulsively racing through the night in "Strangers of the Night" (page 94), Fred Smith borrowed a friend's Jaguar, rented a runway at Westchester Airport (which involved taking out $1,500,000 in insurance against possible damage to a plane that might hit them). He sent Pat racing down the runway at ninety-five miles an hour in the Jaguar, raced his Porsche parallel to her car and shot her, using a telescopic lens. "I shot slower, to create a blur, under-exposed for low key and used a wide lens opening for softness and subdued quality."

To become the native African girl in the story, "A Sound of Distant Music" (page 98), Pat colored her body with a quart of Max Factor make-up, wore a wig, native jewelry, batik skirt. Her face was sans make-up, though she exaggerated her eyebrows and lifted them back. After library research, Fred Smith painted the tattoo on her face, called in an African woman to inspect the result for authenticity, then had an African expert select the perfect "African veld" in Ossining. Smith photographed using an Imagon lens to soften the effect.

In one day, after days of researching and collecting authentic clothes and furniture and painting backgrounds, Smith photographed Pat as Joan of Arc (outdoors in the morning light at the Mount Kisco home of a Frenchman whose gardens are kept meticulously French), holding the sword Julie Harris used in the Broadway part; as Bernadette (during which Pat produced a real tear); as Clara Barton (in Smith's wife's log cabin studio, against a "scenic background" of the period); as Queen Victoria (no make-up, but cotton inside her cheeks); as Harriet Beecher Stowe (again no make-up, but powdered lips for a pinched, lined mouth).



Pat Smith: heels over head in work.

To look like Margaret in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, for "My Son's Heroines" by Tennessee Williams' mother (page 46), Pat read the play, then curled up on a brass bed and went completely feline, interpreting a scene in which Maggie maliciously tries to arouse her husband. As the Princess in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, waking up in a Gulf Coast hotel, Pat exaggerated her make-up, teased her hair into wildness and screamed and shouted violently and coarsely. "She tore the world apart," says Smith approvingly.

Anything for a Picture

Pat not only tore the world apart to model for the pictures—she also hung upside-down, painted with gylcerin (for the mystery novel, "The Drowner," by John D. MacDonald, page 102) while Smith shot pictures of her through a pane of glass coated with gylcerin and rubber cement; she lounged in the Gobelin-tapestried drawing room of an ancient Normandy château (for "The Life of a Kept Woman," page 54) that had been brought to Long Island, stone by stone, in 1921; she lay in a "glass" box (for "The Glass Coffin," page 82), a box made of Plexiglas to her measure. She strolled down a small town street ("Case History of a Demoralized Town," page 74) in a tight red jersey sheath, a black bra, no stockings, beat-up white shoes and disordered hair; Smith photographed her through a telescopic lens, the townspeople gaped and a documentary look was achieved.

After all this—and much more that appears in this unusual issue—how did the two Smiths feel? Pat, who eats like a couple of horses, was enthusiastic about portraying *more* women; and Fred Smith, who eats like half a horse, couldn't think of anything better than more of the same.

—The Editors

ROBERT C. ATHERTON
Editor

RICHARD E. DEEMS *President, Magazines Division*
JAMES PALMER *Executive Editor*
FRANK R. DUPUY, JR. *Publisher*

Published by Hearst Corp., **RICHARD E. BERLIN,** *President*

Senior Editors: ANTHONY C. LA SALA—*Art* • WILLIAM CARRINGTON GUY—*Fiction*
HARRIET LA BARRE—*Articles* • LYN LEVITT TORNABENE—*Entertainment*
CLAIRE GALLANT BERMAN—*Copy* • GEORGE WALSH—*Features*
Assistant Editors: GENEVE E. HARD • ALEXANDRA LAWSON FRYE
VENE SPENCER • LAUREL B. RAPOPORT • CAROL BROWN
Contributing Editor: JON WHITCOMB
DOROTHY PABST *Staff Manager* ANTHONY D. GUZZARDO, JR. *Production*

SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

"THEORETICALLY, a 'nice' single woman has no sex life. What nonsense!" says Helen Brown, the author of SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL. Her new book is the first that dares to recognize the physical as well as the emotional needs of the single woman.

Helen Brown is a successful career woman who led a glamorous, busy *single* social life until she was happily wedded at 37. SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL is based on her own experiences and those of her friends. It is a complete, sophisticated guide to the unique situations that every single girl faces today.

How to Handle Men

SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL is an eminently practical book. It includes, for example:

- A five-minute lesson on the art of flirting
- A chapter on The Affair, from beginning to end, including advice on how to live through the trouble times and the break-up
- 17 different ways to meet men, and 10 ways to get them to notice you
- The pros and cons of having anything at all to do with a married man
- An analysis of the special charms of the Don Juan – and the warning signals to look out for
- An appraisal of the Ultimatum and how long you should wait before pressing for a proposal
- An eye-opening discussion of virginity—its problems, its future
- A dozen surprising and effective ways for becoming more feminine

Today's glamour girl – the single career woman

Being single today is vastly different from what it was in your mother's day. The single career woman is today's new glamour girl. She has the time and the money to indulge herself. She can be a fashion-plate, a traveler, a knockout. She can do *what* she wants to *when* she wants to. She answers to nobody for her actions, her decisions, her behavior. She can have a marvelous, unburdened, exciting time during these years. And that's exactly what Helen Brown shows you how to do in this buoyant, joyful guide to living single in superlative style.

Man-centered life

Since the basic theme of this book is you and men, Helen Brown discusses every area of your life in terms of its effect on men. She tells you:

- How to fill your apartment with man-attractors
- 15 steps for building a wardrobe that's guaranteed to delight men while leaving your budget intact
- How to wear make-up so he can brag to his friends about your 'natural beauty'
- How to listen to a man so that he knows you're interested, charmed, impressed
- How to make your telephone conversations something he'll look forward to
- How to find a job that will enable you to meet men
- How to make dinners *a deux* occasions he'll remember as the ultimate in comfort, coziness and relaxation

Here's what people who know are saying about this refreshingly honest book:

SUZY PARKER:
"I admire the brilliant wit, courage, and sound intelligence of Helen Gurley Brown! Judging by the delighted response of *every* woman who read the book over my shoulder, I'm sure that it will have a happy audience of millions."



HELEN GURLEY BROWN

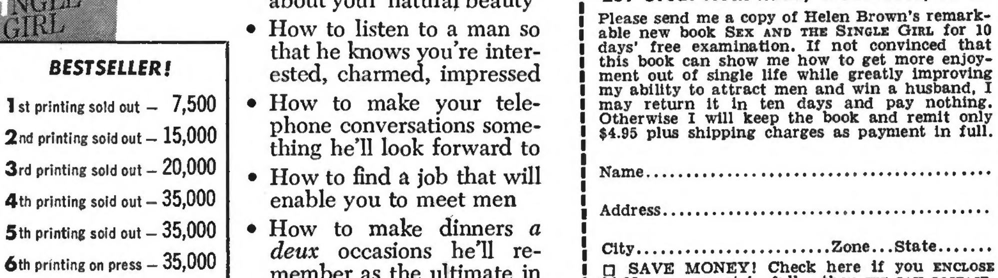
DR. ALBERT ELLIS:
"Faces up to the problem of premarital sex relations with refreshing candor. The discussion of the single girl and her premarital affairs is unusual for its honesty and realism – and remarkable for having been written by a woman."





MAXINE DAVIS,
author of *The Sexual Responsibility of Woman:*
"Makes the state of single blessedness so stimulating and challenging that any wife wonders why she ever married. It gives advice, delightful as well as realistic, on the technique of enjoying and getting along with men. It makes the strategy so diverting that one wonders whether the fruits of success could possibly be as much fun as the campaign. However, neither the author – nor I – have any doubts about *that*."

JOAN CRAWFORD:
"Can be a textbook for all women, single and married. It should be put on every man's bed table – when he's free, that is. It's enchanting."



BESTSELLER!

1st printing sold out –	7,500
2nd printing sold out –	15,000
3rd printing sold out –	20,000
4th printing sold out –	35,000
5th printing sold out –	35,000
6th printing on press –	35,000
Total in print –	147,500

Special Offer – Send No Money

Once you have read SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL you will be amazed at the new sparkle, zest and fun in your life. Use the coupon below to send for SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL, only $4.95. Write to Bernard Geis Associates, Dept. C-13, 239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y. If you do not agree that it can brighten your life and help you attract and win the right man, you may return it within 10 days and owe nothing.

Mail Today For 10-Day Free Examination

To your favorite bookstore, or
BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES, Dept. C-13
239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of Helen Brown's remarkable new book SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL for 10 days' free examination. If not convinced that this book can show me how to get more enjoyment out of single life while greatly improving my ability to attract men and win a husband, I may return it in ten days and pay nothing. Otherwise I will keep the book and remit only $4.95 plus shipping charges as payment in full.

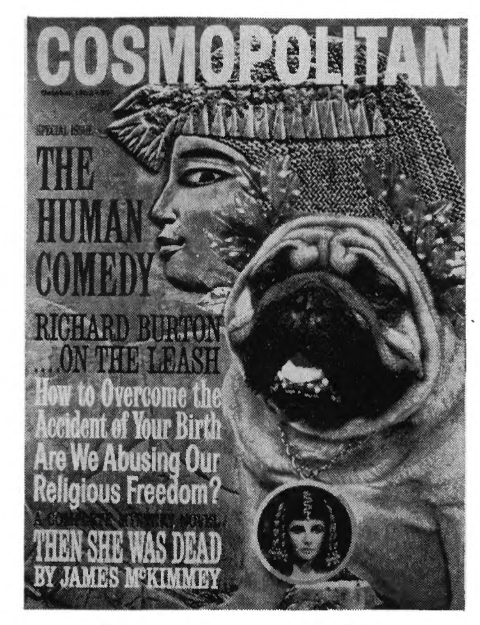
Name..

Address..

City......................Zone...State.......

☐ SAVE MONEY! Check here if you ENCLOSE $4.95 as payment in full – then WE PAY POSTAGE. Same 10 day examination, with full refund GUARANTEED. (NYC residents please add 3% sales tax.)

The Inhuman Comedy



It's not quite a dog's life.

ANIMAL CRACKERS

Santa Fe, New Mexico: Congratulations on your October issue. Your "The Human Comedy" is really something—so very witty! With a world so full of tension, how marvelous to be able to just plain laugh! We roared with delight over the pictures and captions. Keep up the good work. We need you!
—MR. AND MRS. FRANK HAMLIN FINCKE

New York City: Whose bright (and unfortunate) after-cocktail idea was it to fill an entire issue with pictures of animals? A few such pictures are charming, but an issueful quickly palls. It's especially regrettable since your magazine has been most successful in the past with its witty, sophisticated pictures and articles concerning the human animal.
—GAIL S. WEINBERG

Seattle, Washington: What is this—bird and animal month? Was the editor on vacation? —LUCILLE H. BISHOP

Waterbury, Connecticut: I could not let this opportunity pass without my sending a congratulatory letter to you. Who thought up the marvelous Human Comedy picture idea?

I have been an ardent fan of your magazine for as many years as I care to admit, but this issue surpasses anything I have seen. —MRS. AMY YOUNG

Washington, D.C.: I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the dog cover on your October issue—with that wonderful locket around his neck to identify his mistress. And when I leafed through the magazine, I found myself laughing aloud.

All of us at one time or another, and some of us more than others, succeed in making prize chumps of ourselves. It's refreshing to have this pointed out in an amusing and constructive way.
—MRS. PETER O'REILLY

New York City: The place of animals in the world nowadays puzzles me. I mean, how are you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, or in the house, or anywhere at all after they're seen on the pages of COSMOPOLITAN?

But anyway, the pictures *were* eye-catching. I only hope they don't give those animals swelled heads.

And besides, look at all those modeling fees you saved. Maybe *that's* the place of animals in the world. To pose but not get paid. —ANDREW WOOD

Every dog has his day. Our cover model, for instance, earned the usual doggy modeling fee. —The Editors

Atlanta, Georgia: Marvelously funny. Marvelously witty. That's the only way I can describe your animal illustrations. I have felt for some time that COSMOPOLITAN is an inventive magazine, but I now know you're up among the leaders.

It got so I spent an entire evening looking at the pictures, reading the captions out loud to my family and laughing over them again and again. I have even cut some of the pages out and stuck them on my kitchen bulletin board—the better to remind me to keep my own sense of humor.

But don't think I ignored your articles. I found them to be as much to the point as the illustrations were amusing. And that, gentlemen, is saying a great deal.

Your only difficulty now is that you're faced with the problem of topping a wonderfully unique idea.
—MRS. STAIGE BLACKFORD

New York City: What can I say? Who can I blame for the idiocy that you have perpetrated on your readers in the October issue?

The only reason I can think of is that you're laughing at me. I don't like that a bit. Not a bit. —EDWARD BARBER

ON RELIGIOUS ABUSE

New York City: I want to say that I liked Thomas J. Fleming's "Are We Abusing Our Religious Freedom?" (October) very much. To be honest, when I saw the title of the article on the cover, I cringed and moaned to myself: not another article on *this* subject. But Mr. Fleming's article was extremely informative, and I learned much I didn't know.
—IRENE SAYLOR

Clawson, Michigan: The plain-talking, frank approach Thomas Fleming makes to religious abuse is the kind of fresh wind we need to dispel the foggy awareness too many of us have of the present state of our religious freedom. Experience cries out to us not to be indifferent.
—YVONNE G. STROTHER

New York City: In his article, Thomas J. Fleming erroneously mentions Israel Bonds in his reference to "vast tax-exempt funds still being demanded by Zionists . . ."

I should like to inform your readers that funds used to purchase State of Israel Bonds are not tax-deductible since they represent a loan, not a philanthropic gift, to Israel for the purpose of financing its economic development.

It is somewhat of a paradox to find Mr. Fleming, who is to be commended for opposing every form of prejudice, revealing an anti-Israel bias in his discussion of American Jewish aid for Israel.

For example, when he speaks of aid to Israel as "a foreign government," it apparently does not occur to Mr. Fleming that such an attitude also stigmatizes the large-scale foreign aid program carried on by the United States government.
—JOSEPH J. SCHWARTZ
VICE PRESIDENT, STATE OF ISRAEL BONDS

Mr. Schwartz is drawing an erroneous conclusion. Nowhere in his piece does Mr. Fleming specifically equate Israel Bonds with tax-exempt funds. He does equate these bonds with "fund-raising." —The Editors

Boston, Massachusetts: An author has to be very sure of himself to write a piece on religious groups in this country. The

danger is that any criticism, however justified or mild, will be taken as a blanket condemnation of religion in general.

Thomas Fleming has done an exceptional job in presenting his case. All one must do to realize the justice of his position is read newspapers, listen to radio, sit in on conversations with friends.

I am not an atheist. I am a churchgoing person who truly values the religious liberty we possess in this country. And I am unalterably opposed to those persons who use their positions to enforce their will on others outside their religions. This is the road to tyranny, which, like the road to hell, is paved with good intentions. —MRS. MARGARET KANE

Asheville, North Carolina: "Are We Abusing Our Religious Freedom?" is most praiseworthy. It hit exactly where it should. I hope that you will continue with this essential theme.
—JOSEPH R. SCHLENK

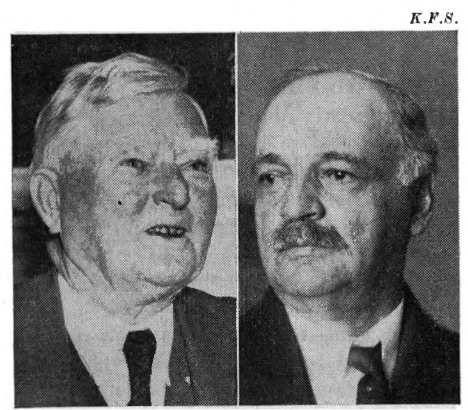
Haverhill, Massachusetts: Re: "Are We Abusing Our Religious Freedom?"—the only fitting statement one can make after such an excellent article is "Amen."
—P. J. POULOS

NO SUGAR, PLEASE

New York City: The high quality of COSMOPOLITAN fiction never ceases to amaze me. I am a devoted reader of magazines in general, but I have long been upset by saccharin short stories in most magazines. Some editors seem to think women want to read about nothing but sugar and spice and everything nice.

In the October issue, I particularly enjoyed "Italian Interlude," by Morris Philipson, and "The Sailing Club," by David Ely. My congratulations to your fiction editor, and I hope his lonely crusade for good, solid stories begins to affect the attitude of others in the trade. —NANCY FABER

K.F.S.



Garner: he isn't. Curtis: he is.

ERROR OF BIRTH

Owatonna, Minnesota: I read and appreciated "Your Accident of Birth" (October). However, on page 49, I found an error in fact. I quote it: "A man of part American Indian ancestry, John N. Garner, has been Vice President of the United States."

The error is in the name. It should be Charles Curtis, elected Vice President in 1928. He was the son of a white man and a half-Indian woman, and was born on Indian land, January 25, 1860. His maternal grandmother is credited with having induced him to leave his maternal home. —BERNARD MCGOVERN

HOW FIT IS FIT?

New Buffalo, Michigan: "The American Gladiator" (October) was excellent. Having a disciplined mind and a body trained to take hardships is the key factor in becoming fit. The fit person who lacks "pluck," as Mr. Stephen Birmingham termed it, will not necessarily survive hardship. —MRS. LOUIS SIMA

Glendale, Missouri: As an overweight housewife who can barely make it around a nine-hole golf course, can't ice skate, but can play the second movement of the Beethoven *Pathétique* sonata, I heartily agree with the questions raised in "The American Gladiator."—ELOISE DANIELS

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: I take great issue with "The American Gladiator" article.

By and large, the American public has responded normally to the remarks and urging of our President regarding physical fitness. Mr. Birmingham has chosen to cite the lunatic fringe antics and to pooh pooh in general the need for an awareness of physical fitness.
—ELIZABETH EARNEST

Malverne, New York: Thank heavens somebody is finally making some sense on the subject of physical fitness. As a golfing widow, I question whether a weekend of any sport, followed by several drinks and a hearty dinner, are doing anything to make my husband healthier, wealthier—or wiser.

As Mr. Birmingham points out, the best way to get fit is to decide what one should get fit *for*. At the same time, the eager would-be athlete should realize there is a safe rule to follow: moderation in all things. —MRS. PIERCE KEARNEY

Bronx, New York: I go to a gym and work out several times a week, and am very much in favor of the President's fitness program. What right does Mr. Birmingham have to criticize it? Does he realize our children are not only substandard to the Russians in physical fitness, but to the English and French? What are his credentials? —WILLIAM O'CONNELL

Mr. Birmingham says he spends summers cutting grass and doing laps in his swimming pool, winters thinking about these activities. —The Editors

Calendar-Style Changes, The "Why" of January And the Now Harsh, Now Easy Mom



BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD *Drawings by Roy McKie*

Calendar-style changes. Remember when the beginning of each year was marked by the appearance of fascinating new calendars all over town—with nudes displayed in the barber shop, lumberyard and Mike's bar, pretty girls in the hardware store, farm views in the grocery store, plump livestock on the butcher's wall? And when Dad brought home armfuls of calendars for Ma to hang all around the house? Well, the calendar business is still going strong, but in different directions, we learn from leaders in the field. Nudes—even the diaphanously draped seminudes—have been almost eliminated, partly because of government restrictions and organizational protests, partly because of women patrons' invasion of men's previously exclusive domains. With greater sophistication, also, the trend has been away from the ornate and naïve toward the conservative in calendars—photographic color scenes, human-interest subjects and fine-art reproductions (but not as yet extreme modern or abstract art). With space limitations, jumbo-sized calendars are almost out, and in many offices wall calendars have been replaced by desk calendars and illustrated appointment books. Some of the biggest changes are in the home. Ma no longer must make do with what Dad brings home, for women are being catered to more and more with calendars specifically designed for the kitchen and other parts of the house. In fact, American families have become so increasingly date conscious—with mothers' expanded social and civic activities—that a survey shows there now is an average of at least four calendars in every American home.

The "why" of January. There's a lot more to the name of the first month and what it denotes than New Year celebrants might think, we're told by psychoanalyst Joost A. M. Meerloo (New York). The month of January was named after Janus, the two-faced Roman god of the gates and doors. Accordingly, he was held to be the opener and closer of things in general. Likewise, one of his two heads symbolized youth, the beginning, and the other was the symbol of old age, the end. The two heads further symbolized the awareness of man's mysterious contrasts—the good and the evil within him, his repeatedly starting off right and ending up wrong, his conflicts between instinct and reason. Thus, as Dr. Meerloo explains, New Year's is a time of moral and psychological double-entry bookkeeping in which, like Janus, one of our symbolical heads looks backward at the past year's frustrations and failures, the other optimistically forward toward the new promises and the greater fulfillment of our desires. So—Happy New Year!



Do lefties write more poorly? How true is the widespread belief that the child who uses his left hand is apt to write more slowly, less legibly and less neatly than the right-handed child? British psychologists G. F. Reed and A. C. Smith (University of Manchester) gave writing tests to matched groups of left-handed and right-handed children aged nine to fourteen. The surprising finding: In every category—speed, legibility, neatness, endurance—the lefties wrote just as well, on the average, as did the righties. This held even when the children used pen and ink, which long had been considered a special handicap to lefties, particularly with respect to smudging wet ink with the writing hand. That no emotional blocks were revealed in the writing of these young lefties was perhaps due to the fact that teachers have become more tolerant about left-handed writing, and would suggest that where lefties—especially adults—do write more poorly, it may be because of previous pressures exerted upon them to write contrary to their impulses.

When's a woman "old"? The answer varies greatly among countries and groups, according to reports by women doctors at an international conference in Germany. A woman is thought old biologically or physically when she's in her forties in Austria, Germany and New Zealand, but not till she's in her seventies in Canada, Great Britain, the Netherlands and Norway. The medical view in some countries is to relate "oldness" in a woman to the onset of menopause, while elsewhere it may be gauged by her general health and physical condition. A different question concerns the age when a woman is considered old socially. In Israel, it was reported that age 40 is

old for underprivileged women of the Oriental groups; ages 50 to 55 for those in a higher economic position; and ages 60 to 70 for those in the more favored groups with European backgrounds. In Great Britain, the age at which a woman may be rated old socially is related to loss of independence and reduced activity in family and community life, and to individual personality factors. As to the United States, in one respect—when looking for a job—a woman is considered old at an earlier age than in many other countries. Otherwise, Americans judge age in a woman not by her birth date, but by how well—and how young—she looks, feels and acts. On this basis, American women are considered less old at a given age than their sisters anywhere in the world.

The now harsh, now easy Mom. Do you know (or are *you*) a mother who one minute is a stern disciplinarian, then lets her child get away with murder? Psychiatrist Maurice J. Rosenthal (Institute for Juvenile Research, Chicago) offers an explanation for the hard-and-soft



mother and a possible cure for her and the erratic little hell-raiser who usually results from her inconsistency. The basic difficulty is that the mother feels guilty when she punishes her child, then tries to atone by being unduly permissive. The child seeks to see how much more he can get away with. Mother's indecisiveness confuses him, and his misbehavior then baffles her. Thinking there's something wrong with the child, she seeks help, complaining, "I can't do a thing with him. . . ." This may work: the mother must be made to feel that a child not only needs but wants discipline—much of his misbehavior being an attempt to prod her into setting some sensible limits for his actions, which he's not yet able to set for himself. When the mother realizes this, she can break the vicious circle of guilt, permissiveness, misbehavior, punishment, guilt again, etc. After mothers stopped being inconsistent, Dr. Rosenthal found such dramatic improvement in many cases that it wasn't necessary to treat the children at all. THE END

Why VD is on the Increase

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

When it happened to him he was astounded, almost unbelieving, about what it was and how it happened and about the girl.

He had been aware, at first, of the little annoyance, had dismissed it as only a nuisance, nothing to worry about.

Then, a few weeks after the first signs, his throat felt raw, and he began to feel pains in the joints. He had no real suspicion; he thought that he might have grippe.

The doctor examined him. He asked many questions about the symptoms. And he said: "I have an unpleasant suspicion. I think it could be syphilis."

There was a blood test. When it showed the tiny, corkscrewlike organism known as *Treponema pallidum*, there was no question.

"It's an early case," the doctor said. "No need to worry. Penicillin works wonders."

But then he said. "How, where, from whom? It's important that you tell me."

Jim Brown, as we'll call him here, knew from whom, but he couldn't bring himself to give her name.

A Chain Reaction

She was nineteen. She came from a genteel world—of private school, formal debut, social prominence. Her father was a distinguished lawyer. Her brother was a promising architect; so was Jim; they worked for the same firm in New York.

Jim had met her at a large—and very social—party to which her brother had wangled an invitation for him.

Jane had attached herself at the party—and afterward. She had called him; there had been dates. She was attractive, vivacious. She wasn't long in becoming provocative.

Jim had had some hesitations about the affair—considering his friend, her brother. But if he had syphilis now, it had to be Jane. It couldn't be anybody else. He'd had an idea that venereal disease had become rare, outmoded. He'd had another firm idea: that VD wasn't something—certainly, syphilis wasn't something—you got from a girl like Jane.

He was wrong—quite wrong—on both counts.

VD today is a serious problem. It has been on the increase since 1955—and now is increasing at an alarming rate.

Four years ago, the U. S. Public Health Service was estimating that one million people in the country had syphilis, many without knowing it.

In 1959, a nationwide study revealed that the reported new cases of syphilis were up 25 per cent over the year before. In 1961, they were up 192 per cent over 1957. In 1962, they were up 150 per cent over 1961.

VD is no longer solely a matter of professional dissemination—of infection by the paid purveyor of favors. (In New York, ten years ago. 30 per cent of arrested prostitutes had VD; now the figure is down to 15 per cent.) VD is increasingly an "amateur" problem. In January, 1962, a special Task Force on syphilis, appointed by the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, reported that there was "a chain reaction in the spread of syphilis infection, especially among teen-agers."

In September, 1962, at a special forum on syphilis in Washington, experts took a hard look at the sexual promiscuity behind the mounting VD rate. They blamed "much of popular music, dancing and Twisting" for being "frankly erotic." They indicted urbanization as a factor in the breakdown of established cultural values. "With urbanization, the family becomes less of a tightly knit unit. The city itself dilutes the supervision that can be given children. Parents are in less control than in the small town."

What's more, they took special note of the teen-age girl's longing for love.

"These girls," one psychiatric authority noted, "desperately yearn for a permanent attachment which will lead to marriage, but lacking the skills to achieve this, they settle for whatever crumbs they can get. And so they become involved in transitory sexual affairs. Such amours are an inevitable abandonment. With consequent depression . . . the promiscuous girl turns for solace in the make-believe world of another sexual embrace."

Jim had never really known Jane. He had often wondered about her. She hadn't wanted to talk much about her life. Her parents? "I hardly know them," she once said. She told him that she once had been engaged—"but nothing came of that affair." And she wouldn't say anything more.

Sometimes it seemed to Jim that she lived largely in a state of dejection, only managing to come out of it by forcing herself, by making a desperate effort. . . .

"Tell me her name," the doctor was saying, breaking into his reverie. "It's vitally important," he said, and went on to explain why:

"It's an ugly business, syphilis—a very dangerous infection if neglected. It usually starts with a little chancre at the point where the germ enters the body. It's small, hurts very little, heals itself in few weeks. In about six weeks, there may be rash, headaches, sore throat—and these, too, will soon disappear without treatment.

The Disease Doesn't Go Away

"But the disease doesn't go away. It becomes latent, produces no symptoms, is detectable only through laboratory tests. Later, often many years later, the germ—now spread throughout the body and lodged in one or more internal organs—begins its destructive work.

"If untreated, syphilis may eventually cause rupture of a major blood vessel. It may make the heart fail. It may attack brain and spinal cord, produce excruciating pain, blindness, paralysis, insanity.

"A man or woman can be a syphilis carrier unknowingly, spread the disease, and only years later be struck down in the late stages.

"Find and treat syphilis early, and it can be licked. Penicillin can cure it.

"But it isn't enough to cure the individual patient. If syphilis is to be rooted out, all contacts the patient has had must be found, tested and treated.

"The trouble is," the doctor told Jim, "that now syphilis has been happening to 'nice' people, has been spread by 'nice' girls. And doctors, although supposed to report every case, haven't.

"Let a slum youngster go to a city clinic and he's reported and his contacts are checked. But let a middle class victim go to his personal physician, and the doctor may decide not to stigmatize him by reporting the case to public health authorities so they can follow up on contacts. It has been suspected that as many as nineteen of every twenty cases have gone unreported.

"But that's changing now. It has to change. We can't be complacent any more. Now who was the girl?"

He gave the doctor Jane's name. Then he called her and told her what he had done. He tried to be kind, to explain how important it was, and to be reassuring.

Jane gasped, and hung up on him. He called her back, and she cried. But she agreed to see the doctor.

There have been studies showing that a hundred or more people with syphilis can be traced by diligent case work from a single individual seen by a doctor. There is one instance on record in which follow-up of a single male victim revealed a web of infection involving 326 other persons.

Public health authorities finally tracked down eighteen persons through Jim and Jane. There were three other men with whom she had heen intimate. One had infected her; she had infected the two others and Jim. And there were their contacts. . . .

The syphilis was cured in every case. Penicillin cured Jim. There were repeated tests to make certain. Jane and her contacts were cured the same way. And Jane is under psychiatric care. Her parents saw to that, finally, after her depression became more pronounced.

The rise in venereal disease is a grave problem. Not only syphilis but gonorrhea has been increasing; now there are upward of a million gonorrhea cases a year. Although not as dangerous as syphilis—and with more obvious early symptoms such as irritating discharge and pain—gonorrhea, too, if untreated, may result in gland and joint complications and incapacitating disability.

VD Is Curable

Today, there is no medical excuse for VD. Modern treatment with antibiotics is rapid, sure, inexpensive.

VD is a problem of education. Until a decade ago, there was a great deal of education: lectures in the armed services; large and frightening posters in public places; leaflets distributed by many public health agencies. VD rates came down; the campaign no longer seemed necessary. Now a new one is urgently needed. Few young people today know much about VD, recognize the dangers, are even aware that a cure in the early stages is available.

VD is a problem of follow-up: for unfailing reporting by every physician of every case, for cooperation by every patient in naming contacts and for greater effort by public health authorities in tracing and treating contacts.

Most important of all, VD—and the promiscuity behind its current upsurge—is a problem of morality, of a breakdown in established values, that is of mounting concern to clergymen, educators and sociologists. When the public-at-large decides to treat VD as a moral issue, the problem will be largely solved.

What's New in Medicine

Treating psoriasis: Although this chronic, scaling skin disease still remains incurable, relief for it can—and should—be provided, a Yonkers, New York, skin specialist reports. There are now a number of methods which, while they provide no lasting relief, do permit effective control. The physician reports on the use of a newer preparation, Alphosyl Lubricating Cream, which has the appearance of a vanishing cream and includes oils similar to those found in the skin, along with tar, allantoin and squalene, compounds that soften scales. In 26 of 41 patients, there was complete clearing of the skin; in 10 others, the scaling cleared and itching was eliminated although some redness persisted.

New aid for the allergic: Some people with hives, nasal congestion and other allergy problems may respond to a new antihistamine, even though similar drugs previously have produced unsatisfactory results or annoying side effects. The compound, Mitronal, was studied by a physician from the Allergy Clinic of the Maine Medical Center in one hundred patients, most of whom had tried antihistamines previously without benefit and in many cases with drowsiness, heartburn and other disturbing side effects. Sixty-eight per cent reported relief; only 6 per cent had side effects which often could be eliminated by reducing the dosage. The drug was of value, too, in some asthmatic children, but had no effect in adult asthmatics.

For pernicious anemia: Believed to be caused by deficiency in a gastric juice factor that promotes absorption of vitamin B_{12}, pernicious anemia can produce many disturbing symptoms—weakness, numbness of the arms and legs, soreness of the tongue, loss of appetite, nausea and attacks of abdominal pain. Now a study with a small group of pernicious anemia patients indicates that good control may be obtained with an injection of vitamin B_{12} every six months. Thus far, for periods of up to eight years, no patient has shown any sign of relapse on the simple, twice-a-year treatment.

One-two punch against pneumonia: Despite antibiotics, many cases of pneumonia remain difficult to treat. Now three physicians at the Buffalo (New York) General Hospital report a successful new approach: use of antibiotic in aerosol form along with an enzyme, pancreatic dornase, also in aerosol form. The enzyme thins out thick mucus secretions, thus helping clear the way for the antibiotic; in turn, the antibiotic, by decreasing bacteria, reduces obstruction to the enzyme. In thirty patients ranging up to eighty-two years of age, some with extremely severe staphylococcal pneumonia complicated by abscess, secretions usually thinned within two to three days and infection subsequently cleared. There were no deaths.

Tar bath for skin troubles: Although tar has long been a valuable agent in treating skin diseases, its disagreeable odor and messiness have been drawbacks. Now a new bath oil, Balnetar, containing specially processed coal tar, has eliminated the disadvantages. A Toledo, Ohio, dermatologist reports that the preparation—pleasant to use—has produced satisfactory relief of itching and dryness in 321 of 335 patients with varied chronic skin problems, including eczema and psoriasis.

Mental alertness and cholesterol: Excessive cholesterol in the blood—already associated with hardening of the arteries and heart attacks—now is being related to the decreasing mental alertness that often begins in middle age. Lowering the cholesterol level appears to help, Indianapolis investigators report. After a year-long series of tests, there was no marked difference in results in younger men—between those who had their cholesterol levels lowered and those who did not. But in older men, those who did not have their cholesterol levels lowered "performed significantly more poorly."

Relaxing muscle spasm: Painful spasm—involuntary contraction of muscle—is often associated with acute conditions such as bursitis (back troubles), wry neck and bone fractures. In addition, it's a frequent complication in osteoarthritis and multiple sclerosis. Now physicians at a New York hospital report that a muscle relaxant drug, Robaxin, is often effective in relieving spasm in both acute and chronic cases. Given intravenously, it benefited all of thirty-two patients with acute conditions. Among patients with osteoarthritis and similar chronic conditions, two of every three benefited.

Twice-a-day relief for sinusitis: A new extended-action medication is highly effective in relieving sinusitis symptoms, a California physician reports. Taken twice a day, it brought complete relief for twenty-four, and great improvement for eight others, of a total of thirty-six patients. Side effects did occur but were not frequent; of a total group of sixty-three patients, four complained of nervousness, one noted some degree of dryness of the mucus membranes and four had some drowsiness. The medication: Dimetapp Extentabs. THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

Chiffon Shorts

"A bit of excitement" is a possible translation from the Swahili "Saa ya kihangaisho"—a phrase that decorates an African-inspired beach shift designed by top Italian couturier house Fontana of Rome, which conservatively dressed Princess Maria Pia of Italy for her wedding to Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, and (less conservatively) has dressed folk like Kim Novak and Ava Gardner. Typical of the more spectacular resort inventions that Fontana will sell in the U. S. and calculated to electrify the American male:

Chiffon shorts ($45) that say a final good-by to the idea that chiffon means the floating draperies of an Isadora Duncan. The shorts are boy shorts and are silk-lined.

Sequins and bugle beads. The beach top ($170) promises to look more glittering than the island of Manhattan at dusk. Green sequins, blue sequins, turquoise sequins sparkle all over flower-spattered beach top. Adding shimmer to glitter, bugle beads outline the flowers.

The sarong skirt. Chiffon, flowered, lined with silk, the sarong skirt (approximately $70) tickles the ankles and knocks out the eye with a print of lime, turquoise, beige, green, deep red.

Fashion influence from Rome adds up to lots of dash . . . and to a tidy cost that the American male can begin to eye with a sinking feeling in his wallet.

Smooth as honey, the silk ascot flowed down the front of a Chanel blouse—and the scarf sizzle turned into a firecracker.

Both European and American designers are shooting off scarf ideas as colorful and exciting as rockets on Chinese New Year. Some of the scarves are built into suits and coats. But even scarves alone can jazz up the basic black dress into really something. Knowing *how* to wear a scarf, says one designer, "makes the difference between cooking an indifferent beef stew or creating a masterpiece of a *boeuf bourguignon.*"

For the masterpiece effect, Chanel drapes a long silk scarf around the neck, crosses it over casually in front, low at the left side. Ceil Chapman knots a long chiffon scarf at the back of the neck, lets it trail down the back to below the waist of a sleeveless silk tunic. De Barentzen ties a satin kerchief in front, to be worn for evening with a black satin jacket and a to-the-floor gray flannel dress.

A three-colored silk scarf called the "Saraband"—one in royal-emerald-black, another in pink-white-aqua—from Arthur Jablow, and designed by David Kidd, tucks into his "no-collar" necklines or goes flopping out to the shoulders (or down the back) of some of his suits. The leopard scarf, the broadtail scarf—scarf: *any* flat fur—turns a Melton cloth coat into a bit of luxury. And Vera, that champion of scarf designers, offers everything from a silk twill "Smoke Ring" loop that you slip on over your head, to a silk square called "Dragon" and a silk square called "Sherwood Forest." The woman who finally runs out of ideas for wearing one of the irresistible scarves still needn't give up—Tammy Grimes has even framed a scarf (a Venetian scene of children and gondolas) and hung it on her living-room wall in Manhattan.

—HARRIET LA BARRE



For American women: Italy's sequined top and chiffon shorts



. . . and the African-inspired, hand-blocked, lined cotton shift.

Towel-Dried Hairdo

Women at resorts this winter are too inclined to treat the hair problem three ways: they either swelter in wigs, sacrifice the cocktail hour to stints under hair dryers or let their hairdos go hang altogether, a solution that leaves them looking like cats that tangled with a jar of molasses.

All these methods are totally unnecessary insists Enrico Caruso, who keeps Dina Merrill's "socialite" hairdo under control, contributes to the immaculate chic of England's Duchess of Rutland when she's in this country, and who may moodily style Christina Paolozzi's hairdo sleek-and-shiny or in carefully disordered floating locks. Caruso's view of the best results for resorts: "Cut is the basic important thing for a resort. And the hair should be cut wet—cut so that *it looks good when wet.* It will then look better, towel-dried.

"Don't be intricate. Anything opulent looks stuffy, and what's stuffy looks hot. You're *already* hot. You want to look cool, and clean, and refreshing."

Caruso's favorite new resort hairdo that "stays for days and days" (provided you don't dunk your head when swimming): a cut that leaves the hair two inches at the neck, three inches at the ears and forehead, six inches at the crown. The original set is the standard set: rollers that go straight back from the forehead, rollers down the sides ("large rollers for coarser hair . . . for fine hair, use smaller rollers"), and a bottom row of pincurls that turn toward the ears. "For daytime, wear hair down; let it fall a hit over the forehead." For evening "pull up top hair, gather it in a rubber band, tease and comb it in a circular manner."

A two-inch-wide headband, elasticized variety, is the best-looking solution if you insist on the blissful feeling of swimming without a cap. Towel-dry your hair, tease it a bit at the crown and slip on the band.

This wide, *wide* band is becoming the big thing at European resorts, and some of the Caribbean-trotters beginning to wear the bands have an amazingly good eye for color—at Aruba, for instance, we spotted one brown-eyed brunette with olive skin in a chartreuse headband; one blue-eyed blonde Dutch girl in a raspberry band; one brown-eyed blonde in a mustard-colored band. All three girls looked so striking (and they weren't even wearing bikinis) that it begins to sound positively foolish to travel without taking along a batch of these colored headbands.

A bit of rouge is now the trend. But those diagrams showing you where to put rouge on your cheeks, depending on whether your face is triangular, square, oval or round, aren't by any means a woman's best guide. The best method is to take a brisk walk on a windy day. You'll find out just where your natural color lies, all right—and that's where to put your rouge. After the walk, take a good look in the mirror, then make a sketch of your face and diagram the color pattern so that you'll have a record of it. After all, who wants to take a brisk walk every day?



For resorts: "In the evening, pull up top hair, comb in a circular manner."

Wielding a scissors or a thin wire, some ingenious women are cutting off the tips of their old lipsticks at a 45 degree angle. What's achieved is the perfect angle for putting on lipstick so that you get the chiseled mouth of a Greek statue, an absolutely fine line, without resorting to the ticklish fine arts problem of using a lipstick brush.

The 45 degree angle lasts through half a dozen applications, and it's one way not to feel wasteful about throwing away old lipsticks.

What started all this is Max Factor's clever new 45 degree-angled lipstick that appeared on department store counters in November. The Factor lipstick has a wedge-shaped case angled at the top exactly like the lipstick, so that willy-nilly the lipstick itself stays at the right angle, no matter how many times a woman uses it. The case is tall and slender, and the wedge-shaped tip also backs up the lipstick and supports it so that it doesn't break. Booming sales of Factor's new design promise a revolution in lipstick case design, leaving women with absolutely no excuse for a blurred lipline.

With Audrey Hepburn, it's sips of orange juice between takes while making a movie. With fashion editors lately, it's those small five-ounce cans of tomato juice and the can opener tucked away in the desk drawer. And already this winter, there are definite signs of a switch from the "coffee break" to the "soup break"—again at the office desk, with a can opener.

Though women are supposedly more health-and-beauty conscious than men, it's the *male* executive who is espousing the soup break, particularly in advertising agencies and other high-pressure companies around Rockefeller Center. One executive believes the soup break got off the ground via the popularity of the "bullshot"—the beef broth and vodka drink, plain or on the rocks.

Whatever started it, it's good news to the soup companies like Campbell's which for years has been trying to promote the soup break as a morale booster that's low in calories and yet supplies energy. The two drinks most popular with the male executive and which wouldn't hurt the housewife-in-a-hurry, either: "soup on the rocks" which is beef bouillon poured over ice in a glass, and "sober sour"—a concoction of beef broth and a few drops of lemon juice poured over ice in a glass. Recently, one innocent tried to make a "sober sour" by pouring consommé instead of bouillon over the ice—and found himself with a glass of jellied consommé. Which, at that, could start another trend.—**H. La B.**

The Bright Young Virtuosos

Coming on strong—inspired performances of five young musicians.

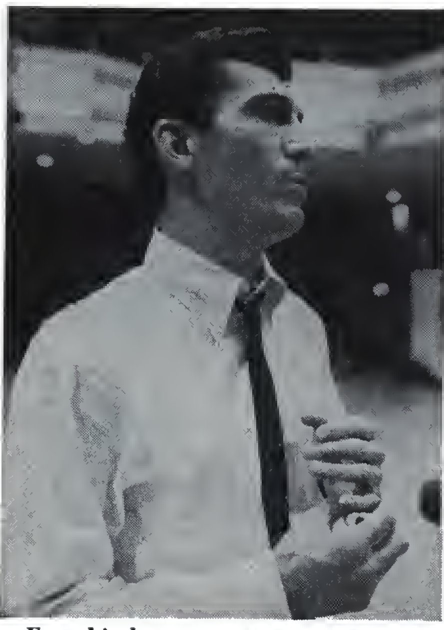


Davis: relaxed approach to life marks this classical pianist and expert chef.

Our record spotlight for this first month of 1963 focuses on five young men who have not only the talent necessary to place them among the leading musicians in the world, but also the charm and good looks capable of making them matinee idols, if they're ever so inclined. All five are under the age of thirty-three; three are already established at the top of their fields, the other two have launched very promising careers within the last few months. As a group they add another dimension to the exciting picture of youth and vigor taking the lead in all areas—arts, politics and science—of life in the soaring sixties. They'll also add considerable dimension to your record collection.

IVAN DAVIS. A classical pianist who is also an excellent chef, an established musician at thirty who didn't begin playing until he was twelve, Mr. Davis is a serious performer with a relaxed approach to life. Born in Electra, Texas, he was encouraged to study music by his aunt, went on from early studies to win a scholarship to North Texas State College, a Young Artists Award from the National Federation of Music Clubs, a Fulbright to study in Rome and numerous European awards. He made his New York debut in 1959, and in 1960 won the Franz Liszt Competition by a unanimous vote of the judges, including Dimitri Mitropoulos and Byron Janis. He has appeared with leading American and European orchestras, made numerous solo tours and played at the Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds. Mr. Davis lives in Manhattan with his wife and small daughter. In the few months when he is not on tour, he attends concerts and plays, and experiments with recipes he has collected while traveling. He has made two albums for Columbia: the first devoted to the works of Liszt, the second, entitled **Ivan Davis**, containing sonatas by Haydn, Mozart and Scarlatti, three of his favorite composers.

SERGIO FRANCHI. An Italian tenor who delights audiences with his ability to fill a hall with his dramatic voice and Mediterranean charm, Mr. Franchi is equally at home in classical or popular music. Born in Cremona, Italy, where he began operatic training, he emigrated at the age of twenty to South Africa where he took up pop singing, did some light opera and was voted "Number One Tenor." Then followed more training in Milan, a tour of Europe and a spot on England's *Sunday Night at the Palladium* show. This last attracted the attention of Norman Luboff who persuaded RCA Victor to audition Mr. Franchi. At the same time, Sol Hurok developed an interest in the young tenor which resulted in Mr. Franchi's American debut at Carnegie Hall last October. Since then he has appeared in Boston, Washington, on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, and is appearing this month at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. He is married to a South African girl of Scottish descent, has two children and in his rare spare moments enjoys painting water colors. Signor Franchi is planning several RCA



Franchi: he came, sang, conquered.

Columbia Records



Schippers: globe-trotting conductor.

Victor albums; the first release of the series, **Italy's Brilliant New Tenor: Sergio Franchi**, is a collection of romantic Italian songs and it includes the familiar "O Sole Mio" as well as "Torna a Surriento."

THOMAS SCHIPPERS. Energy is the striking characteristic of this brilliant young conductor who was graduated from high school at the age of 13, conducted his first orchestra at 18, his first opera at 20 and became conductor at the Metropolitan Opera at 25. Today, at thirty-two, Mr. Schippers commutes regularly between the Metropolitan and La Scala in Milan, is a regular guest conductor with the important symphony orchestras of both the United States and Europe and has, since 1958, assumed the entire artistic directorship of the Spoleto Festival. This summer he will also conduct the new production of *Die Meistersinger* at the Wagner Festival in Bayreuth. Mr. Schippers is also interested in art and the theater, has a love for the outdoors and spends as much time as possible swimming, sailing and mountain climbing. He has conducted on several Columbia albums, the most recent of which is entitled: **Thomas Schippers Conducts Opera Overtures** and includes music from *The Barber of Seville*, *La Traviata*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amelia Goes to the Ball.* Mr. Schippers conducts with an enthusiasm and an authority which makes each selection, no matter how familiar, gain fresh vitality and expression.

PETER DUCHIN. A complex background goes into the make-up of this attractive twenty-five-year-old pop pianist. The son of pianist Eddy Duchin and New York socialite Marjorie Oelrichs, who died shortly after his birth, Peter was raised by ex-Governor Averell Harriman and his wife. His musical education began with lessons from his father and went on to include such diverse elements as the Yale music department and a year in Paris spent with lessons in the classics from Mrs. Arthur Honegger, and impromptu sessions with the expatriate American jazz set. Peter arranged music and formed bands from his early teens through his Army stint in Panama, where he assembled a Latin American band. He tried out with his first professional orchestra at the Mid-Ocean Bath and Tennis Club in Bridgehampton last summer, then booked with them into the fashionable St. Regis Maisonette where he appears nightly. A bachelor, Peter lives in an apartment over Carnegie Hall, and, when not playing piano or composing, mixes with a chic literary set. He has made two albums for Decca. The most recent one, **Peter Duchin: Music in the Duchin Manner,** includes such old favorites as his father's famous "You're My Everything," plus "No Strings," "I Believe in You" and other recent hits.



Duchin: talent from father to son.



Friedman: every reason for confidence.

ERICK FRIEDMAN. Unlike the stereotyped child prodigy who grows up to be an aesthete at ease only with his music, Mr. Friedman is a twenty-three-year-old concert violinist who looks as if he belongs on a basketball court. (Let us hasten to add that anyone who hears him play will not be deceived by appearances.) There's a simple explanation for the athletic build—Mr. Friedman spent as much of his childhood in sports as he did practicing the violin. He made his first public appearance at the age of eight in a student recital at Town Hall. At fourteen he appeared as soloist with the Little Orchestra Society, and at seventeen he made his Carnegie Hall debut. A few years later, while on tour, he was invited to play for Jascha Heifetz and became one of the few pupils of the master violinist, with whom he made his first RCA Victor recording, the Bach Double Concerto (Heifetz had previously recorded the Concerto, playing both parts himself). Erick's consuming passion is his music, although he loves reading and sketching, and he spends most of the year on tours which take him to all parts of the globe. His first solo recording for RCA Victor, **Presenting Erick Friedman**, demonstrates—from the most intricate passages of Paganini's Concerto No. 1 in D to the most lyric of Saint-Saëns' "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso"—the reason for Heifetz's faith in this musician. —MICHELE WOOD



71. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)



138. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all

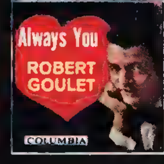


90. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



†80. Moon River, My Kind of Girl, Teach Me Tonight, 9 more

254. "Brilliant performance . . . lush . . . rich."-Musical Amer.



227. It's All In the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more



231. "Relentless motion . . . excitement." —S.F. Chronicle



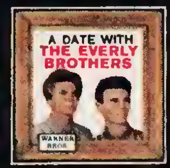
†20. Also: Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.



246. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."-Hi Fi. Rev.



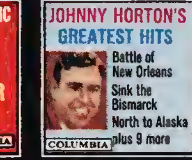
91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen



296. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, †2 in all



268. Includes catchy trumpet tunes, airs, marches, etc.



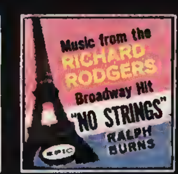
297. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



402. "A rousing performance...verve and vigor."—Billboard



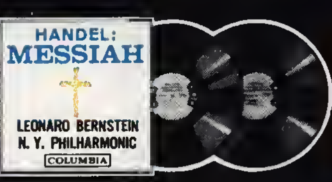
405. Teen Beat, One Mint Julep, Raunchy, What'd I Say, etc.



404. "A beautiful album...lovely, lilting style."—Billboard



23. Ebb Tide, Who's Sorry Now?, September Song, †2 in all



291-292. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Intensely expressive...imbued with controlled fervor."—High Fid.



400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, †2 in all

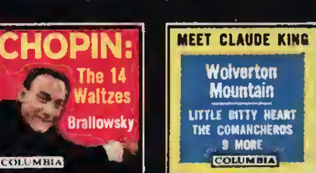


93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



34. Stars & Stripes Forever, Washington Post March, etc.

284. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times



162. Also: I'm Just Here To Get My Baby Out of Jail, etc.



278. "Something no one should pass up." —Washington Star



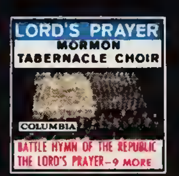
95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



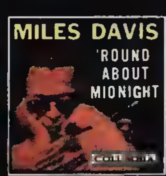
†2. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.



103. It's "Hooray for Jose Jimenez!" —N.Y. Journal-Amer.



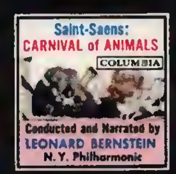
258. This is "an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times



54. All Of You, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ah-Leu-Cha, etc. *



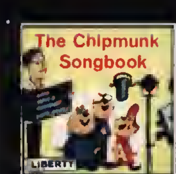
†29. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Morgen, The McCoy, etc.



259. Also: Britten's Young Person's Guide To the Orchestra



†73. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more



132. The Band Played On, A Bicycle Built For Two, †2 more



252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."-High Fid.



65. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more



144. "Hackett's cornet playing is just lovely!"—S.F. Chron.



100. "Superb . . . all the beauty & nobility captured."-HiFi Rev.



241. "Two of the greatest singers." —N.Y. Herald Trib.



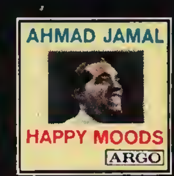
215. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.



232. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



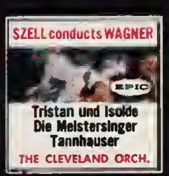
195. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Water-wheel Roll, 10 in all



223. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



57. Nine Pound Hammer, Hear the Wind Blow, 12 in all



273. The most passionate love music ever composed



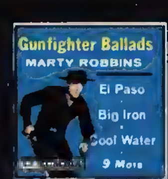
60. Trees, Because, Danny Boy, My Task, My Friend, 7 more



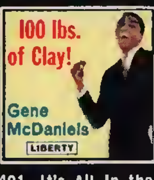
†70. Vaya Con Dios, Jezebel, Guns of Navarone, 12 in all



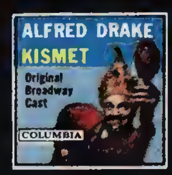
85. Starring William Warfield, Anita Darian, Barbara Cook



†51. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.



401. It's All In the Game, Till There Was You, Cry, 9 more



94. Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc. *



286. "A top-notch performance."Amer. Record Guide



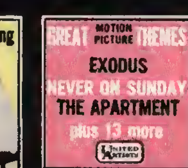
†99. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



†55. Also: Taking A Chance on Love, Flamingo, Amapola, etc.



200. Honky Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Buster, etc.



†07. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.



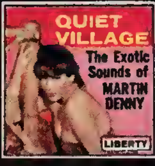
294. "Exciting . . . compelling." — New York Herald Tribune



190. Also: Pretend, And the Angels Sing, Cherry Pink, etc.



285. "Performance: Superb. Recording: Excellent."-HiFi Rev.



145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, etc.



46. Also: Like Someone in Love, When I Fall In Love, etc.



102. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek



251. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.



403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'O Sole Mio, 12 in all

new
shampoo with sheen!

It's Cleer Sheen...a completely new shampoo...actually washes lustre and style-ability into your hair with five special conditioners. And its exclusive cleansing ingredient bubbles into lacy lather for a new experience in shampooing.

RICHARD HUDNUT
Cleer Sheen
SHAMPOO



NEW YORK · PARIS

Anthony Newley

London, first stop

The thirty-one-year-old London-born writer-composer-actor-crooner who started the whole world singing "What Kind of Fool Am I?" began working at fourteen as office boy in the Italia Conti acting school. He was "discovered" there by a film producer and cast in the title role of The Adventures of Dusty Bates. *Since then he has made forty-two English films. In one picture he played a rock 'n' roll singer and subsequently became a top recording star. He has also had his own television series. Married in 1956, he is separated from his wife and living in New York for the run of* Stop the World —I Want to Get Off.

Tony Newley scares me and I wish I knew why. I think that I think he's a genius, but there's nothing inherently frightening about that. I get a feeling that he isn't quite from this world . . . and that at some point his mouth is going to open and out will come an oracular voice. Echoing what?

He told us many things in *Stop the World*: that marriage is a cheat and a bore; that life has form but no meaning—and hurts. When, near the end of the play, he tilts his head and howls "What Kind of Fool Am I?" even the footlights seem to bleed from his wounds. None of this was intended, he told me. "*Stop the World* is a baby who grew too fast and too much. It was put together as a revue meant to run in London for a few weeks one summer. It got out of hand. To me it says very little, and if anyone reads lengthy messages into it, he's finding something that was done subconsciously. About the critics who found fault with it—they are the people who really care about the theater."

When Tony talks, he hunches. His head drops, his eyes fade away—sometimes they close completely (a trance?). He has blue eyes and dark brown hair left long at the neck, London style. He is 5′10″ and spare; I would guess he has no bones at all—rather, what flesh he has is stretched tightly over a framework of solid nerves.

I met him first last summer at Shepperton Studios in London, where I watched him making a scene of his film for Seven Arts Productions, *The Small Sad World of Sammy Lee*. When he broke for lunch we went to the commissary to talk, but it was a futile pursuit. Mr. Newley is not an actor who can drop everything and break into badinage, and because I found his tension impenetrable and contagious, we decided to postpone conversation until his play had opened on Broadway.

That's what we did and that's how come our scene picks up on a cold, gray Manhattan day in a restaurant on Central Park South. Mr. Newley had been valiantly fighting a lingering cold. It was a fight he had to win because, at the time, he had no understudy and his missing a performance meant closing the show. Aside from his cold, he was also bothered by his routine: "I sleep late to have the energy to go to the theater every night, and I meet no one, do nothing. I hate working in the theater and I'll never do it again as an actor. I got what I wanted out of *Stop the World* long ago. I did it. I proved it. That's over and now I want to do something else." (He has finished writing another play with his collaborator Leslie Bricusse.) "I must always be pregnant, always in labor. In London I am wild with work; last year I wanted to have two plays going at once—one in which I was starring, the other I'd produce. I just about did it, too, but my friends got to me. They nailed me to the wall, asking me what I was trying to prove, insisting there was more to life than what I was getting from it. They were right, you know."

Joe McKeown



What makes Anthony Newley run? "I want affection, attention," he explains.

I wondered if he felt he had "had" Broadway, made it a notch in his belt as do many performers who come here from abroad. Tony said this had nothing to do with his feelings. "I never wanted to *conquer* Broadway, to possess it. I had no special need to pocket the critics or anything like that. People stood up and applauded me in Sardi's on opening night. That was exciting. They didn't do that after *Cranks*, in 1956."

Applause and acceptance are fuel for the fire in Tony Newley—he knows it and says it. "I want affection, attention," he stated. "I want the audience to take me in like this . . ." and he held out his arms in a broad embrace. "I want love. And I know what went wrong that makes me want it so much. Many entertainers think they perform because of some mysterious quality . . . that they are artistes. But they all want love, and something in them makes them need it more than other people do. I thought once that I was driven by a need for fame, for money. But I am not. No, I've never been to a psychoanalyst."

American Women: Almost Men

He talked a while about the switch in roles of American males and females. This is an old song from visitors, but I had never heard it sung quite this way, primarily because he showed no surprise, no hostility. "Women have been slowly taking over the world for hundreds of years," he said. "Well let them. Let's see what kind of world they make. We know what men have done, and it's nothing that can't be improved on." He paused and thought, "How strangely aggressive American women are. More and more they pull in their chests and bring their shoulders forward. Their voices grow lower in pitch. How interesting it will be in a few hundred more years when the reversal is complete."

He had only soup for lunch. Food seemed a petty annoyance in his life; I had noticed this also in London. He makes other people's eating seem so vulgar, in fact, that he'd be great company on a crash diet. This, understand, is an afterthought. To allow one's thoughts to stray this far in the company of Mr. Newley is to lose him altogether.

"I like being thirty-one," he said as our appointment neared its end. "It's middle age, you know. People say forty is middle-age, but they're wrong." The eyes closed. "How I look forward to the lessening of the physical demands of this body," said the small intense voice. "Then the mind and the emotions become everything in life . . . and you know there will be exquisite joys and exquisite pains you never felt before. But it is sad, isn't it, to look in the mirror and see lines on your face and gray hairs that grow from nowhere?" The eyes opened, and the little old man who resides inside this young Englishman gave me a warm smile.

Mr. Newley, who are you?

—LYN TORNABENE

Irving Berlin's Favorite First Lady

After twelve years, America's favorite composer has a new musical on Broadway and Nanette Fabray, *Mr. President*'s wife, belts out show-stopping "They Love Me," latest hit tune in a list stretching from "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1911) to "Sayonara" (1957).

Nanette Fabray has brown eyes, auburn hair and the smallest nose in show business. In profile she resembles an elegant Pekingese, but from the front she is strikingly pretty, with a smile capable of lighting up a whole theater—such as the one now exhibiting the Irving Berlin-Howard Lindsay-Russel Crouse musical, *Mr. President.* Nanette plays Mrs. President opposite movie actor Robert Ryan, and does it with a warmth and verve seldom matched by real-life occupants of the White House.

"People ask me, 'Are you Mamie? Are you Jackie?' " she said, during the tryout in Boston. "We had a big problem to keep me from looking like Mrs. Kennedy. I wear fashionable clothes in the show, but she's the most fashionable person there is—so what can I do? All the world is in love with Jackie, and obviously she's fallen in love with her position, and that's why we make so many disclaimers right at the beginning of the show. We start off with a song denying that we're anybody in particular. The writers want it distinctly understood that this is just a story about an imaginary President's last four months in office and what happens to him and his family afterward."

With the non-Jackie nature of her chores firmly established, Nanette invited me into her dressing room to see some of the dresses she wears in the show. They were about as Jackie-ish as you can get.

When in Need, Buy Mink

"My clothes were intended to represent a potpourri of leading designers," she said, "but I'm ending up with a wardrobe almost entirely by Dior. How do you like this one?" She held up a white frock studded with violet poppies. "I love clothes, and I'll have you know I made the Ten Best Dressed list one year. But only once. I couldn't keep it up. I guess I'm too thrifty—it must be my peasant French ancestry."

Looking fondly at the long rack of Diors, Miss Fabray said she never had it so good. "I can remember a period of twenty-two months, living on my unemployment insurance of eighteen dollars a week. It was about the middle of the war, and everybody seemed to be able to get good jobs but me. I lived in a hotel that's now been torn down. In the morning they'd slip me a hard roll and a cup of coffee through a slot in the door—that was the Continental breakfast. For lunch I'd visit a friend across the street who made four-foot sandwiches for thirty-five cents. I was terribly poor, therefore I bought a mink coat on time. When you can't afford good clothes, the only way you can dress up what you have is with a mink coat. That's female logic, and I look back on that with interest. That's how I was when I was twenty years old. Underneath the mink, just a sweater and skirt. With my mink I could stand underneath the better marquees and canopies and get taxis. Even so, it wasn't enough. I had to learn to whistle, but at least I was whistling in the better locations. My husband says he fell in love with me partly because I can whistle and he can't. Now I get cabs for the two of us." Miss Fabray whistles loudly in *Mr. President*—one of the best sounds made in the entire show.

Born in San Diego, Miss Fabray made her debut in show business at an early age in Los Angeles. As she describes it, "I was about four, going to dancing school, and I won one of those amateur contests. The prize was a week's engagement at the Paramount Theater. That started me off. Through the years I've been trying to live down a story that I was a big star in *Our Gang* comedies. I wasn't. All I did was small parts in some of them. Once started, publicity stories seem to follow you around. and I'm tired of that one. When I worked at Warner Brothers I didn't have much of a biography. so the studio made one up. It said my father was a concert pianist—and have I been trying to live *that* down. He was actually a railroad engineer, which I happen to think is much more romantic.

"My mother had never been in show business, but she was very ambitious for me. Like most mothers, she hoped I had talent—and it turned out that I did—but at that age, who can tell?"

Nanette went to Hollywood High and she had every intention of becoming a doctor, but two scholarships to Max Reinhardt's drama workshop changed her mind. After parts in three Reinhardt productions in San Francisco, she returned to Los Angeles and went into *Meet the People*, the revue that brought her to New York.

Cried Her Way to Comedy

One of her numbers in that show was "Hurdy Gurdy Verdi," a satire on opera singers developed from a Fabray catastrophe early in the run. She missed the high note of an aria and burst into tears. The audience found this so funny that the bit was kept in and expanded. Nanette has been a comedienne ever since.

From that show she went immediately into *Let's Face It*, with Danny Kaye. "I was still making very little money," she says, "even when I replaced Constance Moore in the Ray Bolger show *By Jupiter*. My twenty-two months at liberty came next, ending when I replaced Celeste Holm in *Bloomer Girl*. That show kept me busy for six months in New York and another year on tour." Then she had the lead on Broadway with Phil Silvers in *High Button Shoes*, replacing nobody this time, and starred in three more musicals, *Love Life*, *Arms and the Girl* and *Make a Wish*, before going to Hollywood to play opposite Fred Astaire in *The Band Wagon*. She feels sentimental about *High Button Shoes* and regards that show as the turning point in

Globe Photos



MARRIED IN 1957, *Nanette and husband, writer-director Ranald MacDougall, have son, Jamie, 4; live in Beverly Hills home once owned by Dinah Shore. They started dating in New York while he was casting Bing Crosby film.*

her career. Since then she has been honored by several awards, among them two Donaldsons, an Antoinette Perry and a couple of Emmys (best comedienne and best supporting actress) for her work with Sid Caesar on television.

In private life, Miss Fabray is the wife of writer-director Ranald MacDougall (*The World, The Flesh and the Devil; The Subterraneans; Go Naked in the World*), a blue-eyed Ivy League sort of man with pepper-and-salt hair who had just returned from Rome and a writing job on *Cleopatra.* They were married in 1957. Nanette says she did the proposing.

"You know those parties in Hollywood. Eventually, you get around to meeting just about everybody, and I'd known Ran casually for years. I'd even been to a party at his house when he was married to his first wife. Years later, it turned out that we had the same business manager, and we met again. When he came to New York to cast actors for his Bing Crosby film, *Man on Fire,* he phoned to ask me to go to the theater. I was cagey about going out with a married man and got very prim. There was this thunderous silence. He waited a while, then he said, 'Maybe I'd better tell you—I'm divorced.' Well, *that* made it much easier.

The Unwed Male—Fair Game

"The minute he walked in the door, I fell in love with him. He was *single,* and I saw him through brand-new eyes. In Hollywood there are approximately seven hundred women for every eligible male, and Ran was just going through that. He was being very wary of predatory females and he knew then I was after him.

"After a couple of dates in New York, he went back to Los Angeles—and happy to escape, since he was not about to get involved again so soon. I went west a month later, and called him the minute I arrived. I got around to the subject of marriage in a hurry. He says now the reason he fell in love with me, besides the whistling, was my vulnerable condition. I was so mad about him that I couldn't pretend I wasn't. From the start, everything I felt was out in the open.

"When I married Ran, I acquired three stepchildren: B. J., he's nine, and a couple of stepdaughters, Heather and Laurie. I got pregnant right away, my father came to live with us and I found myself literally running a hotel. What we needed was space, so we bought the Beverly Hills

(continued)



"GLAD TO BE HOME," *song-and-dance that opens second act of* Mr. President, *is staged in front of supermarket, depicts former First Family's joy on returning to private lives. Show sold $2,500,000 in tickets before its opening.*

house that Dinah Shore was leaving to move into her present mansion. It's a very warm, livable place and we've been happy there.

"Although it's my home town, we don't live a Hollywood life. Mostly we're apart from the movie crowd, although now and then we have dinner with friends like Elizabeth Taylor. Sometimes I've run into Cary Grant in a studio commissary. I notice that all women have a very personal reaction to him. Some stare openly; others pretend not to look—I'm a member of the second group. My girls think he's the most gorgeous thing they've ever seen, which is amazing because when you're nineteen, as they are, anybody over twenty-one seems 107. I must look like an old, dried-up piece of parchment to my daughters, yet inside I feel as young as I ever did. That's something wonderful that happens to you as time goes on. You don't look or feel any older to yourself, and neither do your friends."

Looking not a day over twenty-five to me, Miss Fabray has just turned forty.

A Violent Reaction

"The girls are here in Boston with us on their way to school at the Sorbonne." she went on. "My little boy Jamie is four, and he came to see the show the other night. He reacted violently to a scene in which I have to scream, 'But I don't want to go to Washington!' This put him in a state of shock. He knows everybody is going to Washington from here, and he thought that he'd never see me again."

As for the matter of her tiny nose, Miss Fabray said it was hereditary.

"My mother found fault with it and had it enlarged by plastic surgery. Later, when I was on my own, I had it put back the way it was. I'll never forget what a problem I was to M-G-M when I was making *Band Wagon* with Fred Astaire. The studio made me an attachment which was applied with my make-up to make my nose look bigger. It was like a wart, I kept looking cross-eyed at it, and it made me very uneasy. I went through the whole picture never daring to move my upper lip."

Another difficulty which Nanette rises above is deafness. If she had not told me, I would have been unaware that she wears hearing aids in both ears. "But I had a couple of operations not long ago on my left ear," she said, "and it made a big improvement."

Musicals on tour resemble nothing so much as a madhouse under construction. By the time you read this, *Mr. President* will be opened and settled in for a run guaranteed by a $2,500,000 advance sale, but during the Boston run, Miss Fabray rehearsed new material every afternoon, from noon to just before the evening performance. When the audience trooped in, it viewed a show unlike the one before and considerably different from the version after that. The night I saw *Mr. President*, the show unveiled a whole new second act.

"It's like live television in the round," Nanette said, "and let me tell you it's much harder to unlearn old lyrics than it is to learn new ones. Six or seven times, so far, I've gone completely dry. When this happens, I just say to the audience, 'I don't know where I am, let me start over.' "

One afternoon director Joshua Logan was doing some restaging. Wearing a grass skirt over a smock, Miss Fabray faced him across the orchestra pit. Behind her were Kabuki dancers, Tahitians, Japanese beatniks, some girls in black masks carrying long poles with illuminated butterflies, an East Indian marching team and two young men impersonating the front and hind legs of an elephant.

Blame It on the Elephant

Director Logan was trying to get his actors to form stair-steps so that Nanette could run up their backs and perch on the elephant. The first time she tried it, the skirt came off. She tossed it into the wings, calling out, "That won't work." Logan nodded and signaled the music director to begin again. This time the star made it to the top with alacrity, but as the company moved off stage it piled up in a traffic jam. Somebody said, "It's the elephant—the butterfly girls can't get past." After a huddle with Miss Fabray, it was decided that the formation would divide and exit to opposite sides of the stage. Now everybody got off neatly.

Sitting out front were small groups of principals, some in street clothes, others in costume. Composer Irving Berlin watched the proceedings intently. Russel Crouse conferred with Howard Lindsay and producer Leland Hayward.

I asked Irving Berlin how long the show would be when it was whipped into shape. "Ideally, it should run about two

hours and a half," he said. (It had lasted three the night before.) "But it will be whatever length it has to be, to be good. Right now we're working on the pace and the bite." Never taking his eyes off the stage, where Miss Fabray was still climbing up on her elephant, he remarked, "I've always wanted to write songs for Nan." I told Mr. Crouse that his stage curtain, a latticed affair with a big repertory of light patterns, mystified me. "I think the lights are projected on it," he said. "We're full of new gadgets in this show. Pictures hang on walls by electromagnets, and so do the beams on the ceiling. If our current ever fails, everything around here will drop."

Fountains of Talent

Of Irving Berlin, Nanette said, "I think he is one of the few geniuses I've ever known. He's a fountain of talent. We get whole new songs all the time and new lyrics every day. See this notebook? There are pages of new lyrics in here that I'm trying to learn. Yesterday he gave me new words for our song 'In Our Hideaway.' We rehearsed them in the afternoon and they went into the show that night."

Another enthusiasm of Nanette's is Sid Caesar, with whom she worked for two years on TV. "I should have paid him for what I learned. What a creative man! He has a brilliant, brilliant talent. It's a shame, the restrictions people put on what you're allowed to make fun of. I remember a skit we did about buying a diamond ring wholesale. We got thousands of complaints from retail jewelers all over the country. You can't make fun of races, countries or businesses, or you hear from the pressure groups, and it's just mushroomed into a great negative kind of attitude. Nobody wants to risk lawsuits, nobody dares to take a chance. For Sid, that means he has less and less scope, so sometimes he just takes off over everybody's head, and I'm thinking of the take-offs on Japanese movies we used to do. I thought they were extremely funny, but maybe a lot of people who laughed at them were like me. I'd never seen a Japanese movie."

Like most stars, Nanette has had her share of stage crises, and the one she remembers most vividly happened in the show *Love Life*. She had been telling me something of the mental hazards peculiar to musical comedy performers, and the special disasters lurking in unfamiliar props.

"Let me say that when we do new material for the first time, we feel the same panic that amateurs do. We're afraid we'll dry up, forget our lines, fall into the pit or get floored by a falling spotlight. When you're just speaking lines, you can always pick a moment to think or pause. But not in a song—there's a beat and you've got to hit it. The stage expression is 'flop sweat,' and that's when the flop sweat pops out. All singers in musicals go through this.

The Night Nan Went to Pieces

"*Love Life* was an absolute terror. In one skit for that show I was to be sawed in half by a magician, but the man who played the magician was, well, no magician. The trick is, you double up into one half of the box. This man was very nervous, and he was supposed to trip a lever that let the bottom drop enough so I could lower my back and get my feet up under my chin. He tripped the lever all right, but he didn't wait until I got doubled up. He started right in to saw. He was terrified, he could feel the saw biting into zippers and making a terrible noise—he knew he'd hooked into something but he didn't know what. I didn't know how much of me was being sawed off, either.

"They wheeled me and the box offstage and I staggered out. My skirt was gone, part of my underwear and my stockings!"

Has she been in two parts since then?

"Yes," she said, grinning her million-candle-power smile, "and both halves are doing nicely, thank you." THE END

MOVIE GUIDE

Mutiny on the Bounty. Now that the furor has died down about the millions of dollars poured into this film—and whether Marlon Brando is a naughty actor or not—the public can settle back and enjoy the sight of the *Bounty* under full sail, Tahiti in full color and Brando in full bloom. The historical tale of Fletcher Christian's revolt against his tyrannical Captain Bligh is still a good yarn, and as Brando weaves it—playing Christian as a foppish, sensitive and wild-when-roused gentleman—very different from the 1935 film conflict portrayed by Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. There is no reason not to take the kiddies, unless you feel they might be disturbed at the sight of the floggings and a violent death or two.

Two for the Seesaw, the hit of Broadway, comes to the screen largely as an experiment in casting and an exercise in acting. Essentially a two-character script, it looks through the keyhole at an affair between a girl (genus: Bronx Beat) and a boy (genus: Midwestern Lost) who *need*, rather than love, each other. She has never been married, is sickly and vulnerable; he is in the process of divorce, and running from his crumbling life. Shirley MacLaine and Robert Mitchum do the impersonating, and you spend most of the two hours with them wondering if they should have.

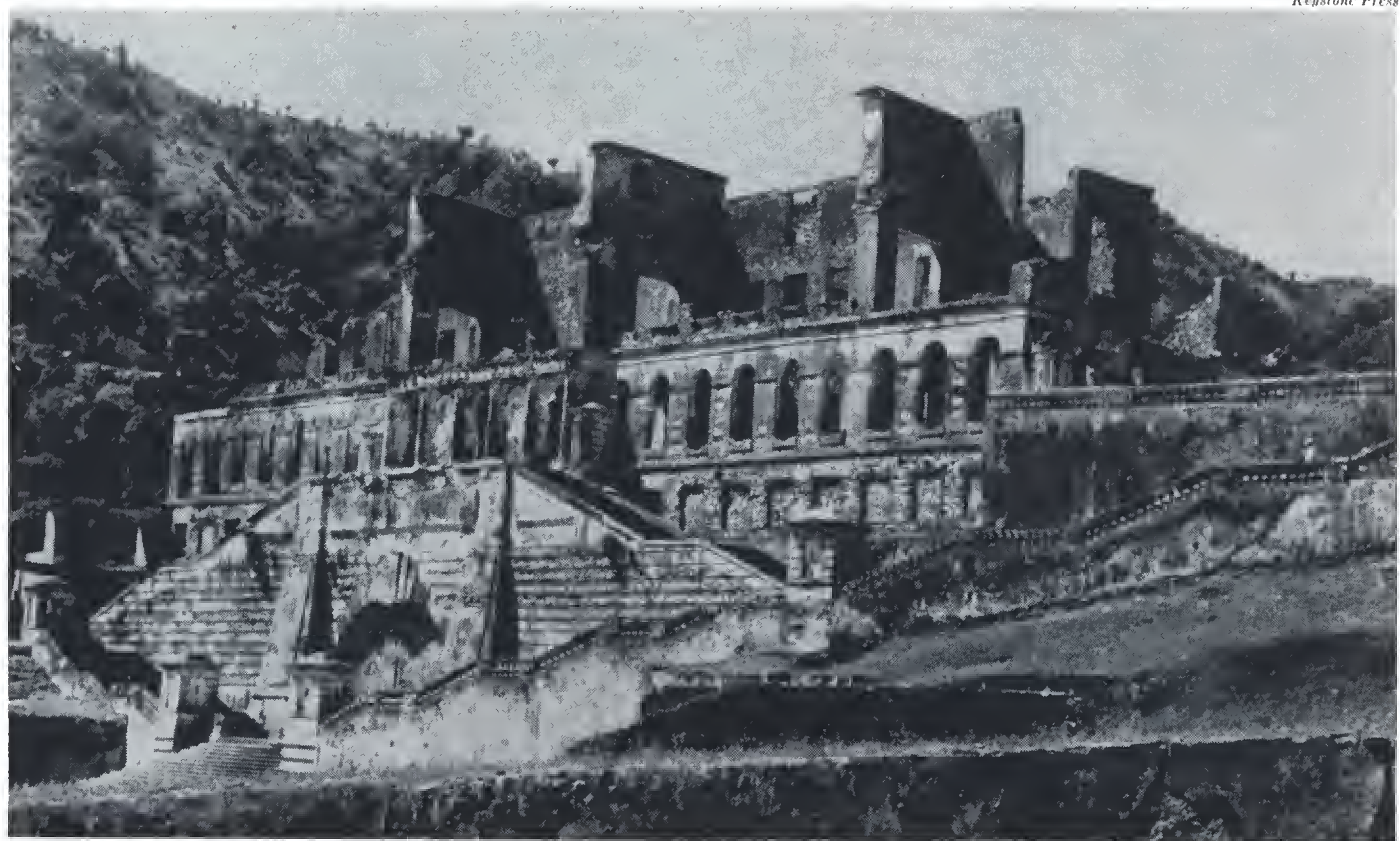
Wonderful to Be Young is a youthful British export starring England's number one rock 'n' roller, twenty-two-year-old Cliff Richard. The film is about a group of teen-agers who plan a musical show to raise money needed to maintain their neighborhood clubhouse, and is very spritely and innocent. Several numbers take place on the streets of London—all display a kind of British Vaudeville spirit that's very palatable this side of the ocean. Youngsters should love it.

At the art theaters is a little film called ***The Reluctant Saint,*** which is filled with warmth and humor. The time is the seventeenth century; the place, Italy; the problem, a simple peasant boy finds himself levitating in prayer. Through a series of coincidences, he becomes an unwilling priest, finally a very reluctant saint. Maximilian Schell is completely winning as the young man; Akim Tamiroff is an earthy bishop who believes in him; Ricardo Montalban, a monk who doesn't. Events are based on incidents in the life of Saint Joseph. THE END



British idol Cliff Richard (second from left) and cast of *Wonderful to Be Young.*

Keystone Press



SANS SOUCI PALACE was built in early 1800s by "King" Henry Christophe, third of long succession of military dictators to rule Haiti after slave revolt freed country. Now in ruins, building and grounds cover twenty acres.

Land of Voodoo and Cordon Bleu

In Haiti you can enjoy a meal second only to Maxim's in Paris, or watch black magic rituals brought from Africa three centuries ago. The climate is superb, the people enchanting—but watch out for the tonton macoute.

BY GEORGE WALSH

In Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, a voodoo ceremony is just beginning. Drums have been calling the people together for some time, and the *peristyle*, the frame structure where most of the ritual takes place, is almost full. The rhythm of the drums is deliberate, almost monotonous. At intervals, groups of men and women move into the cleared space in the middle of the room, their bodies twitching and undulating, their dancing slow and measured. Again and again, they circle the central pole leading to the roof; it is this pole, they believe, which allows the gods to enter and leave. Then, as the drums quicken, the dancers leave the floor. The *houngan*, the priest, draws intricate snakelike symbols on the ground around the pole; these symbols will summon the gods. The priest's female attendants now begin to dance, their bodies moving faster and faster. In the humid, half-lit room, their black skins glisten with perspiration. Again the drums quicken. Suddenly one of the women, a slender, pretty young girl, whirls about uncontrollably, then stands transfixed. "I am Legba!" she shouts, yelling the name of a voodoo god, a well-known seducer of women. "I am

Legba!" Her voice, no longer feminine, is gruff and masculine. Hands on hips, she struts about the room. The voodoo has done its work. She is no longer a simple Haitian girl, she is Legba, she is possessed. The women continue to dance, the drums continue to beat. . . .

A few miles away in a Port-au-Prince hotel, a Haitian waiter, a tall, slender Negro who is all dignity and attentiveness, takes the dinner order of a visiting American. "Does *Monsieur* wish an appetizer? The *escargots* are very good." Monsieur nods appreciatively. "*Oui, Monsieur*, the *vichyssoise* is excellent." And so it goes. Monsieur orders a gourmet's meal, in this former French colony, that could probably be bettered only in Paris itself. And then, the final touch—a good wine. "*Oui, Monsieur*, the Tavel. A '55. *Certainement.*" In the background, a small Haitian orchestra, complete with the inevitable native drums, is playing "Angelico," a romantic méringue. Monsieur asks his wife if she would like to dance, she agrees, they walk decorously to the dance floor. . . .

Where Diverse Cultures Meet

This is Haiti, the Caribbean republic that is the unique product of two civilizations: darkest Africa and sophisticated France. Occupying the western third of the island of Hispaniola (the Dominican Republic comprises the other two-thirds), Haiti nestles between Cuba in the west and Puerto Rico in the east. Of its 4,000,000 people some 90 per cent are peasants, the direct descendants of the Negro slaves imported from Africa by the French during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Intellectual and financial control of the country rests in the hands of the remaining 10 per cent—the so-called elite; for the most part, they are mulatto. The official language is French, but the language of the people is a French-African patois called creole. Haiti is the most overcrowded country in the Western Hemisphere (it is little larger than New Hampshire), its peasants are illiterate, its poverty is obvious. Yet it is a country that fascinates: its natural beauty and the natural dignity of its people are not soon forgotten.

Perhaps the fastest, and at the same time least expensive, way to get to Haiti is to fly there by Pan American via Puerto Rico. This my wife Joan and I did, taking a late flight out of New York, changing planes in San Juan and arriving in Port-au-Prince in the early morning. From the plane, as we approached, Haiti seemed to rise steeply out of the sea, more like a mountain than an island; indeed, the name "Haiti" means "mountainous land." (A favorite Haitian story concerns the sixteenth century explorer who was asked by his monarch to describe this new land in the Caribbean. The explorer simply crumpled a piece of paper into a jagged ball, thereby letting His Majesty judge the country's topography for himself.)

As we walked from the airport terminal, a score of taxi drivers, all pointing enthusiastically toward their autos, flocked around us. We were rescued by a smiling, gray-haired Haitian. "Your hotel, Monsieur? The Sans Souci?" He selected one of the men. "This is William. He will drive you." The route to the hotel took us, at first, through the worst slum section of Port-au-Prince. Haitians, wearing nothing but rags, gazed silently at us as we passed. Then, all at once, the city changed. We sped past a neat, bustling shopping center ("The Grand Rue," said William), a twin-towered, Romanesque Cathedral ("The Catholic Church"), a green landscaped park—dominated by a spotlessly white high-domed government building ("The Champ de Mars. And that is the Presidential Palace").

A few minutes later, and we were at the Sans Souci. William suggested we engage him for the length of our stay, on a standby basis, for forty dollars a day. Unhesitatingly, I turned him down. The best way to see Port-au-Prince is to walk through it and, if necessary, you can easily hail any one of a multitude of cruising taxis. (Warning: agree upon the fare in advance; drivers in Haiti, unencumbered by meters, charge what the visitor will bear.) For longer trips, outside the capital, you may wish to rent a car. It costs less and allows you more freedom.

The Sans Souci is a traditional hotel—with high ceilings, immense windows and spacious patios. Its stucco exterior and graceful arches give it a Moorish appearance. Our double room, with meals, cost thirty-two dollars a day. We were unpacking our bags when there was a knock at the door. It was a maid, carrying a huge bouquet of roses. "We hope you enjoy your stay," the accompanying card read. Minutes afterward, another knock. This time it was a waiter, serving complimentary Rum Punches. Though I have enjoyed many Rum Punches, the Sans Souci's were the longest, the coolest and the best I have had. Later, after establishing my credentials with the bartender, a careful, reserved Negro named Luke, I secured the formula. (In an ice-filled fourteen-ounce glass, pour Haitian Rum, a dash of Pernod and a dash of Grenadine. Stir in the juice of a lemon and sugar. Add soda, garnish with sliced fruit.)

First Taste of Elegance

Our first lunch at the Sans Souci set a pattern of excellence. It began with artichokes, accompanied by a particularly tart hollandaise; continued through fresh red snapper in mushroom sauce and a serving of *merliton*, baked with Parmesan cheese (*merliton* is a green vegetable that tastes much like summer squash); and ended with *baba au rhum*. As the succeeding days were to prove, this was merely a foretaste of the variety and excellence of the Sans Souci's cuisine.

After lunch, we walked into the downtown section of Port-au-Prince. Wild bougainvillaea, with brilliant red and purple blossoms, lined the streets. White and yellow hibiscus blossoms provided a delightful contrast. And behind the shrubbery, one after another, loomed the narrow, rickety, balconied, slope-roofed houses that the Haitian elite built so lovingly in the early 1900s. The sun was shining brightly, and all was right with the world. Well, perhaps not all. There is one drawback when walking through Port-au-Prince, and the visitor should be forewarned. In the Haitian capital, he cannot go a block without someone trying to sell him something—even his services as a guide. (This type of hustling, it should be pointed out, is indulged in only by a minority; nonetheless, the minority is sizable enough to be quite bothersome.) In fending off these con men, a smattering of French works wonders: Joan's polite but firm "*Non, merci,*" was worth a dozen "No, thank you's." If all else failed, she'd simply tell them, "*Je vous en prie!*" (Rough translation: "No! No! A thousand times, no!")

We passed through the Champ de Mars, going toward the Catholic Cathedral. Built in 1915, it is a handsome pink-and-white structure—one which befits a country that is, nominally at least, 90 per cent Catholic. (Later in our stay, attending Sunday mass at the Cathedral, we were much impressed by the worshipers. One memorable sight: an old Negro, dressed in his starched and pressed Sunday best, spreading a handkerchief to protect his trousers while he knelt.)

Poor, but Rich in Talent

Flanking the Cathedral are two buildings symbolic of Haiti's past. One is the original colonial church, built by the French in 1720, somewhat restored but still dilapidated. The other is a slate-roofed, timbered building, still intact, that was once the home of a colonial governor; it is perhaps the oldest such building in Haiti. Nearby, in the Place Dessalines, is the Episcopal Cathedral Ste. Trinité, with its striking examples of primitive art. Three panels in the church apse, each some twenty feet high, depict the Nativity, the Crucifixion and the Ascension. The paintings, each completely individualistic in color and style, were done in 1950 by three of Haiti's finest artists: Philomé Obin, Rigaud Benoit and Castera Bazile.

A short distance from Ste. Trinité is the Centre d'Art, which held its first exhibit in 1944, thereby giving the Haitian art movement its first formal recognition. It was the brainchild of DeWitt Peters, an American painter then teaching English in Haiti, and it is largely responsible for making the country's painters known throughout the world of art. The simplicity and honesty of the paintings that

(continued)

can be purchased at the Centre ideally reflect the Haitian temperament and character. They are probably the best buy a visitor can make.

We walked west, toward the bay area, until we came to the Exposition Grounds, some sixty acres of parkland studded with angular, modern buildings. Its main thoroughfare is the Boulevard Harry S. Truman, in recognition of the fact that American financial aid to Haiti, once totaling $13,000,000 annually, was initiated during the Truman administration. (At present, most of this aid has been discontinued as an indication of U. S. displeasure with President Francois Duvalier, who rules Haiti as a dictator.)

"You Don't Know Ti Roro?"

A notable attraction of the Exposition Grounds is the open-air Théatre de Verdure, which features native music, singing and dancing of high quality. Ti Roro, the highly praised (and highly eccentric) drummer, is often seen here; his muscular arms and calloused feet can make two tightly laced drums sound like a well-balanced orchestra. (This gentleman once arrived in Miami on his way to perform with the Katherine Dunham troupe. He had no passport, no money to speak of and no idea of where he was going. "You don't know Ti Roro?" he asked, amazed, when pestered for identification. He promptly produced his drums, squatted on the floor of the airport terminal and gave an impromptu concert. About this time, luckily, someone arrived to vouch for him.) Another attraction of the Grounds is the Cockfight Arena. Port-au-Prince has been called "The City of 10,000,000 Roosters," and cockfighting may well be the national sport. It is a frenetic, bloody spectacle, but Marquis of Port-au-Prince rules seem to apply, and no manager is allowed to urge his fighter on (as is sometimes the case in the rural areas) by squirting rum and ginger underneath his wings.

It was getting late, so we hailed a taxi (Haitian taxis can be identified by the red ribbon hanging from the rear-view mirror) and returned to our hotel. At the pool, after a swim, we met a U. S. Marine officer who had been in Haiti a couple of years as part of a small military mission the U. S. maintains there. "You know," he said when we told him we had seen some cockfighting, "before I got here, I never heard roosters crow except at dawn. Now I hear them all night, and all day, too." Haiti took a bit of getting used to, he went on to say, but you could not help but like the Haitian people. "Nothing seems to faze them. I guess you'd call them fatalists. They all seem to have a sort of nobility about them." As for the educated Haitians, the elite: "They're doing all they can to help the country overcome its years of isolation during the nineteenth century."

Haiti's entire history has been turbulent; undoubtedly, this is part of its charm. In December, 1492, Columbus wrecked his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, off its northern coast, afterwards depositing some of his men on the mainland to colonize the island (they vanished—and to this day no one has been able to find any trace of them). The Spaniards founded several colonies (and in doing so virtually eliminated the original Indian population), but they were more interested in the eastern end of the island (where gold was found, and where the Dominican Republic is now established). Accordingly, Spain was not too perturbed in 1697 when, as a result of European setbacks, it was forced to cede the western, or Haitian, part of the island to France.

At this point, Haiti's real history began. The French planters took one look at the fertile soil, capable of growing all manner of plants, fruits and vegetables, and decided they needed slaves to work the land. Africa's west coast was the nearest source of supply, and from Africa the slaves came. With sugar, coffee, cocoa and cotton among the crops, the French prospered; soon their export-import trade exceeded that of the thirteen American colonies. But the Negro slaves were not docile men; many came from proud African tribes. In 1791, the slaves —who outnumbered the French twenty to one—staged their first revolt. It was not entirely successful, but it served as a portent of things to come.

It was then that Toussaint L'Ouverture came on the scene. A self-educated man who had been born a slave, L'Ouverture (some say he earned his surname, which means "opening," from the fact that he was missing several front teeth) was a military genius. After a decade of fighting, he threw out the French, defeated the mulattoes (who feared that the Negro bid for freedom would jeopardize their own privileges) and, in 1801, gained full control of the country. Peace did not last long. A year later, Napoleon sent an expedition that succeeded in reconquering Haiti. Soon afterward, L'Ouverture died in a French dungeon.

Death to the Deliverer

Nonetheless, the fighting continued. Jean Jacques Dessalines, one of L'Ouverture's most trusted generals, raised another army, and the French, terribly weakened by Yellow Fever, were thrown out for the second—and the final—time. In 1804, Dessalines declared the colony, which the French had called Saint-Domingue, a republic, and renamed it Haiti. A man of strong will and violent action, Dessalines, in his efforts to rebuild the country, drove his people every bit as hard as the French had done. In 1806, predictably, he was assassinated.

Henry Christophe succeeded him. But Christophe discovered he only ruled in the north; Alexandre Pétion, a well-educated mulatto aristocrat, ruled in the more moderate south. A series of skirmishes ended in stalemate.

His Bed—a Vat of Quicklime

Christophe, like Dessalines, sought to restore prosperity, but his rule grew increasingly intolerable. To satisfy his vanity, he built Sans Souci, a magnificent palace a few miles from the northern capital in Cap Haitien. Later, he built the Citadelle, a towering fortress on a nearby mountain top. How many men died hauling its huge cannon up the almost vertical slope we shall never know. So harshly did Christophe rule that he was forced to police his border—to prevent his people from fleeing to the Pétion government in the south. In 1820, half-paralyzed and all but friendless, Christophe shot himself in his palace; his body was hurriedly carried to the Citadelle and laid to rest in a vat of quicklime.

After Christophe's death, Haiti was reunited under Pétion. At last there was freedom. But Pétion, with the best of intentions, set the pattern for the conditions that exist in Haiti today: on the one hand, the large (and profitable) plantations were divided into small (and profitless) peasant farms; on the other, the educated elite, and inbred minority, dominated the administration of the country and its affairs. During the next seventy-five years, a succession of presidents came and went with the monotony of water dripping from a tap. Finally, in 1915, the U. S. Marines occupied Haiti, ostensibly to keep Germany from doing it. The Marines, while greatly resented, made sizable contributions to Haitian life: they created a police force, built roads, installed sewage, even set up a telephone system. In 1934, the occupation ended. The few Marines in Haiti today are only there as military advisers at the request of Duvalier's government.

One-day trips out of Port-au-Prince are numerous. Haiti is formed so that its northern and southern sections give the appearance of a jaw, and the capital is located where the jaw bones meet—so travel in all directions is equally feasible. The most obvious trip is up the narrow, twisting Pétionville road. As you drive, you pass a seemingly endless line of peasant women, all with great baskets on their heads, carrying fresh fruits and vegetables down to the market. Pétionville, perched 1,500 feet above Port-au-Prince, is always cool—with a splendid view of the city and the bay to the west, and the Cul-de-Sac plain to the east. It is "the" place to live, and bears the same

relationship to Port-au-Prince that Scarsdale does to New York. (A note of caution: the drivers you will meet on this road are madmen; they sound the horn when they should apply the hrake.) Some of Haiti's most luxurious hotels are located here—among them the Ibo Lélé, El Rancho and the Montana—with double rooms, complete with meals, costing about forty dollars a night. In the center of Pétionville, caressed by cypresses, is the Cabane Choucoune night club. It is built to resemble the peasant *kay*, or hut, but only the Haitian elite dance beneath its thatched roof. If you like snails, I strongly recommend the Picardie restaurant, and I suggest you arrange your meal in advance. Further up the Pétionville road, at 5,000 feet, is Kenscoff; at the top, at 6,000 feet, is Furcy; both are elite mountain resorts, and both offer still more impressive views of the countryside.

A second trip is to Cacique Island, which is a half-hour's drive from the capital. A white sand heach has been developed here (Port-au-Prince's big weakness is its lack of beach facilities), and the round-trip hoat transportation is one dollar. There are dressing rooms, a restaurant and a bar. If you tire of bathing, you can do some digging; Cacique Island was an Indian burial ground, and many artifacts can still be found there.

Easter—Voodoo Style

Still a third junket is to Léogane, which is located along the southern coastal highway, an hour or so from Port-au-Prince. The practice of voodoo is quite strong in this area, and the lucky visitor may find himself attending a ceremony, or at least the part of it he is permitted to witness. It is on Easter Sunday that Léogane comes into its own. This is the time that the Rara, or Lenten, festival reaches a fever-pitch of excitement, and the roads are crowded day and night with singing and dancing peasants, in a maelstrom of bamboo horns, painted masks, tin-can candelabra, pounding feet and yelling voices. It is, without a doubt, Haiti's greatest folklore attraction. The Rara festival, incidentally, serves to point up how interrelated voodooism and Christianity have become in Haiti. Though the people are overwhelmingly Catholic, it is obvious that they have retained the *mystique* of their African gods. What facilitated this was that the Catholic Church, as a result of a disagreement with the Haitian government, kept its priests out of the country from 1805 to 1860. During this period, voodoo worshipers simply blended the Catholic ritual with their own, and today the two are hopelessly entangled.

The practice of voodoo is imbedded in the Haitian temperament. Nonetheless, both the government and the elite frown upon it, and there has been a law against it since 1805, although the law is rarely invoked. Voodoo is derived from the African word for "spirit," and is essentially an attempt by the peasants to pacify the evil gods and pay homage to the good ones. The casual visitor, if he minds his manners, can hope to see the singing, dancing and playing of drums meant to invoke the gods; it is extremely unlikely he will see a genuine *crise de possession*, in which the *loa* (god) enters a voodooist's body; or an actual *kanzo*, the fire ceremony in which the *hounsi*, the voodoo practitioners, purify themselves by thrusting bare feet and hands into the flames. A reputable guide, such as Southerland Tours of Port-au-Prince, can be a great help here. As I say, the visitor will not see everything, but what he does see will be voodoo, not just a *bamboche*—a mere party at which the singing and dancing is strictly social.

At least one night in Port-au-Prince should be spent at the Casino International, which offers dice games, roulette, 21 and, for the unsociable, slot machines. It is located on the Exposition Grounds, and Joan and I took a taxi there about 10 P.M. (In the European tradition, everything starts late.) After purchasing twenty dollars' worth of chips (U. S. money is accepted everywhere in Haiti), we ordered rum and sodas at the Casino bar where, from a pedestal next to the cash box, a bust of Toussaint L'Ouverture lent the situation a certain gravity. (L'Ouverture was not smiling, and I was unable to verify the legend about the missing front teeth.) Refreshed, we tried the 21 game. A stout, middle-aged mulatto woman was among the wagerers, and she was winning. Her ear lobes, throat and fingers sparkled with precious stones, and her French, as she addressed the dealer, was impeccable. We followed her lead, but it did us little good. We returned to the bar for a second rum and soda and, while we were enjoying it, a

Monkmeyer



HAITIAN DANCES convey moods from wild religious frenzy to sheer pleasure; some are patterned on work rhythms (above, with machetes used to cut cane).

(continued)

member of the *tonton macoute*, the so-called bogeymen who constitute President Duvalier's police force, eased past us to make a phone call. He gave us a friendly "*Bon soir*," but we noticed he had a .45 caliber pistol tucked in his belt. At this point, I decided to call it a night. One cannot help but feel concern when a government does not supply its policemen with holsters.

It used to be said that it is easier to go from Port-au-Prince to Paris than from Port-au-Prince to Cap Haitien, where Henry Christophe's Citadelle is to be found, but this statement holds true only for a bygone age, when all travel was on the ground, and the heavy rains frequently turned the 175-mile strip of road into a ribbon of mud. Today the way to go to Cap Haitien is to fly: the Haitian Air Force's DC-3s make the trip in forty minutes, at a fare of only eight dollars. There are several good hotels and pensions, but our favorite is the Roi Christophe. When this hotel was a private home, its hospitality was so renowned, and its guests were so reluctant to leave, that it was called "The Golden Prison."

Although Cap Haitien is a lovely city—whose pastel-colored buildings, with their ornate iron balconies and carved wooden doors, reflect the influence of the Spaniards who first settled there—it is Christophe's palace and fortress that visitors come to see. They are located near the village of Milot, a half-hour's drive away. Sans Souci is in ruins, but its onetime grandeur is unmistakable. It sprawls across twenty acres, and its twin sentry boxes stand resolutely at attention, guarding the crumbling steps. In Christophe's time, its walls hung with tapestries, its halls resounded with music, its marble floors gleamed with quiet satisfaction. King Henry, as he called himself, even diverted a cold mountain stream underneath Sans Souci—in a grandiose plan to cool its suites.

Monument of a Man's Folly

On the mountain top behind the palace, some 3,000 feet up, is the Citadelle: you ride there on a mule. The stone fortress looms incongruously against the sky, its walls, 140 feet high, capable of housing 14,000 men; its hundreds of cannons, bearing the inscriptions of their Spanish, French and English origin, pointing blindly outward; its vast storerooms empty and useless. Henry Christophe, who for sixteen years forced his people to build this monument to folly, lies buried in its courtyard. From the Citadelle's ramparts, I could not help but recall the legend that King Henry once marched a squad of Haitian soldiers off the walls into space to prove their loyalty. It is only when you visit the Citadelle and see the difficulties that were overcome in building it that you realize that the man who accomplished it would be capable of anything.

Back in Port-au-Prince, Joan and I made it a point to visit the Iron Market. This is a huge, open-air structure, named for its sheet-iron façade, where the peasants, with much bargaining and haggling, do their buying and selling. "*Bonjour, Monsieur*," a wrinkled, grizzled vendor greeted us, offering straw hats for sale. He placed one on Joan's head. "*C'est belle . . . Madame, c'est belle*," he said, admiring the effect. "*C'est petite*," Joan told him, explaining she wanted a hat, a much bigger hat, for me. "Ah!" said the vendor, "*Pour Monsieur*." I found a hat I liked, and paid fifty cents for it. "*Merci, Monsieur*," said the vendor. "*Bonne chance. Bonne chance*."

Au Revoir but Not Good-by

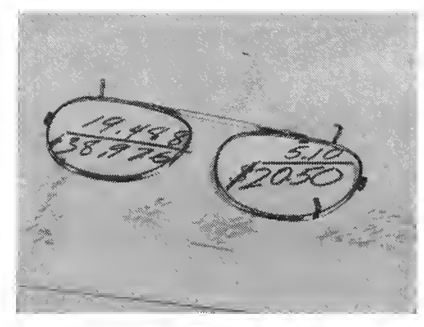
On the last evening we spent in Haiti, the Sans Souci hotel served a creole buffet. There were a dozen or so guests, and the cool night air put an edge on our appetites, making us go back for second helpings. I thought the *tasso* in *ti malice* (beef in tangy sauce) quite good. And the breadfruit croquettes were as light and airy as a *soufflé*. (Earlier that day, we had watched as several breadfruit dropped from the trees around the pool; leisurely, a waiter had picked them up and brought them into the kitchen.) Joan particularly enjoyed the *piva et di-ri* (beans and rice). We topped off the meal with sliced bananas served in rum and butter. And then, contentedly, we settled in our chairs. The Sans Souci had brought in a small Haitian orchestra for the evening, and it began to play "Haiti Chérie," a delicate, delicious tune that encouraged reverie. It was all very civilized.

Yet I knew that somewhere, perhaps just a few miles from where I sat, a voodoo ceremony would be taking place. There would be the playing of drums, the chanting of worshipers, the drawing of sacred symbols, the wild, ritualistic dancing, and then the gods would appear. Like the peasants, I could only hope these deities would be in a good mood. If they were not, the priests would be forced to appease them. And the stories I had heard, involving the making of sacrifices and the creation of zombies—the so-called living dead—were not to my taste. All at once, I thought of another Haitian story, one that purports to explain how the peasants catch guinea hens. They soak corn in rum and leave the stalks in the woods; then, when the hens eat themselves into unconsciousness, the natives simply pick them off the ground. In my own case, I doubted that I had eaten corn and rum. But I knew I had fallen under a similar Haitian spell. And, like the guinea hens, I had enjoyed every minute of it. THE END



Cosmo Parcels

BY JOAN GAROW



IT'S CLEAR TO SEE! $2.98

Having trouble seeing fine print and close detail work? Just slip these magnifiers on your prescription glasses and see clearer instantly. Powerful 2.50 diopter lenses. Fits all glasses. Nel-King Products, Inc., Dept. CA-102S, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.



SEATING ARRANGEMENT . . .

This fabric seat cover in comfy, cloud-soft Acrilan will add a touch of luxury to any bathroom. A hidden stainless steel spring gives perfect fit for any size seat. Easy to wash, quick-drying. Set includes seat cover and matching lid cover in Pink or White. Seat cover $2.98; Lid and seat cover $4.98. Sunset House, 97 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE!!

Picture the pretty one who owns Shapettes.



Let Shapettes help you find the right lip and eyebrow outline to flatter the contours of your face. 10 plastic cutout forms, $1.00. Free booklet with hints on good grooming and make-up. Charles of Fifth Ave., Dept. CSH, Box 67, Rugby Sta., Bklyn., N.Y.



FOR AS LITTLE AS 12¢ A FOOT

See the sensational Red Robin Rose Hedge (Gloire Des Rosomanes) that's sweeping the country! Plant THIS SPRING; have a vigorous LIVING FENCE bursting with fragrant RED ROSES THIS SUMMER. Red Robin's lush green foliage is covered with a riot of richly scented red roses month after month. Not a sprawling Multiflora. Grows straight, upright to 6 feet, stays compact. So tough, thrives in even poor soils. Grows so dense Red Robin keeps children and pets in, animals and intruders out. Available only from Ginden Nursery, San Bruno, California.

GINDEN NURSERY CO.
San Bruno, California • Dept. 321

Send me without cost or obligation, free full-color book, uses, prices, special Spring Bonus Offer, etc., on RED ROBIN LIVING FENCE.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ Zone ______

State ____________________

"GROW" LONG NAILS



USE MAGIC NAIL LIQUID FORMULA #77

by Charles of Fifth Avenue

NOT a weak paste on nail but an amazing liquid! Brush on easily. Turns ugly, short, broken, split, and bitten nails into hard, long, glamorous nails—IN MINUTES!—STRONGER THAN YOUR OWN! Can be trimmed, filed and beautifully polished. Will not break or split no matter what work you do. Will stay on until your own nails grow out! STOPS NAIL BITING! USED BY MILLIONS! NOW! A LARGE $5 KIT FOR ONLY $2.00 plus C.O.D. Save C.O.D. charges by enclosing $2. with order. GUARANTEED! MAIL ORDERS TO:

CHARLES OF FIFTH AVENUE,
MAIL ORDER DEPT. CO
BOX 67, RUGBY STA., BROOKLYN 3, N. Y.



IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE—$1

Stretch your way to a trimmer you with new sturdy, rubber STRETCH-A-WAY. Complete with special chart to show you the safe method of toning muscles. Improve your figure—tummy, thighs, hip and bust measurements—this *natural* way! Keep fit and trim. Stores away in any drawer. *Guaranteed to do the job or money back!* STRETCH-A-WAY, only $1, postage paid. Sunset House, 667 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Beauty and the Bleach

No fairy tale this, but a fact! Problems fade with Jolen Creme Bleach . . . the fabulous new cosmetic that bleaches superfluous hair on face, arms and legs. Like magic, medically approved Jolen turns dark hair blond to blend with your own skin tones. Be a beauty . . . try JCB now!

JOLEN INC., Box 204, C-1, Arlington, Mass.

☐ $2 Reg. Size (¾ oz.) ☐ $5 Giant Size (3¾ oz.)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ Zone ______ State ______

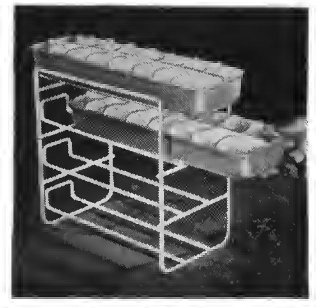
Price inc. Fed. Tax, P.P. charges. Money back guarantee.

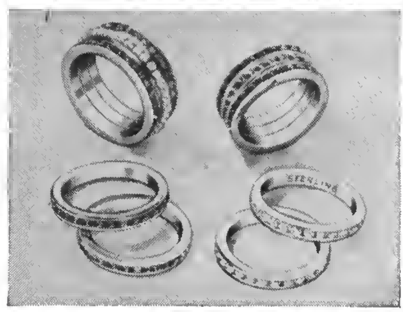


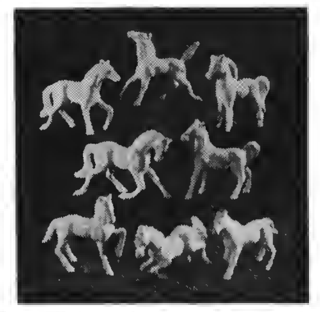














COMING TO GRIPS
Keep a firm grip on the wheel with these driving gloves. Tiny magnets secure gloves to dashboard. Made of Helenca Stretch Nylon with genuine leather palms. Choice of Beige, Black, White. One size fits every hand with sleek perfection. $1.95 for women; $2.95 for men. Ward Green, Dept. GL-921, 43 W. 61st St., N.Y. 23, N.Y.

SAVE THE DAY AWAY
A coin a day ticks time away and will save for you $1,000. Insert 25¢ daily and watch date advance and amount increase. Calendar won't change date unless you insert coin. Free savings chart. Deluxe model $2.25 each; 3 for $6.50; 6 for $12.50. Add 25¢ post. per bank. Leecraft, Dept. CS-1, 300 Albany Ave., Bklyn. 13, N.Y.

NECKLACE OF THE NILE
With the air of Egyptian antiquity this necklace can add mysterious beauty to your appearance. A very tasteful and charming gift for any woman. Available in gold or silver, $2.49. Essay, Inc., Dept. C-2, 255 W. 34th St., New York 1, N.Y.

NICE-ICE-ADVICE, $3.50
There'll be no more chipping and chopping to remove frozen ice cube trays if you have an Ice Tray Caddy in your freezer. Made of heavy gauge steel rod, caddy is covered with thick coating of white plastic which prevents frost from forming. Caddy holds 4 ice trays. 5¼" W, 9" H, 10" D. Leslie Creations, Dept. CP-162, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

AN HONOR GUARD
Start your ring wardrobe with sets of beautiful "pretend" diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, pearls, or tiny turquoise blue stone guard rings. Wear them in pairs or three for an impressive looking ring. Sterling Silver or Gold Plate. $2.95 ea.; 2 for $5.00; 3 for $7.50. Add 10% Fed. tax. (Send ring size.) Vicki Wayne, 610-CG-So. Country Club Rd, Tucson, Ariz.

CHINA STABLE
In many poses this set of pure white porcelain horses will fascinate both horse fanciers and figurine collectors. They make unique decorative pieces. About 3" tall. $2.95 per set of 8. Harriet Carter, Dept. C, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

WONDER WHITENESS, $4.40
To add the touch of perfection to your appearance brush this opalescent enamel on your teeth. A lovely smile can be yours instantly. The Kopal kit lasts 2 to 3 months and comes complete with enamel, art-brush for applying and directions. Frostie Winters, Inc., Dept. CP, 313 E. 53rd St., New York 22, N. Y.



MITTEN MUSTER

A simple and fun way of keeping mittens from going astray. Rack is rustproof, can hang on a door or in a closet. It holds 6 pairs of gloves. Ideal for garden and work gloves in the summer. $2.00 plus 50¢ postage. Arlene's, Dept. PR-1, 1434 Bryn Mawr Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois



NECTAR FOR NAILS, $3.50

This all purpose nail conditioner "6 Minute" can be at your fingertips. It hardens nails, helps to remove stains, give a jewel-like lustre, removes excess cuticle, stops splitting and peeling. Kit consists of creme and buffer. Results are like those received from professional manicure without use of nail polish. Add 10% Fed. tax. Fredericks of Hollywood, Dept. C-1, 6608 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.



HEART OF THE MATTER!!

Eight heart charms in two sizes . . . the most charming love-an-kisses gift of all. In sterling silver ¾" dia., $3.00 each; 1" dia., $4.00 each. In 14Kt gold $12.00 and $16.00 each. Inscription on reserve side, if desired at 10¢ per letter. Please specify caption desired. Wayne Silversmith, Dept. C-1, 546 So. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.

Postage is included in price unless otherwise stated. Items shown in both ads and editorials available by mail only.

Story of a Man: His Bitter Ordeal

BY KAY BOYLE

Richard McKenna, a forty-nine-year-old veteran of twenty-two years in the U. S. Navy, has produced a first novel, based on his experiences in the China of several decades ago, that is a startling prepublication success, and has already been sold to the movies for $200,000. Kay Boyle, a highly respected author and critic for the last thirty years, declares it is a powerful and moving narrative.

THE SAND PEBBLES, by Richard McKenna (Harper & Row, $5.95). There are times, I think, that before qualifying as a writer one should be required to face the reality of a heartbreaking ordeal. It should be a cauterizing either of the spirit or the flesh, and the author, by communicating it, brings sense and order to the chaos he has endured. It is this that Richard McKenna undertakes in *The Sand Pebbles*, a first novel that has won the $10,000 Harper's Prize and has become the January Book of the Month Club selection. These are fitting tributes to a story behind which stands the presence of the author's own experience.

It is a story that is powerful enough to lift any man or woman from his or her own life and into that of maverick Jake Holman, a crewman on a U. S. Navy gunboat patrolling on the China side. The time is the fateful year of 1925, when the warlords and their women are fleeing for their lives, and Chinese students are rallying around "a new warlord" called Chiang Kai-shek, as the Chinese Revolution gets under way.

Outraged and Silenced

Jake Holman had been expelled from high school as a delinquent during World War I. He joined the Navy while still in his teens. Within himself, he is outraged and silenced by the feeling that he has always been two moves behind in a game he doesn't know, and in his resentment of authority we feel the wounds of his childhood gaping wide. For reassurance, for love, he has turned not to women or to men, mistrusting their fallibility, but to the smoothly functioning engine of each ship he boards.

Nine years of Navy service on the China station are behind Holman when he joins the crew, known as the "Sand Pebbles," of the *San Pablo*. The gunboat is a relic of the Spanish-American War, and it patrols a tributary of the Yangtze River, its mission to "keep face" for America by "showing the flag."

It is to the engine room of the *San Pablo* that Holman goes at once, without changing from his dress whites. "Hey, engine," he whispers in greeting. It is handsome and old, far older than Holman himself. But the tending of the engine, of the "great metal dragon," is the work of coolies on the gunboat, and a white man would "lose face," Holman learns in bitter fury, if he soils himself with engine grease. It is on this issue, on man's equality with man, that the great drama of Holman's life begins.

Before it is reconciled, Holman finds himself falling in love with an American missionary woman, and it is she who brings him out of himself, who makes him see that his life need not be embittered and barren, that he can communicate with men and women and accept them for what they are. Yet the conflict between Holman and authority persists, and author McKenna skillfully weaves into the narrative many similar conflicts—that between a sailor friend and the Navy over the status of the Chinese woman he marries, that between the white missionaries and the Chinese nationalists, that between the sailors and the coolies who serve them. The reality of this ferment gives the story a meaning beyond fiction, a dimension beyond romance.

Mr. McKenna served for twenty-two years in the Navy, ten of them in the Far East, and two in a Yangtze River gunboat. The China he writes of he knows through the first-hand stories of the Navy men who were there when China was beginning to take shape as a nation for the first time in its history. He has kept an earnest and conscientious log of that ordeal of reality, and his book will stand in rebuke to less informed and earnest writers for many years to come.

THE STREET WHERE THE HEART LIES, by Ludwig Bemelmans (World, $3.95). In recounting the tangled lives of a group of people who live on an imaginary street, the late Mr. Bemelmans makes a striking point: it is not so much the presence of love, as the confusion about it, that makes the world go round. Essentially, the story concerns the cerebral Professor Clayborn, a thinking man's American, who loses his heart to Gala, everyman's strip-teaser. What's more, Gala loves the Professor, but she is already married to Monsieur Corti, who has taught her the art of stripping, and who, to preserve her figure, starves her within a centimeter of her G string. Both men love Gala, but in different ways, and the other men in her life are equally individual in their love-making. There is Signor Vivanti, the Milanese millionaire, who spends extravagantly for Gala's love. There is Mme. Michel, the female impersonator, who delights in slipping Gala extra bits of food. And there is Herr Doktor, the masseuse, who practices his own sadistic form of love on Gala during some heavy-handed rub-downs. Author Bemelmans unfolds this story in a style that combines charm of fantasy with savagery of satire. At the end, M. Corti dies in as confused a manner as he lived, and the Professor marries Gala. But did M. Corti and the other men who loved Gala serve a function in her life? Yes, author Bemelmans seems to say, for without seeing evil, how could we recognize good?

THAT SUMMER IN PARIS, by Morley Callaghan (Coward-McCann, $5). Ah, those days in the summer of 1929—with Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and all those witty, wonderful literary people! Author Callaghan, then an aspiring writer, chose this time to arrive in Paris with his wife. He had known Hemingway during Ernest's journalistic stint on the Toronto *Daily Star*, and he was eager to see him again and to meet Hemingway's good friend, Fitzgerald. Ernest was cordial, but first Callaghan had to put on the gloves, to prove he could box, in the Hemingways' living room. Moreover, Hemingway was evasive about introducing Callaghan to Fitzgerald, finally blurting out: "Don't tell Scott where I live. The Fitzgeralds will come calling in on us at all hours." Callaghan eventually met Scott, and found him most engaging; he also found that Scott all but worshiped Ernest. What split them all apart was a memorable boxing match in which Fitzgerald let the round go a minute too long, Callaghan landed a lucky punch, and Hemingway went down. In this immensely readable book, author Callaghan has shown, to paraphrase the immortal Fitzgerald-Hemingway dialogue, that the very talented are not like you and me—they have more squabbles.

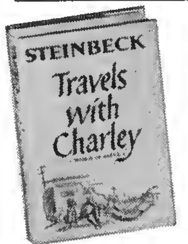
THE END

25 OUTSTANDING BOOKS IN THE

Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU BUT FAILED TO . . . THROUGH OVERSIGHT

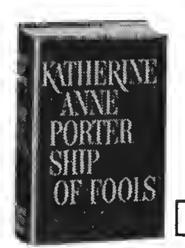


ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED

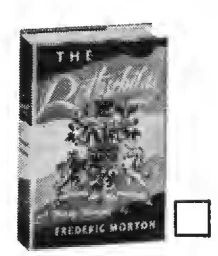


The latest book by the winner of the 1962 Nobel Prize for Literature

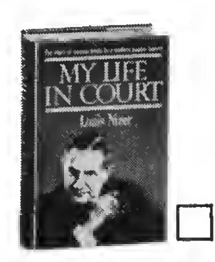
553. TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY by JOHN STEINBECK (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



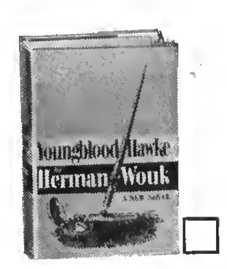
539. SHIP OF FOOLS *by* KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. (Publisher's retail price $6.50)



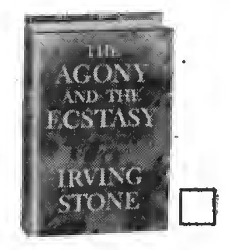
540. THE ROTHSCHILDS *by* FREDERIC MORTON. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



521. MY LIFE IN COURT *by* LOUIS NIZER (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



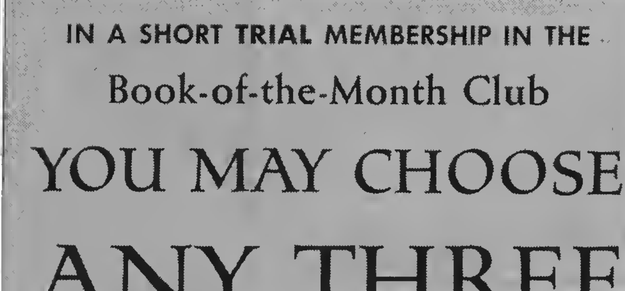
559. YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE *by* HERMAN WOUK. (Publisher's retail price $7.95)



455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)

IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE

Book-of-the-Month Club



YOU MAY CHOOSE

ANY THREE

FOR $1 EACH

THE TRIAL: You agree to buy as few as three additional books from the Club during the coming year



558. GABRIELA, CLOVE AND CINNAMON *by* JORGE AMADO. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



523. THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Illustrated (Publisher's retail price $6.95)



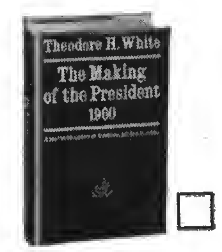
522. CITIZEN HEARST *by* W. A. SWANBERG Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)



543. SCOTT FITZGERALD *by* ANDREW TURNBULL. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



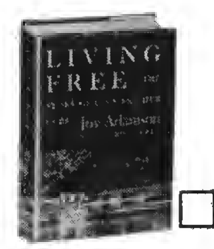
520. THE BULL FROM THE SEA *by* MARY RENAULT. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



467. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT—1960 *by* THEODORE H. WHITE (Publisher's retail price $6.95)



537. THE LAST PLANTAGENETS *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN. Maps. (Publisher's retail price $5.75)



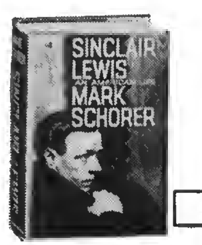
498. LIVING FREE *by* JOY ADAMSON. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



503. MILA 18 *by* LEON URIS. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



502. THE COMING FURY *by* BRUCE CATTON. Maps. (Publisher's retail price $7.50)



493. SINCLAIR LEWIS *by* MARK SCHORER. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $10)

During this trial membership and thereafter, if you continue, you will receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with *every Club choice you buy.* This together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend of your choice



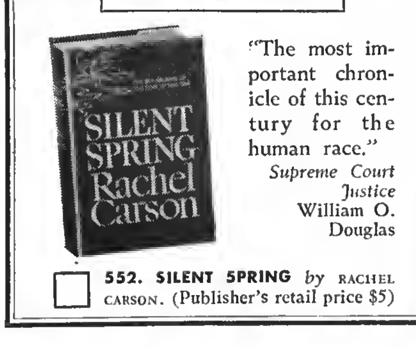
LAST 12 MONTHS

FULLY INTENDED TO READ OR OVERBUSYNESS



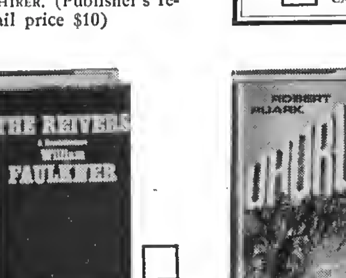
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Publisher's retail price $10)

NOT TO BE MISSED

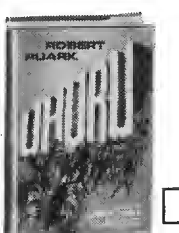


"The most important chronicle of this century for the human race."
Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas

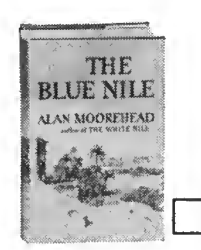
552. SILENT SPRING *by* RACHEL CARSON. (Publisher's retail price $5)



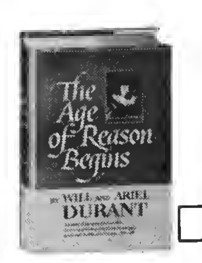
547. THE REIVERS *by* WILLIAM FAULKNER (Publisher's retail price $4.95)



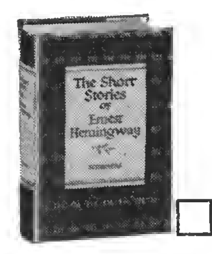
550. UHURU *by* ROBERT RUARK. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



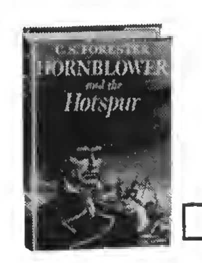
557. THE BLUE NILE *by* ALAN MOOREHEAD Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $5.95)



500. THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated. (Publisher's retail price $10)



487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Publisher's retail price $6)



555. HORNBLOWER AND THE HOTSPUR *by* C. S. FORESTER. (Publisher's retail price $4.95)

GOOD SENSE FOR EVERY READING FAMILY

IF YOUR SELF-CHECK reveals that you have been missing the books you promise yourself to read, because of irritating overbusyness, there is a simple way to break this bad habit: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.* During the coming year, at least 200 books—which will surely be as interesting and important as those shown here—will be made available to members at the special members' prices which, on the average, are 20% below the publishers' regular retail prices.

✶ **Your only obligation** in the trial membership suggested here is to buy as few as three of these 200 books, in addition to the three you choose from these pages. The three you choose now will be sent to you immediately, and you will be billed one dollar for each of them (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

✶ **During this trial and thereafter, if you continue,** with every Club choice you buy you will receive a Book-Dividend Certificate. Each certificate, together with a nominal sum—usually $1.00—can be redeemed for a valuable Book-Dividend* which you may choose from more than a hundred fine library volumes whose publishers' retail prices now average $7. This is probably the most economical means of building a well-rounded personal library that has ever been devised. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, $280,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. • 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

Cosmopolitan, January, 1963

WOMEN AND IMMORALITY

Throughout history woman has been the unofficial guardian of social morality. Now sociologists accuse her of falling down on the job. Is she using her freedom to undermine traditional standards? Is she, indeed, the cause of our "moral decline"?

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Is Lydia Westerhaft* typical of a new breed of American woman? I met Mrs. Westerhaft at last summer's jazz festival in Newport. Rhode Island. She's thirty-five years old. She has two children. Her children and her husband were in Pennsylvania somewhere. She had come up to the festival with someone named Johnny Mason. Mrs. Westerhaft told me she loved jazz and was having a fine time. She didn't feel guilty at all, and yet she was an intelligent and educated woman. She had not been psychoanalyzed. She said she had only one life to live and she believed in getting the maximum amount of pleasure out of it. She said she loved her children and admired her husband. He didn't want to give her a divorce "although I've suggested we break up and I've made it clear to him I want a life of my own and I don't want to account to him for where I go and what I do."

If Mrs. Westerhaft's attitude and conduct are typical of any significant number of women in the United States and Europe, then it follows that manners and morals are undergoing a revolution.

Nuances of Intimate Behavior

Traditionally, masculine religious leaders and ethical thinkers have set up moral codes, but it has been women who have maintained family life, decency, social goodness and kindness. Women have resisted temptations of the flesh. But now, are women giving up the moral struggle? Are they enjoying the deadly sins of lust, gluttony, envy and greed?

Since we are speaking about the subtleties and nuances of intimate human behavior, authorities aren't of much help in deciding truth or falsity of the question of whether society is undergoing a serious moral decline because of changing moral standards of women. You will find authorities on alcoholism who believe that alcoholism among women has increased 400 per cent in the last ten years —and others, equally eminent, who say women have always consumed alcohol, but are now drinking more openly instead of drinking secretly. There are others who believe there is a shocking increase in promiscuity and marital infidelity among women since 1955, that addiction to narcotics and tranquilizers has become a major problem among women, that neurosis is rising among them, that stealing, crimes of violence, burglary, embezzlement and murder are on the rise among the female sex. For instance, where the favorite tool of the murderess generations ago used to be poison—it is now

(continued)

**Lydia Westerhaft, Johnny Mason, Regina Moorewell and Solange Peterson are fictitious names, used so as not to embarrass the actual persons or their families.*



Many women question the relevancy of "ancient codes," but they are caught in transition and don't know where to turn for new ones.

becoming the gun and the bludgeon. Last spring, for example, Mrs. Gloria Swagerman, a forty-five-year-old housewife in Massapequa, Long Island, wished to do away with her husband, an advertising solicitor. She beat him for approximately five hours with the handle of a vacuum cleaner, having tied his legs and arms with straps. Since he was still breathing, she telephoned a doctor, got a prescription for sleeping pills, filled the prescription and forcibly fed her spouse enough sleeping pills to put him out of his misery. She is the mother of two children. Or consider the crime of Mrs. Jean DiFede, thirty-six years old, wife of a prosperous physician in Glendale, New York. Sometime in 1960 she became enamored of a nineteen-year-old boy, Armando Cossentino. They became lovers. She set him up in a lavish apartment in Rego Park, New York. She bought him a brand-new sports car. Finally, the couple decided to murder Dr. DiFede. The murder was planned cold-bloodedly. They would not only get rid of the doctor, but the widow would inherit his $72,570 insurance. On December 7, 1961, Cossentino and a confederate were let into the house and the doctor was killed by being bludgeoned with a hammer and stabbed to death—while Mrs. DiFede waited in the next room. Six months later, the lover was found guilty of first-degree murder and Mrs. DiFede of second-degree murder. She was sentenced to serve from twenty years to life.

Gambling—a Woman's Sport?

A great number of the crimes of forgery, embezzlement and bank robbery are today being committed by women—by women in trusted positions as bookkeepers, accountants and executives. Gambling today is more and more a woman's sport. Look around any of the de luxe casinos of Las Vegas or Monte Carlo or the Caribe Hilton in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and you'll see that outside of the crap tables, where the players are mostly men, it is the fair sex that provides 75 per cent of the "action." That's true of *chemin de fer*, baccarat, roulette, blackjack and slot machines. The slot machines are practically an exclusive toy for the ladies. Bookmakers will tell you they now get at least 30 to 40 per cent of their play from women—principally housewives, who are filching money out of their household budgets and their clothes budgets to place bets on horses.

"Love Is Strictly a Luxury"

About two years ago—to get some local color for an article I was doing on race-track touts—I spent a day at Jamaica Race Track with a friend who knew it well. We mingled with the crowds in the betting ring under the grandstand, talking to various habitués who came day after day to the track. I was immediately struck by the preponderant number of women—at least 60 per cent of the persons milling around the bar and the betting windows were women—well-dressed and well-groomed. He introduced me to several and, as I usually do when I travel about the country, I asked them questions about their ways of life. Many told me they go to the tracks, either the flat races or the trotters, as often as they can. They said this meant more to them than their families and their husbands. I asked one of them if love did not mean much to her. She was a single girl and extremely chic and I asked her, "Wouldn't you rather have a date with a man than be at the track?" She looked at me like I was out of my mind. She replied: "To me, love is strictly a luxury. Betting on horses is a necessity. I get all the thrill I want watching a race. I hold down a good job and drag in a nice income and live alone. I don't bother anybody and I figure I'm entitled to live any way I want to live."

My friend pointed out a woman standing at the bar. She was one of those overpoweringly sexy women. A beautiful body and bedroom eyes and a gyration of the limbs when she moved. She was fashionably dressed in a red sheath dress and high spiked shoes. She looked elegant. My friend whispered to me that she was the head night nurse in one of the leading hospitals in New York City. She was a compulsive horse player. She usually lost her bank roll by the fourth or fifth race, but she never had any trouble picking up a companionable rich friend at the bar whenever she had a bad day at the track. Guilt? Moral standards? Chastity? Decency? Registered Nurse Regina Moorewell wouldn't have known what you were talking about if you mentioned any of these old-fashioned terms to her. All she wanted to do was bet large sums of money on horses. How she got the money was, to her, immaterial.

Don't Talk About Sex, Use It

Now it may be, as many experts claim, that women today are no better and no worse than women throughout history, but one thing is certain: the woman of 1963, when she *does* practice immorality, does it in an open, unashamed manner that is a new phenomenon. Take one of the major best sellers of 1962: *Sex and the Single Girl* by Helen Gurley Brown. Mrs. Brown is as frank as Nurse Moorewell in exploiting money out of men. Mrs. Brown writes: "Sex is a powerful weapon for a single woman in getting what she wants from life, a husband or steady male companionship. . . . A single woman who doesn't deny her body regularly and often to get what she wants is an idiot."

This gets my vote as the most immoral book of 1962. Mrs. Brown says it's perfectly all right for a single girl to have an affair with a married man—provided he is rich and has status. She warns her pupils not to waste time dallying with poor, good-looking truck drivers. As Mrs. Brown points out, a rich married man is "often generous with gifts and money."

While there seem to be more and more women who are out to exploit men for everything they can get away with—there are even more women who are taking ad-

"Bourbon housewives" in "cocktail communities" drink out of boredom, says the National Council on Alcoholism. Alcoholics Anonymous reports one-fifth of its members are women.

(continued)



One of the most damaging things being done to American women is the practice of making sweeping generalizations about them as if they were a single entity.

vantage of woman's freedom from traditional taboos, conventional morality, religious standards and the law to engage in love affairs openly, guiltlessly, shamelessly. Some of these women, like Lydia Westerhaft, are obscure. Others are famous. For almost a year, Elizabeth Taylor proudly carried on a grand passion with Richard Burton in cafés and automobiles and yachts and in rented mansions on the outskirts of Rome. Melina Mercouri, who has been living in various places in Europe with the director Jules Dassin, has frequently boasted, "I am an adult and I can be with a man without marriage." Jean Seberg, who played the heroine of *Breathless*, has been having an open and tempestuous love affair with novelist Romain Gary in Paris. While on a romantic idyll in Venice, Miss Seberg was asked if she intended to take Monsieur Gary as her lawful wedded husband and she replied: "There has never been a question of marriage between us. . . . All I can tell you is he's a marvelous man and *un grand ami*. . . ."

Better Courtesans Than Wives

Another indication of the new flaunting of immorality is an unusual 260-page book first published in 1960 and now in its seventh printing. It was written by Rey Anthony (a pseudonym). She is a Tucson, Arizona, housewife. It is supposedly a serious book, with an introduction by Dr. Albert Ellis, New York psychotherapist. Its title is *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. On August 16, 1962, the respectable firm of E. P. Dutton & Co. published the *Kama Sutra*, an oriental guide to eroticism, formerly illegal. It is now in its fourth printing and the chief customers are women. A gynecologist told me he can remember the good old days when women only used to worry whether they were good cooks or good mothers but "now they are worried whether they are better courtesans than respectable wives."

Dr. Lena Levine—gynecologist and psychiatrist—in her new book, *The Frigid Wife*, reports with some amazement the number of women who are having excellent sex lives but feel discontented because they want "excitement and ecstasy." And many of these women, if they can't find these at home with their husbands, are, increasingly, going out and looking for them with other men.

We often forget, when we think of those idealistic, noble, self-sacrificing women of the nineteenth century who fought for women's emancipation from legal and social slavery and wanted them to achieve political and social and economic equality with men, that one of the leading American fighters for equality was Victoria Woodhull, who put out an amazing paper for years, *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, in which she aggressively preached birth control, easy divorces, legalized abortions and free love. Miss Woodhull had a famous love affair (among the dozens of affairs she had) with Theodore Tilton, who was a leading journalist of his time. Mrs. Tilton, by the way, had a famous affair with the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher—which was one of the great scandals of the nineteenth century. And Frances Wright, the author and lecturer, defended in *public* lectures in New York City, as far back as 1828, a woman's right to choose her men —without matrimony.

Pillars of Promiscuity

We like to imagine the nineteenth century as an age of Victorian puritanism and rigid moral behavior. Let us remember that the nineteenth century was also the time when novelist George Sand (real name, Aurore Dupin) had scores of lovers, including poet Alfred de Musset and musician Frédéric Chopin. The great Victorian novelist George Eliot (real name, Mary Ann Evans Cross) fell in love with a married London critic, George Henry Lewes, and lived with him in an illicit relationship for some twenty years until his death. The school children who admire *Silas Marner* and *The Mill on the Floss* are kept in ignorance of this. Nor is it well known that Charles Dickens, that great pillar of Victorian morality, separated from his wife and lived for many years with the English actress Ellen Ternan, by whom he had an illegitimate child. Miss Ternan broke up the Dickens marriage as surely and swiftly as Elizabeth Taylor broke up the marriage of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

They Don't Want Husbands

What is different about the modern American woman—as compared to, say, Victoria Woodhull? Many aspects—primarily the fact that a hundred years ago one had to be an extremely daring woman to break away from the conventional legal and religious patterns of behavior. Today, thousands of women can, and do, lead independent lives. They hold down responsible positions in the arts, sciences and in business and earn large salaries. They have their own apartments. They don't want husbands. They don't want children. They don't want to keep house. They aren't aggressively antimale. They are often soft and feminine women. But they demand independence. They are the heiresses of the struggles for women's rights fought for a hundred years. They know that, from the viewpoint of religious codes, conventional morality and the law, they are immoral with their affairs. But they believe they are living in a new social environment and in a period of transition in which these ancient moral codes no longer have any relevance to the realities of modern living. These are not women who are promiscuous. These are not women who want to break up happy marriages because of neurotic hostility. These are not greedy, ambitious, money hungry women seeking to exploit rich men. These girls are productive in their work and they are happy to have their own apartments with their own high-fidelity sets and their own paintings and they simply do not want to give up their lives to a single man and to raising children. They believe that the strug-

Anxiety, depression, feelings of inadequacy drive women to seek relief in "mood" pills. Today, more than 100 different types of tranquilizer are manufactured.

(continued)



Other side of the coin: new breed of "hedonists" who enjoy raising a family, cultivating a garden and using their imagination for a richer intellectual life.

gle for woman's rights was a struggle not for votes alone or for legal equality or to serve on juries—but was fundamentally a declaration that woman is not inferior to the male.

Having recently read hundreds of books and magazine articles on the "problem of the American woman" and having spoken to many experts in the field, I honestly believe that one of the most damaging things being done to American women is the practice of making sweeping generalizations about them as if they were a single entity. The truth is that there is no such thing as *the* "American woman." There are many kinds of American women. There are women, it is true, who are taking advantage of their freedom and right to be human, to be gold diggers or sexually promiscuous or alcoholic. There are thousands of unfortunate compulsive gamblers among women, it is true. But there is another side to the story—and it is a shame that writers rarely praise the great majority of women who are using their new freedom to enlarge their lives.

A Grand Slam Divorce

Apropos of gambling, I know a woman I will call Solange Peterson. Mrs. Peterson is a contract-bridge player of championship status. She plays in tournaments all over the United States and in foreign competitions. She is a life master. She has two children by her first marriage and one by her present marriage. She is intelligent, sophisticated, well-dressed and sensitive. By any standards, she is a good mother and a fine wife. She divorced her first husband because he was vehemently opposed to her playing bridge. When she fell in love again, she made it clear to the new man in her life that she did not want to marry him unless he would accept the fact that she would go to her club regularly to play bridge and that, during tournaments, she would have to be away from home for long periods of time. He loved her enough to accept these conditions. She now plays five afternoons a week, between one and five. She plays for three cents a point. She takes the 5:38 train home and has dinner with the family each day. She usually averages $100 to $150 a week in winnings—which is enough to pay for a full-time sleep-in cook and housekeeper, and the outside heavy-cleaning lady who comes in each day. Mrs. Peterson believes that if she had stayed married to her first husband and given up bridge, she would have lived a frustrated and choked-up existence which would, perhaps, have driven her into promiscuity or compulsive drinking as an escape from the drudgery of her daily life. She may be right.

Secret Drinkers

There is no doubt that there has been some rise in alcoholism among women. How much nobody is sure. Dr. Ruth Fox, medical director of the National Council on Alcoholism, believes that the old figures of 5,000,000 male alcoholics to 800,000 female alcoholics are way out of date and that in her experience as a practitioner as well as that of her colleagues, the ratio is now about four women to six men. Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman of the Committee on Alcoholism of the American Medical Association, says, "In my opinion, there are as many *if not more* female problem drinkers than male." It is believed that there are innumerable "underground" or "secret" women drinkers. Many paint a depressing portrait of the suburban housewife who has "easy access" to the bottle. Mrs. Marty Mann, executive director of the National Council on Alcoholism, and Dr. Margaret Mead have told us of the deplorable state of the suburban housewife, the new "lonely housewife" of the suburbs who covertly drinks all day long. The startling increase in sales of vodka, over the past fifteen years, is attributed to an increase in female drinking—since vodka, being tasteless, can be taken in fruit juices.

Now all this is true—and it is sad, but isn't the picture of modern American women distorted by only looking at a minority? Even Mrs. Mann admits that only 6 per cent of all the people who drink are alcoholics. Why don't we ever hear about the other 94 per cent?

I live in one of these famous suburbs in Westchester, supposedly reeking with alcoholic and promiscuous wives. I know a total of one alcoholic spouse. I do, however, know scores of suburban housewives who love to drink and get pleasure out of drinking and don't secretly belt vodka all day long. They know how to mix you the finest dry Martini you ever got outside of the Ritz Hotel in London. They are happily married and they love their husbands and they don't stay married out of religious or moral compulsion—but because they prefer married life. They don't drink because they're trying to escape from reality. They find that cocktails before dinner or liqueurs after dinner or wine with dinner makes food more enjoyable and gives a civilized aura of charm and graciousness to the process of daily living. They are as much hedonists in their approach to life as is Melina Mercouri. They don't think drinking is a sin—and they regard the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as being composed of a lot of silly geese. They know how to make delicious rum concoctions and they chill their anisette before serving it and they know which California cabernet sauvignon wine is almost as good as an imported red Bordeaux.

No Longer Passive Playmates

And when these women think about sexuality—and they do think about it a lot and practice it even more in this age of moral transition—they do it, very often, in a way that is rather different than formerly. They want to approach a man —be he a husband, a beau or a lover—as an equal. Dr. Charles Clay Dahlberg, veteran New York psychoanalyst and associate on the faculty at the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis and Psychology, told me: "Today we are seeing a new trend among women. They want to get more out of their intimate life. And it isn't because their husbands are complaining, either." Women today, both married and unmarried, are as openly interested in attractive men as men are in attractive women. The old idea that sex was something women had to put up with and the later idea that an emancipated woman should be above feeling desirable and looking

desirable is being discarded hy large numbers of women.

More and more educated women, for instance, are now getting married and having children—lots of children, as soon as they finish college. And wouldn't you know it—there are people who deplore this, too. It seems that no matter *what* a woman does, somebody authoritative will criticize her—either for being immoral or for being *too* moral.

Taking Women to Task

Last year, the president of Vassar took women to task for getting married early and having large families instead of waiting ten years and using their brains in a socially useful career. And Dr. Margaret Mead took women to task, on October 12, 1961, in a speech before the American Association of University Women. She said women were being forced into early marriages by "fashion" and this allows them no time to develop themselves as "intelligent women" and all their education is heing thrown away! It is the contention of Betty Friedan in her forthcoming hook, *The Feminine Mystique*, that women have been "brainwashed" into early marriages and big families by a conspiracy on the part of women's magazines and the psychoanalysts, hoth of whom have been proselytizing for the advantages of marriage. Morton M. Hunt, in his brilliant book on women, *Her Infinite Variety*, also complains of this tendency among many intelligent American women to get married early and raise children. On the other hand, both Dr. Marynia Farnham (in *Modern Women: the Lost Sex*) an Dr. Marie N. Robinson (*The Power of Sexual Surrender*) criticize women who want careers and rival men and resist marriage and children. They want women to he passive and play the traditional roles of cook, housekeeper and mother.

Faced with plural analyses of problems they didn't know they had, American women have read and absorbed, and chosen their own armed camp. They have achieved their own unique self-fulfillment according to whatever prescription best suited them, and will undoubtedly continue to do so. Many choose careers in business or the academic world combined with marriage and no children. And a lot of them are choosing marriage *and* children—not because they've been brainwashed, but because it's what they want to do. Just like a lot of men buy Chrysler Imperials or Cadillacs not because they're status symbols but because they're comfortable and luxurious cars. We've reached the point in this country where nobody is apparently to be allowed to do anything because she or he wants to do it—there always has to be some hidden, unconscious reason, which invariably turns out to be a nasty reason. This is sheer nonsense. There are many women—all over the United States—who don't *want* to vote or learn to play the guitar or have lovers or take up ballet. They want children of their own whom they can embrace. So they have children. They love rich, creamy food—and manage to eat well, stay healthy and maintain the world's greatest figures. They're sick and tired of people telling them what to eat and what to wear and when to get married. By just throwing a few stones out of the window of the room in which I am writing this article. I can hit a dozen suburban housewives who aren't trapped in a "split level trap" and aren't secret alcoholics, but who enjoy their spring tulips and their fall chrysanthemums and their children and are marvelous cooks, for the pure sensual pleasure of cooking and eating. Yes, they went to Wellesley and Vassar and Smith, in some cases, and they continue to read good books and to exercise their minds and their imaginations. But they also buy spices and gourmet delicacies and they are the ladies who made the Larousse Gastronomical Encyclopedia a best seller at practically $30 a copy some years ago. They are a new breed of sensualists, brave, independent, think-for-themselves women, whether they are career girls or married women. And yes, they buy *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the *Kama Sutra*. . . .

Too Dependent on Drugs?

Education has been a vital factor in enahling women to be spontaneously true to themselves. The modern woman has studied history, anthropology, religion, philosophy, psychology. Many of the college graduates have chosen to use their knowledge not as Margaret Mead wants them to—in one of the scientific disciplines or in teaching—but in leading richer personal lives.

The discovery and widespread use of the euphoriant drugs have also helped many women. A woman racked hy nervousness, agitations, anxiety, fear, morbid depressions and various physiological ailments brought on by the basic biological fact of just being a woman and suffering from menstrual pains and cramps and postchildbirth depressions cannot be a completely fulfilled human being. Serpasil and Thorazine were the first of the new mood drugs. Serpasil came out in 1953, Thorazine in 1954. Miltown and Equanil, the tranquilizers, came a year later. Today, there are 100 different drugs to bring about freedom from emotional tensions and induce feelings of euphoria. Sixty million prescriptions for them were filled last year. Among the best sellers are Equanil, Compazine, Thorazine, Miltown, Stelazine and Atarax. Librium, which came out in March, 1960, has swept into first place to hecome the most popular of the euphoriants. The Hoffmann-La Roche laboratories tell me that "68 per cent of all Lihrium used is taken by women." Other women have found relief from depressions in such new drugs as Nardil, Tofranil, Placidyl, and the amphetamines, like Dexedrine and Benzedrine. These drugs are, in most cases, harmless and have no dangerous side effects. When taken under medical guidance, a woman is usually relieved of feelings of defeat and inadequacy and gloom. She almost overnight blossoms out with feelings of confidence and optimism and a desire to fulfill herself. She bursts with energy and drive. Sure, you will find some women misusing these drugs. There are women who take three Miltowns in the morning and two at lunch and then a dozen during the evening. There are other women who take Librium and Martinis or who wash down Placidyl with bourbon and water.

The Price of Progress

This is one of the prices that society has to pay for any form of progress. Granting women social, legal and economic equality and raising them to a plane of equality with men, realizing that women are human beings and not some inferior form of suhhuman vegetable, has meant that there will be women scientists and women politicians—but also that there will be women bank robbers and women gamblers. Recognizing that women have as much right as men to pleasure has enriched the lives of millions of wives and their husbands—hut it has also meant more promiscuity and more marital unfaithfulness. On the other hand, it has also meant that more women are getting married at earlier ages and that more women are being fulfilled as human beings and therefore being better mothers to their children and more interesting wives to their husbands.

Today, the American woman has more freedom of choice than she has ever had before or than any women have had in history. She can choose among a greater variety of roads of life than a woman could ever choose before. The fact that so many women freely choose to be married and to have children proves that while modern women have accepted themselves as being more complicated and having many more desires than their grandmothers, they believe they can more fully satisfy these desires within the traditional framework of marriage than in any other way. It is possible that the majority of women during the next generation will choose licentiousness and vice and crime—in preference to virtue. But if they do, they must bear in mind that it will affect the mental and moral health of this nation for all eternity. THE END



My Son's Heroines

By the Mother of Tennessee Williams

These fictional females—guilty of every possible transgression and degradation—have been banned almost everywhere and denounced from pulpits across the country. Here is what the daughter of an Episcopal minister thinks of her Pulitzer Prize-winning son's plays, and especially the women he has created.

BY EDWINA DAKIN WILLIAMS AS TOLD TO LUCY FREEMAN

If you are looking for a heroine as pure as the driven snow, you will have to search long and hard to find her among the women created for America's stage and screen by my son, Tom. (To me he is Tom, not Tennessee, the name he took after graduating from the University of Iowa, when he began selling stories, poetry and one-act plays.)

Oh, the ingenuous young girl makes an occasional appearance, as in my son's one comedy, *Period of Adjustment*, in which the bride, Isabel Haverstick, is a nurse whose greatest crime is that she was fired from the hospital staff because she fainted at the sight of blood.

But for the most part, Tom has presented some pretty bizarre women to the theater-going public. Various types of sexual aberrations, drug-taking, alcoholism—all these unfortunate conditions have, at one time or another, plagued his female characters.

In this regard, some people accuse my son of writing only about sordid, immoral individuals. Many of his women, for instance, seem to have trouble controlling their sexual impulses. The woman of easy virtue, as she is called, was a fixture in his early one-act plays. There is *Hello from Bertha*, the story of a plump, aging blonde dying in her room in the red light district of East St. Louis, and *The Lady of Larkspur Lotion*, about a woman of the streets being evicted from her room by a contemptuous landlady because she cannot pay the rent. Then there is the very young girl in *This Property Is Condemned* who, when her sister dies, takes up the latter's shady profession.

The very first play of Tom's to be seen in New York, *The Long Goodbye*, had a prostitute as one of its leading characters. A son, in flashback form, recalls his mother dying of cancer and his sister's subsequent career as a prostitute. This was presented by the drama class of the New School for Social Research. Tom was studying playwrighting there in 1940 on a Rockefeller grant which Audrey Wood, his agent then and now, helped him get.

In what is perhaps Tom's most widely

Blanche DuBois

In *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Tennessee Williams created his most memorable female character: a fading Southern belle pathetically clinging to girlhood memories of a tragic marriage. "When I was sixteen," says Blanche, "I made the discovery—love. All at once and much, much too completely. It was like you suddenly turned a blinding light on something that had always been half in shadow. . . . But I was unlucky. Deluded." Her life became a chaos of degradation, and when, in desperation, she flees to her sister for refuge, her brutish brother-in-law exposes her lies, destroys her last chance for marriage and, finally, rapes her, thereby breaking her grip on reality.

(continued)



acclaimed play, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, which brought him his first Pulitzer Prize (he now has two) and the coveted New York Drama Critics' Circle Award (of which he has four), the heroine, Blanche DuBois, when we meet her is not exactly what you would call a lady, although she was born one on her Southern plantation, Belle Rêve.

Lesbianism is hinted at in *Something Unspoken*, which depicts a slightly sinister relationship between an overbearing Southern *grande dame* and her companion of fifteen years, a fragile, dependent widow.

Finally, Tom deals with unnatural love between a sister and brother in *The Purification*, his one play in free verse.

But in spite of the sexual behavior of many of his heroines, to me Tom's plays are all highly moral. Every woman (and man) who transgresses is punished.

Tom does not allow his women to get away with the slightest display of illicit passion without paying heavily for it. If anything, they suffer punishment far beyond what society would mete out to them.

Tom talks of "the principle of atonement, the surrender of self to violent treatment by others with the idea of thereby clearing one's self of his guilt" in his short story "Desire and the Black Masseur," a horrifying tale of a man who atoned by seeking to be beaten and then eaten alive. This principle of atonement Tom observes in all his plays whenever a woman is indulgent or licentious.

Promiscuity Has Its Own Reward

Myra Torrance in *Battle of Angels* (later rewritten into *Orpheus Descending*, and then the movie *The Fugitive Kind*, in which Anna Magnani and Marlon Brando starred) is shot and killed by her husband for committing adultery. Cassandra Whiteside in the same play, who is promiscuous beyond words, drowns herself. Elena, the sister in *The Purification*, after incestuous intimacies with her brother, is murdered by her husband. Heavenly Finley in *Sweet Bird of Youth*, who has an affair with Chance Wayne, contracts venereal disease, then is deprived of her reproductive organs in an operation that saves her life.

Blanche DuBois, who had "known" many men, goes insane after being raped by her brother-in-law and is taken away to an institution. In *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, the only novel Tom has written, Mrs. Stone is about to embark on a tragic career of keeping one young gigolo after another as the story ends.

The Heroine That Got Away

Perhaps the only woman in Tom's plays who has sinned sexually and goes free is Alexandra Del Lago, the aging actress in *Sweet Bird of Youth* who uses Chance Wayne for her own physical gratification. He is destroyed as a man by Heavenly's father and brother, but Alexandra moves on unscathed to fame and fortune in a Hollywood comeback.

Incidentally, Tom certainly leans toward actresses as heroines. His first prize-winning play, *The Magic Tower*, produced in October, 1936, by the Theater Guild of Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, was about an ex-actress and her husband. And his latest play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, to be presented on Broadway this month, is about a former actress—as were *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*. I have never been one to tell Tom what to write about, believing he must write out of his own convictions and choices, but I admit I have been tempted these days to plead, "Tom—not *another* aging actress!"

Selfishness, while not actually a sin, also receives its just due in Tom's plays. In *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the hero's brother and wife, the parents of the five little "no-neck monsters," who make no secret of their avariciousness where Big Daddy Pollitt's fortune is concerned, are defeated. So is Violet Venable, the tyrannical mother of the young poet, Sebastian, in *Suddenly Last Summer* when she tries to persuade a doctor to perform a lobotomy on her niece, Catharine Holly. Mrs. Venable wants to destroy the girl's memory so that she cannot spread the true story of Sebastian's violent death.

But whether sinful or selfish, I don't think of Tom's women as immoral, but as tragic. Somehow you feel deeply sorry for them rather than condemning them, because through Tom's artistry they come to life as lonely, lost women struggling in vain against a reality that eventually destroys them. They are women who must create their own world of fantasy in their desperate escape from the pain of the real world.

Tom has caught the terrible agony that loneliness can wreak in a woman's life. His so-called immoral women mostly use sex as a way of trying to fight off the loneliness and emptiness. As Blanche says, ". . . intimacies with strangers was all I seemed able to fill my empty heart with. . . . I think it was panic, just panic, that drove me from one to another, hunting for some protection. . . ." But such desperate measures do not work. When sex is used as anything but an expression of love between a man and a woman, it only leads to greater loneliness.

Terror Takes Many Turns

Tom portrays the terror in his heroines' lives, a terror that takes many turns—insanity, death, promiscuity. Alma Winemiller, the spiritual heroine of *Summer and Smoke*, as the play ends is on her way to becoming promiscuous, not knowing what to do with the sexual desire that, at long last, has been aroused by a man who no longer wants her. We do not censure Alma, but understand the agony of her great longing, destined to go unappeased unless she finds some release, with love now denied her.

Most of Tom's heroines suffer a devastating loss of some kind. Serafina Delle Rose, in *The Rose Tattoo*, the tempestuous Italian widow, has lost a husband she believed the greatest lover in the world, a bootlegger shot by the polic Maggie, in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, los her sexual appeal for her husband. Cath arine Holly, in *Suddenly Last Summer*, threatened with the destruction of a vital part of her brain, is stunned by the loss of illusions about her handsome cousin,

Maggie the Cat

One of the playwright's most sympathetic heroines is Maggie, the *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. She is, in her own words, "Hard. Frantic. Cruel." but passionately alive. Sexually rejected by her husband Brick because his best friend committed suicide after attempting adultery with her, Maggie says: "If I thought you would never, never, *never* make love to me again—I would . . . pick out the longest and sharpest knife I could find and stick it straight into my heart. . . . But . . . I am determined to win!" She does win—by threatening to deprive Brick of liquor unless he surrenders. "Oh, you weak, beautiful people," she says as the curtain closes, "who give up with such grace. What you need is someone to take hold of you —gently, with love, and hand your life back to you. . . ."

(continued)

"I feel Tom understands women far better than most men do. This is no accident. During childhood and adolescence he grew up very close to several women. . . . He was never close to his father."

Sebastian. Blanche DuBois has lost both her virtue and the family fortune.

I think Blanche, in spite of her great loss (or perhaps because of it), is one of Tom's most powerful characters. You cannot call her immoral. She is confused, unfortunate, unable to cope with a life that has been harsh. As the curtain falls and the gentle old doctor leads her in quiet dignity to the mental hospital, she tells him gratefully, "Whoever you are—I have always depended on the kindness of strangers." How can you condemn a woman who has suffered such agonizing loneliness?

Evil for Its Own Sake?

While some of what Tom's women do may seem "evil" in the eyes of those who are rigidly puritanical, I do not believe Tom writes of evil for its own sake or the sake of being sensational. Tom writes of evil as a way of fighting evil. He dramatically depicts the evil that exists, shows us the explosions that occur in the lives of those unable to live thoughtfully and serenely but who remain, like children, ruled by their passions and impulses. Tom is a master at portraying the emotional chaos that ensues when two persons supposedly in love are unable to communicate with each other.

In *Battle of Angels*, the young wanderer in search of love, Valentine Xavier, says to Myra Torrance, "How do you get to know people? I used to think you did it by touching them with your hands. But later I found out that only made you more of a stranger than ever. Now I know that *nobody* ever gets to *know* anybody."

"Nobody ever gets to *know* anybody?" asks Myra.

"No," he says. "Don't you see how it is? We're all of us locked up tight inside our own bodies. Sentenced—you might say—to solitary confinement inside our own skins."

Tom's great theme, one that threads through all his plays, is the inability of people to understand each other. He has called *A Streetcar Named Desire* a "tragedy of incomprehension." In most of his plays, both the woman and man start out hungry for love, try to establish a deep intimacy with each other but, in most cases, fail each other as savior.

Not all do, however. Serafina, in *The Rose Tattoo*, finds love in the husky arms of the clown-poet truck driver Alvaro Mangiacavallo, who offers his heart, saying, "Love and affection!—in a world that is lonely—and cold!"

The two women whose husbands have been war buddies in *Period of Adjustment*, Isabel Haverstick and Dorothea Bates, remain with their husbands in spite of conflicts, ostensibly to succeed in marriage. Maggie, in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, we assume has a reconciliation with Brick as the curtain falls. Then there is Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, who continues to live in passion and contentment with her husband, the brutish Stanley Kowalski, as her sister is taken off to the mental hospital.

But in most of his plays, Tom is fighting the evil of man's inhumanity to man—and woman. This is most evident in the play on which he has spent the most time—rewriting it on and off for about fifteen years—*Battle of Angels*. This was to have been his first Broadway play, staged by the Theater Guild in 1940, but it survived only a few weeks in Boston where, during the tryout, the City Council censors objected to certain scenes and passages, and the Guild decided not to open in New York.

Emphasizing Cruelty in Life

This play is a stirring example of man's cruelty, as both the hero and heroine meet a tragic end at the hands of their fellow men. Myra is murdered by her husband, and Val, on whom her husband blames the killing, is burned alive by the townspeople, who have learned that his greatest fear is death by fire.

Sweet Bird of Youth is another example of barbarism as the savagely cruel father and brother of the heroine castrate the hero (in the movie version his face is slashed and mutilated). In *Camino Real*, the young ex-boxer, Kilroy, looking for a better world, finds only deceit and brutality. As the husband cries out in Tom's one-act play, *Mooney's Kid Don't Cry*, "Seems to me like a crazy man, deaf, dumb and blind, could have put together a better kind of world than this is!"

Even in *The Glass Menagerie*, Tom's most peaceful play, there is little happiness. Laura Wingfield, the painfully shy crippled sister, withdraws even further into her dream world when rejected by the gentleman caller, and her brother Tom, unable any longer to bear his mother's domination, finally leaves home.

Was I a Fretful Mother?

It is inevitable, I suppose, that people should ask whether any of Tom's heroines are based on me. Sometimes they don't ask at all; rather, they blithely assume the answer is yes. I'll never forget, for instance, the night of the Chicago première of *The Glass Menagerie*—Tom's first triumph. It was just after Christmas in 1944.

After the final curtain, and a tumultuous reception by the audience, I went backstage to congratulate the late Laurette Taylor, who had brought down the house with her stunning performance as Amanda Wingfield, the faded, fretful mother, lost in her dream world of the past when she had been a Southern belle.

I entered Laurette's dressing room not knowing what to expect, for sometimes she could be quite eccentric. She was sitting with her feet propped up on the radiator, trying to get warm. Before I had a chance to speak, she greeted me.

"Well, how did you like you'seff, Miz' Williams?" she asked in the Southern drawl she had acquired for the part.

I was stunned. It had not occurred to me, as I watched Tom's magical story unfold, that *I* was supposed to be the model for Amanda as, I guess, Tom's sister Rose was supposed to be for Laura.

I recovered quickly from Laurette's barb and said quietly to her, "You were magnificent."

Since that time, I have often been

asked if the character of Amanda, specifically, was not rooted in me, and this is not usually meant as a compliment, for while a part of Amanda is remarkably courageous and gallant, a part of her is also domineering, nagging and shrewish.

Tom has contradicted himself when asked if the play was based on his life. One time he told a reporter it was a "memory play," adding, "My mother and sister will never forgive me for that." Another time he said, "It was derived from years of living." But then again, he has denied it was autobiographical, calling it "a dream or fantasy play. The gentleman caller is meant to be the symbol of the world and its attitudes toward the unrealistic dreamers who are the three characters of the play."

I do not believe Tom modeled Amanda after me. The only resemblance I have to Amanda is that we both like jonquils. I never awakened Tom in the morning with that silly chant, "Rise and shine, rise and shine!" Nor did my husband ever walk out on me. Nor did I ever try to find a husband for Rose, who was quite able to take care of herself. She was not a shy, inarticulate young woman like Laura in the play. but a beautiful, high-spirited. imaginative girl, until she was stricken by her illness.

Rose, two years older than Tom, unfortunately suffered a mental breakdown when she was twenty-seven. At that time some psychiatrists thought a serious brain operation called a lobotomy, which severs some of the nerve passages that control memory, was the best way to treat mental illness. They convinced my husband Cornelius and myself that Rose had a chance of regaining her sanity (she believed someone was out to poison and murder her) after such an operation.

I know now this was a mistake. Lobotomy today is performed only on the very old who are very seriously mentally ill, for it forever destroys a certain part of the personality which is vital for independence of spirit and thought. Rose has lived in public, then private, psychiatric hospitals ever since the operation. She will always need some sort of supervision, although we expect she will soon be able to leave her present hospital and move with a companion into a home Tom has bought for her.

Tragic Incident Colored Life

I think what happened to Rose has colored Tom's life. He has never talked much about it, but I imagine when he learned of the lobotomy (he was a senior at the University of Iowa when his father and I made the decision to have it performed) he thought that if he only had been at home, he might have prevented such a drastic step.

Rose and Tom were always very close. As children in Columbus, Mississippi, where Tom was born, then in Nashville, Tennessee, and Canton and Clarksdale, Mississippi, Rose and Tom were inseparable, spending hours playing games together in the yard. Later, when they were in school in St. Louis, the closeness continued even though it did not possess quite the wild intimacy of childhood.

It has been Rose who was, and still is, Tom's chief feminine concern. In some of his plays there seems reference to her plight, certainly in the lobotomy scenes of *Suddenly Last Summer*. There we live through the terror of an unloving aunt who commits her niece to a mental hospital, although there is nothing wrong with her, and then threatens her with a lobotomy. In a very moving short story, "The Resemblance Between a Violin Case and a Coffin," Tom tells of his feelings as he realized Rose was growing up into a young lady.

Tom's One Serious Romance

I think some of Tom's early short stories are far more autobiographical than his plays. One of his first, "The Field of Blue Children," hints of his feelings for Hazel Kramer, a girl who was his constant companion in high school. Hazel was a very attractive, friendly girl, much like Rose, and I think a serious romance might have developed if Tom's father had not prevented them from attending the same university because he thought Hazel would interfere with Tom's studying. After that, they saw each other only on vacations and grew apart. Tom recently told me he thought Hazel "much the deepest love of my life." She made an unhappy marriage, later visited Tom after he became successful, and has since died.

There have been other women of whom Tom was fond, but he has never married. Diana Barrymore was in love with him, but he only wanted to help her make a comeback, which she did in the Chicago production of *Suddenly Last Summer*. Shortly after, she died from a heart attack, brought on by too many sleeping pills according to the newspapers. Tom was the one who arranged her funeral in New York.

But I don't think Tom has any one woman in mind when he creates a character. I think his heroines are made up of many women. Tom may draw in part from women he knows or has met briefly, but then he adds his own great imaginative insight and poetic artistry, which is what every artist does. The artist is not a photographer. Rather, he uses his own feelings and observations to give richness and fullness to his portraits.

One of Tom's outstanding characteristics has been his power of observation. He was extremely observant, even as a child. While other children would pick a flower and toss it carelessly away, Tom would stand with the little flower clutched in his hand, his blue eyes (they have become grayer over the years), gravely studying it, as though to penetrate the very secret of its life.

This he has done with people, too. Sir John Gielgud once said to me in London, where he was directing the British production of *The Glass Menagerie* in which Helen Hayes starred, "When Tennessee throws his head back and stares at me through those lowered lids, I know he's seeing right through me." He, too, had been struck by this characteristic of Tom's, this ability to observe people intently, the same look he once bestowed on a blue morning glory or a daisy.

This absorption in observation, plus his great compassion for women, a sympathy for the webs of conflict in which they become ensnared, I have always thought two outstanding qualities in Tom. He has more compassion, I believe, than any other modern writer. It is as though he is pleading, in the words of the alcoholic writer who defends the poverty-stricken prostitute in *The Lady of Larkspur Lotion*, "Is there no mercy left in the world any more? What has become of passion and understanding? Where have they all gone to? Where's God? Where's Christ?"

I feel Tom understands women far better than most men do. This is no accident. During childhood and adolescence he grew up very close to several women. He was devoted not only to his sister Rose and me (I think Tom is fond of me) but also to his grandmother, after whom Rose was named and with whom we lived the first seven years of Tom's life. My husband was then a salesman on the road and came home only about every other week. "Home" was the rectory of whatever Episcopalian church my father was minister of at the moment, for Father did not believe in remaining with any one parish for too long.

Saved by a Woman

Tom's feelings for his grandmother were expressed in a short story, "The Angel in the Alcove," in which the image of a woman reminiscent of my mother—or as the children called her, "Grand"—brought solace to a discouraged young writer. Tom's grandmother paid for his last years in college when his father refused to do so, wanting him to go to work, and all the time Tom was struggling so hard to become a writer, with scarcely enough money to eat, she would send him what little extra she could afford out of her household budget. Emotionally she always supported Tom's desire to write, which his father openly derided, and it was a deep blow to Tom when she died in his arms in 1943 from cancer, just a year before his first big success with *The Glass Menagerie*. He so desperately wanted "Grand" to share in his triumph.

I cherish the following fragment which I found in a box containing some of

(continued)



Tom's old papers. I don't know when it was written:

"'GRAND'S' STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

One half cup of cold water and two cups of sugar mixed well and boiled until it "hairs": then put in two cups of berries and when they reach the boiling point, let 'em boil for ten more minutes. It won't hurt 'em. Then add two (2) cups of berries and two (2) cups of sugar (simultaneously if possible). When she reaches the boiling point this time, take out the stop watch and let 'er boil another good ten (10) minutes, it won't hurt 'er, and then take off the pot and pour into a pan and leave 'er to cool off if possible, occasionally stirring just so she don't gum up too much. When she gets thoroughly chilled off and blue in the face, just pitch 'er in a bunch of jars and seal 'er up tight for the summer."

Called a Sissy by His Father

Tom was never close to his father, who spoke an entirely different language. Cornelius taunted his oldest son, calling him a sissy because he preferred to stay at home and read or write rather than go out with the boys and play baseball. My husband, who became sales manager in St. Louis for a branch division of International Shoe Company, liked poker-playing weekends, whisky, dogs and baseball, none of which I knew when first introduced to him as a descendant of several of the first families of Tennessee. He felt far more comfortable with our younger son, Dakin, who would spend hours with his father, listening to baseball games on the radio. Dakin, now Assistant United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Illinois, holds a Major's commission in the Air Force Reserve, having completed twenty years' total service in his country's armed forces. He has written a book, *Nails of Protest* (a critical comparison of modern Catholic and Protestant beliefs), with Walter Stewart, and is working on *Burma Conversion*, a description of his conversion to Catholicism.

Dakin, who is married to the former Joyce Croft, worked out a much better relationship with his father over the years than did Tom. But the women in the family, including his father's two sisters in Knoxville who had no children of their own, adored Tom, and Tom returned their love. The one man he loved without reservation was his grandfather. During Father's last years (he lived until almost ninety-eight), he spent a good part of them with Tom. No matter where Tom would be, whether working or vacationing, he always found room for Father. The two were extremely good friends; Father was Tom's complete champion, approving of everything he wrote.

A number of other women have been important in Tom's life. Audrey Wood, his first and only literary agent, showed strong faith in Tom during the days of desperation. She helped him by selling short stories, getting him two Rockefeller Foundation grants and showing his plays to leading producers. He owes a lot to Audrey; I think it has been a very satisfying relationship. Then there was the late Margo Jones, who staged and produced several of his plays, believing in his talent; Cheryl Crawford, who produced three of his plays; and Mrs. Irene Selznick, who took a chance on *A Streetcar Named Desire*, which she produced.

While Tom has been devoted to the women in his life, perhaps at times he has also been a little conflicted about them, which may account for his never marrying. He puts the following words into the mouth of D. H. Lawrence, in his dying hours, in the play *I Rise in Flame, Cried the Phoenix*, a violent drama about the relationship between the writer and Frieda Lawrence:

A Nightmarish Feeling

"I have a nightmarish feeling that while I'm dying I'll be surrounded by women. They'll burst in the door and the windows the moment I lose the strength to push them away. They'll moan and they'll flutter like doves around the burnt-out phoenix . . . all of the under- and oversexed women I've known, who think me the oracle of their messed-up libidos—they'll all return with their suffocating devotion."

I seem to be discussing here both the imaginary women about whom Tom writes and the actual women in his life. I believe they could not be farther apart. But then, isn't that part of the gift of the artist, to be able to transmute reality into fantasy, yet retain just enough of the reality so that what he creates strikes home in all our hearts?

I think this is what Tom does. He writes with fire and poetry of the savage passions that lie in all of us, which most of us have learned to keep under control. Tom takes us into the lives of women who cannot master these passions and shows us the penalty they pay for being unable to do so.

Tom's plays are a lesson in morality, not immorality. His women act out what perhaps all women, to some degree, might wish to do but are content to keep as an illusion, knowing that they would suffer, as Tom's heroines do, for an emotional indulgence that has little, or no, root in reality.

"It's . . . Too Beastly Real!"

I recall with some amusement the conversation of two women sitting directly behind me at the première in London of *The Glass Menagerie* in 1948. As the first act ended, one of the women leaned over and said to the other, "How do you like it?"

"I don't," retorted the other. "It's just too beastly real!"

Tom has Chance Wayne say, speaking directly to the audience just before the curtain falls on *Sweet Bird of Youth*, the words, "I don't ask for your pity, but just for your understanding—not even that—no. Just for your recognition of me in you . . ."

It is the sudden shock of recognition inside yourself that you share the same emotions of the characters on stage that, I believe, accounts for the great appeal of Tom's plays. You have the feeling that there but for the grace of God and a little more strength, a little less loneliness, go you, in Blanche, in Laura, in Alma, in Alexandra Del Lago, in Serafina and in Maggie the Cat. THE END

Alexandra Del Lago

Center-stage in *Sweet Bird of Youth* is Tennessee Williams' almost merciless portrait of an aging movie star. Fleeing what she believes is a disastrous comeback try, she wakes up in bed with an unknown young man, defeats his attempt to blackmail her, humiliates him by buying him as a gigolo. "Chance," she says, "you've gone past something you couldn't afford to go past; your time, your youth, you've passed it. It's all you had, and you've had it." Triumphant when her film is a hit, she tries to save him from his fate (castration), but cruelly urges him to face the truth: that he is a "pitiful monster. Of course I know I'm one, too. But out of the passion and torment of my existence I have created a thing that I can unveil, a sculpture, almost heroic . . . which is true."

The Life of a Kept Woman

When—and why—did she give up "amateur" status? How do married women friends—and their husbands—treat her? What will she do at the end of the affair? This "other woman's" story of a ten-year liaison may make you take a searching look at your own marriage.

AS TOLD TO DORIS LILLY

Possibly it shocks you when the gossip columns hint that a certain film starlet's hilltop mansion, with its white fox carpeting and floor-to-ceiling impressionist paintings, was furnished by her very-much-married lover-protector.

And you are appalled to learn that the best-dressed Duchess of Wherever served a long apprenticeship as Duke Wherever's mistress before she finally managed to become his wife.

It may offend you to discover that the sabled darling of the El Morocco Set who jets about the world in an aura of moneyed independence is, in fact, a kept woman.

I am not shocked, appalled or offended. I am one of these women.

I'm not like you at all. I'm a different breed. I've forgotten what it's like to wonder where the next fur wrap is coming from . . . to balance a checkbook . . . to make an old calf bag "do" for another season . . . to take a man for granted simply because he wears my 14-carat brand on his left-hand ring finger.

Even at thirty-six, I still enjoy the faint scent of the "forbidden." That tantalizing aroma does more to enhance romance than a jeroboam of the most costly French perfume (though I have that, too, along with the subtler scents of sable, emeralds and antique silver).

At thirty-six, you know, a girl's circulation begins to slow and there's nothing better to ward off a chill on the nights he cannot come to call than something lavishly lined in mink. If I must occasionally dine alone on a small *soufflé* concocted by my Japanese houseboy, Tiko, crockery from Tiffany's enhances the flavor.

If Nick were with me all the time, it wouldn't matter a bit if the original Modigliani oil on the wall were nothing but a two-dollar print from Brentano's. But he is not, so I take comfort from my Louis XV writing table.

Money's Not *My* Problem

I live in a duplex apartment in a town house on East Sixty-seventh Street in the merciful anonymity of New York City. I had a wonderful time decorating my huge, high-ceilinged rooms. Years of living abroad have taught me how to purchase beauty with taste, and the furniture was acquired from the antique cathedrals along Fifty-seventh Street, as were the Spode china and the Georgian masterpieces of Paul Storr. Though I've read and heard about installment plans and long-term credit, I haven't the least idea what such things are all about. The bills go directly to Nick's office because he very casually and matter-of-factly stated they would.

Without pictures, the walls looked bare, and Nick picked out a pair of Rembrandt etchings and a Goya print (which I put in the bathroom). I never have to ask, or coax or even hint. He brings me daisies, salt water taffy, Cracker Jacks and diamond earrings. There is as much ceremony and delight in his presentation of the Cracker Jacks as of the diamonds. He seemed as pleased with the funny little Civil War cartoon I found in a Fourth Street bookshop (35¢) and had framed for him as he was with the cuff links from Cartier's ($250).

Nick is also pleased with the "wifely" things I do for him. When he mentioned that smoking bothered him, I stopped smoking in his presence. I have learned to cook to perfection the game I despise and he adores. I do most of the shopping myself to make sure the food I serve him is the very best, and I will dispatch Tiko in a taxi to Fulton Street for the pick of the Dover sole or the most precious tidbits for a bouillabaisse.

We laugh and fight and tease. We float on champagne and lock out the world. At 3 A.M. Nick may get a sudden craving for Chinese dumplings. He will throw a coat over his pajamas and off we will go to Chinatown. Or he may be restless and nothing will do but a double bill of grade-C Westerns at one of those grizzly all-night movie theaters

Mink coverlet can "ward off a chill" on lonely nights. . . .

(continued)



"I soon stopped brooding over what I thought were insults. . . . Outside the United States, desk clerks and duchesses didn't give a hang."

in the neon jungle of Forty-second Street.

I am an attractive woman. My firm figure (size 12), long legs and seemingly unstudied posture (it only looks unstudied) inspires *couturiers* to "do fantastic things" for me. Despite a face that would never give Elizabeth Taylor a single sleepless night, I have always managed to give an impression of handsomeness. Now it seems to me I am almost lovely. Can it be that romance is a more effective moisturizer than bees' jelly?

Would you recognize me, you wonder, at a party? You think you would. I'll bet you on it. See that silver blonde in the middle of the room, wearing the gold lamé sheath and demonstrating the latest dance step? That's not me, honey. That's someone's bored, neglected wife, struggling for attention. The first fictional image I would like to destroy is that of the kept woman all decked out like Sadie Thompson. We make the Best-Dressed lists, just as the Duchess of Windsor does, dear, and the only sequins you're apt to find in my closet are on the handle of a feather duster. Just in case you still haven't spotted me, "that wanton woman Nick's been keeping for ten years," I'm the tall brunette in the stunning Bianchini crepe and the custom-made pumps. That's me in the corner, the delighted creature surrounded by half a dozen apparently fascinated gentlemen.

The weird old-fashioned ideas some people have about "kept" women never cease to amuse me. Like the naïve creature who told a friend (who couldn't wait to report back to me): "She must be oversexed because why else would a man like Nicky hang around her all these years. Can you imagine?"

Sex Has Little to Do With It

As if sex had that much to do with it. If that was all a man wanted from a woman, he'd never put up with the complications or commitment of taking a mistress. Not with all those exquisite call girls running about town—available, no questions asked, no involvements, for a hundred-dollar bill. (In fact, many women can thank the call girls of the world for their well-stocked jewelry cases. It's a guilty conscience every time that drives a man to the local jewelers.)

When you ask yourself (and if you don't, others will) why a man to whom you're not married gives you an apartment, furs, jewels and clothes, when he could easily take an effortless swing around the campus with Miss Charm School of 1962 for one hundred dollars, the answer has to be reassuring.

To you, I might sound like a fallen woman. You cannot believe that my sleep is not disturbed by pangs of guilt. How can I sleep at all: me, a scheming homewrecker?

Yes, I Did "Fall"—in Love

Frankly, I've never slept better. No home so unwittingly wrecked could have been more than a hill of rubble in the first place. As for fallen woman, well, possibly that would have been a more apt description of me before I met Nick. If indeed I was fallen, then it was he and his love that rescued me.

I was one of those Cinderella brides you read about. I wasn't exactly a coal miner's daughter and he wasn't exactly a prince, but there was enough of a similarity for the wedding to make headlines in the tabloids. I suspect I was one of the few ex-Cinderella brides in history who neglected to pick up a million-dollar divorce settlement. A modest monthly allowance seemed most generous to me. And at first it was enough—enough to take me from the pigeon shooting in San Remo, to sports car racing at Cambria, to Vichy for a drink of water and Munich for a glass of beer, to Cowes Week on the Isle of Wight, Venice for the Film Festival and *Feria* in Seville. It only *seemed* enough. It certainly wasn't. That allowance was a mistake. I chalk it up to youth and inexperience and the foolish idea that a million-dollar settlement cannot soothe a bruised ego. I wanted to paint, but I found myself inking fuzzy little sketches of my society friends, and then dubbing English sound tracks of Italian films for lingerie money. Between a series of ill-fated romances came six months of marriage to a Florentine painter with a grand illusion (he thought I had artistic talent and also a million dollars). Later, a chance to run an exciting new gallery took me to London but it fell through, so I sold a sapphire clip to finance a stay in Biarritz.

After three years of aimless drifting, I was on the verge of emotional bankruptcy, and I had decided to return to the States where I intended to pull myself together and do *something*, not that I knew exactly what. I only knew that my romances were invariably disasters—I had a fatal attraction for impossible men. Show me a cad and I'd fall into his arms. And the crowd I'd been traveling with did not provide an inspiring atmosphere for a stab at abstinence. How blasé we all were. Gossip about who was being kept by whom or who was sleeping around where was considered gauche to the fast-moving, fast-loving international set, especially in Biarritz in the height of the season.

In fact, due to the prevailing spirit of nocturnal nonsense, the elevators in the hotels were covered with cobwebs. The stair carpeting, on the other hand, had to be replaced every few weeks to accommodate the number of people who were sneaking up and down from floor to floor. You just naturally get a little jaded in this atmosphere. How can you tell if you are leading a wicked life when you can't compare yours to a more saintly one? You get so you just roll with the waves, and if you have to cry you make sure no one is looking. But I was fed up. And worse, I was running out of money. You can't live forever on a sapphire clip, and it's rather disturbing when you can't even recall who gave it to you.

A Profitable European Custom

One thing my years of intimacy with the international set had taught me, though, was that not all my colleagues were as well-heeled as they'd like you to think and that hotel suites are expensive. Taking a tip from my penny-pinching peers, I had acquired that age-old European custom of "staying with friends." The worst that can happen is that you have to tip the butler and the maid. But what advantages! You are automatically taken along by your hostess to the best parties, your clothes are painstakingly pressed, the food is nourishing and there are endless supplies of cigarettes and stationery. Charm, wit and hands-off-the-hostess's-husband are really all that is asked of you.

So there I was, a wounded bird poised for uncertain flight, just oozing charm

and wit from every sun-tanned pore, when I met Nick. That night at the gambling casino he was standing behind me when I, with my hopeless French, made the fateful mistake of saying "*banco*" when I meant to say "*carte*." The next thing I knew Nick was paying my losses and suggesting I take a few boning-up lessons on *chemin de fer*.

Next day he tagged along for my lesson at the casino—bright, wry, intellectually provocative. I came alive again. No more hiding behind a satin eye mask to escape the morning. No more lethargic, aimless afternoons. I would wake at 9 A.M. feeling as if someone had sneaked a shot of vitamin B_{12} into my orange juice. The hours that had dragged now flew as we sat chatting at the British Club, or went dancing till dawn. We went everywhere together and were invited around as a couple.

Then one afternoon, over tea at the Chambre d'Amour, he told me about his wife. The Chambre d'Amour—the Room of Love. I thought to myself, oh boy, here you go again, soap opera Suzy, and I added a jigger of vodka to the steaming cup, sighing silently and preparing myself for the inevitable preamble to the my-wife-doesn't-understand-me-comfort-me routine.

Old Routine Had New Wrinkle

His wife didn't like his kind of life, he droned. I nodded. I didn't have to listen to this, I told myself. This was where I came in. Wasn't I leaving soon for New York? Wasn't I going to pull myself out of the swamp and get a job, find a teacher? He was staring out the window and hadn't noticed my reaction. His wife, he went on, had become interested in the manufacture of ceramic jewelry and a Mexican poet, more or less simultaneously. She'd moved to a ranch out west and, although she no longer loved him, refused to discuss a divorce. Because of the two children, he hadn't insisted. She came to New York for the season each fall and occasionally he had even squired her about, he confessed with a sardonic grin.

That was it. End of conversation. No proposition. In fact, looking back now, I can't recall there was ever any proposition. If there had been, I would have taken to the air on that single wing and we wouldn't be together today.

He was returning to America and he tried to persuade me to come back with him. But I fell ill with jaundice.

The I-can-take-care-of-myself kid was transformed overnight into a miserable, frightened, helpless creature with hardly the strength to cash in her diamond earrings to pay the doctor bills. Nick took over, issuing commands like a field marshal. He arranged to have my trunks forwarded to New York, insisted on having me transported by ambulance to the airport, had another ambulance waiting at Idlewild and a private hospital room reserved. As soon as I was deposited behind a curtain of flowers in the competent hands of his family doctor and a staff of specialists, he flew off to a business meeting in Chicago.

More Than a "Boudoir Partner"

By the time I had recovered, Nick was in Palm Beach, calling to invite me to convalesce there and to bring along a girl friend for company. What had I been waiting and hoping to find in a man? I doubt that I really knew. I thought all I needed was to belong to someone longer than the duration of a Caribbean cruise. But now someone cared about what really became of me. Someone cared for me as a person, not just as a dinner companion or an available boudoir partner.

He made no effort to hide my presence or his interest in me from his friends. He took a small home for me and my friend at a respectable distance from his. He golfed and I would lie in the sun at the Bath and Tennis Club or lunch with friends. When I recovered enough for social life there was plenty of it, for we had many friends in common. I suppose at this point of being wooed by a rich man, a girl might expect to find a diamond bracelet hidden in a bouquet of roses. But the first gift Nick ever bought me was a dress.

"Have you something devastating for the ball next weekend?" he asked one morning. When I hesitated, he sent me off to Hattie Carnegie's to buy one for myself and one for my girl friend.

Nick chartered a yacht which, he said, made more sense than owning one. We went to Bimini to fish and then on to Nassau where we took separate rooms at a country club on the sea and gambled at the Bahamian Club. Naturally Nick paid for everything, but I still didn't think of myself as "kept."

When it came time to return to New York, Nick wanted to know my plans and I said I would be staying with friends. "Don't you think you'd be more comfortable in a place of your own?" he said. But I was dead broke. For the past few months I'd been spending the diamond earring money for incidentals. As soon as I'd been working awhile, I would be able to afford an apartment, I told him. Nick insisted I buy one now and he would advance the money. We both knew exactly what that meant.

Though, as must seem quite obvious by now, I'd long ago deserted the primrose path, it had never occurred to me that I might stop cashing in my jewelry if I were willing to cash in on myself. I guess I was rather proud of my amateur standing. I was still capable of being shocked, as I had been only a few months earlier, to learn that a well-known member of our travel-now, pay-later set, famous for her string of millionaire lovers, regularly traded her favors for cash. The lady was an aristocrat, which made her even more of an enigma to me. Many of her wealthy, but non-blue-blooded, admirers rode along in society circles on the strength of her old family ties. She was actually so powerful that when the wife of one of her lovers heard that the titled dame was not invited to a party she and her mate were attending, she was furious and pleaded with the hostess to include the aristocratic one. "But you must invite her, darling, or my husband will have a miserable evening."

Love makes the difference. It was with a light heart, and thoroughly in love, that I became a kept woman. I felt grand. I stopped drifting. I had found someone who needed me. I was content. I began to paint again and I also learned to cook.

We do not actually live together. Nick prefers to put up at one of his clubs when he's in town. He has never asked for a key to the apartment and he never drops in unexpectedly without first phoning. He would not be like those Europeans who say, "You're mine, I pay for you, stay home."

"I want you to have a life of your own," he said. He never questioned my going out with other men. "I haven't the right to make demands," he said. Demands were never necessary. I was never interested in anyone else.

Looking for Trouble

Nick may be able to mask or control his jealousy, but I have not always been that successful. Finding a book of matches he had left behind one evening, I discovered a phone number written on the flap and began to call it night and day. I waited indignantly for a woman's voice, but it was always a man who answered—sleepy at 4 A.M., wide awake at 7 P.M., but always the same voice. In desperation I had a friend of mine who works for the phone company check the number. "I don't know where you got it," she reported, "but you better stop calling." It was the number of a highly respected politician. From then on, I stopped looking for trouble.

Because we spoke openly about money from the beginning, it never became an embarrassing subject. I've never had a set income, nor does a check arrive the first of every month. When we first returned to New York, Nick told me to open charge accounts and have the bills sent to his office. He sees that I never have less than a thousand dollars in

(continued)

pocket money. Whenever I want or need something, I have only to mention it.

In Europe, I notice, a kept woman is maintained more on a cash-and-carry basis. The man agrees to allow her a set sum monthly, and the check arrives as regularly as the telephone bill. When he is finished with her, he gives her a small "gift," enough to take a trip where he hopes she will replace him in the same manner she acquired him. If she should tire first, he feels no obligation and she can expect nothing. The conception of the French mistress as something special must be based on this fact: they simply cost less.

Ignoring "Knowing" Glances

Nick bought me a small house near Manhasset, Long Island, and we spent most of our weekends there going to dinner parties and just being together. No one asked, but I suppose everyone realized Nick was keeping me. I had long since gotten over the embarrassment I used to feel when we traveled together and I had to hand over my passport to the hotel clerk; the names didn't match even though we were occupying the same suite. I imagined I saw insolence in the expression of the Honolulu room clerk, and wasn't it peculiar that the elevator man at one English hotel went out of his way to sing-song, "Good night and sleep well, folks." Since we had a sitting room and two bedrooms at the Plaza-Athénée in Paris, why did they always put Nick's calls through on *my* line? But I soon stopped brooding over what I thought were insults when I discovered that, outside the United States, and with the exception of Ireland, desk clerks and duchesses usually didn't give a hang.

I must admit there is always a handful of women who make a big moral issue out of love without marriage and delight in spreading vicious stories. The quickest to strike are the ones who couldn't hope to keep a man around the house long enough to fray the nap on a velvet sofa, if it weren't for the harness of marriage. A kept woman is a public threat to their egos and it is senseless to try to win them over. A beautiful girl I know who lives in New York and was kept for some time by a legendary European made a desperate effort to charm these ladies. Her town house was magnificent and stuffed to bursting with precious antiques, porcelains and Aubusson carpets, wall-to-wall. Her linens were imported and so delicate they had to be sent to Switzerland for laundering. Her jewelry box was filled with little items from Cartier's. And she figured this was all she needed to crash society. But no one would come to her parties. In desperation she hired a socially well-connected public relations adviser to do her inviting—but still nobody who was anybody would attend. Frankly, I couldn't have cared less for the friendship of the women she coveted. But she cared so much she finally sold her home and moved to Europe where the international set is less morally demanding. This is not to say that society here will not accept a kept woman. They accept me, for instance. It's true my linens are not delivered from the laundry by jet, but many of the most married socialites in town are pleased to join me for lunch or afternoon shopping or for a rehabilitative week at Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance ranch. We patronize the same designers, support the same charity organizations, speak the same language, trip the same cocktail and night club circuit. I suspect some of them actually find a spark of glamour and excitement in being seen with me.

I genuinely like women and have several staunch supporters of impeccable pedigree. Sometimes, though, their husbands can be a bit tedious, operating on the mistaken idea that a kept woman is anybody's playmate. Occasionally one of them will call for a date. I can't insult them or they might tell their wives *I* called them. So I rely on the pitifully obvious litany of how much I love Nick and there is nobody else in my life, "But if I were alone, George, the first person I would think of is you, because you're so honest and so understanding." I'm kidding, of course. But come to think of it, maybe I would.

I Hate to Face the Future

There are things about the future I hate to face. Growing old, for instance. Nick is fifty now, as attractive to women as ever—the women we know, both married and single, never let me forget that for a moment. Age is not apt to treat me so gently. Maybe we will go on together like this another ten years, another dozen. I'll be almost fifty then. FIFTY! I have seen ex-mistresses living out their lives in Monte Carlo with paid companions to keep them from dying in loneliness. They sit in the park like disabled pigeons around a pile of popcorn, elderly ladies in wheelchairs, their withered faces reminding you of the beauty that once lived there. They stay in the park until the lights twinkle on, the sidewalk cafés begin to fill and the first limousine crunches to a stop in front of the Hotel de Paris. Then, like a shattered mobile army, they are wheeled away—to a small (if they are lucky) modest villa with a cook, and old friends dropping in for dinner. Even sadder are those whose protectors leave them well off and too old to enjoy it. Like that elderly woman whose settlement was lavish enough to permit her the luxury of a young male companion who pranced around her like a ring-tailed monkey. "I finally had to let him go," the lady explained to us from her orange perch fronting her double cabana on the Lido in Venice. "It got so every time I opened my handbag, the first thing I had to take out was his hand."

American men are more practical. To subsidize a cast-off mistress, they will often finance her in a business. Madison Avenue in New York is dappled with dim antique shops commemorating the nobleness of many a well-heeled protector. Bonds, bookshops and beauty salons are also popular.

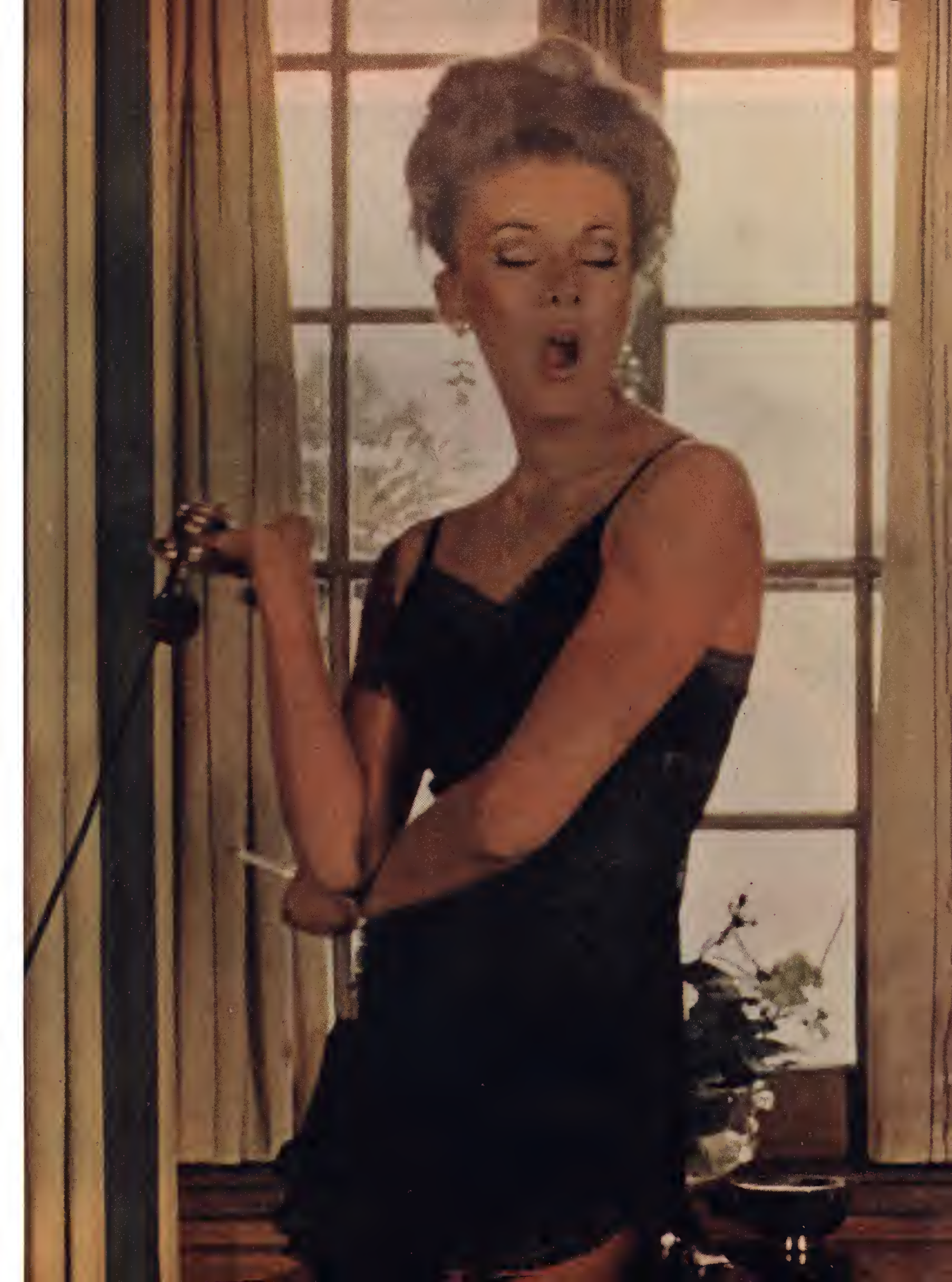
Joys I Shall Never Know

Yes, it will be messy and horrible when Nick and I break up. And yes, I recognize the fact that there are joys I shall never know: the pleasures of sitting in the living room with one's children, of a quiet conversation with one's husband about whether to use the extra bit of money for a new car, or to put it aside for a child's college tuition.

As I review my relationship with Nick, I cannot help but wonder if all his money, all his charm do not tend to make my life somewhat unreal—a fairy tale out of the Upper East Side by way of Hans Christian Andersen. Is it that I cannot get along without wealth and luxury? Do I really love Nick? Would I find him as fascinating without the power he so effortlessly exerts with his money? I think so. But I do not know. Perhaps this is the thing I most envy married women for: they have chosen their husbands, and they have chosen the responsibilities that go along with marriage. Perhaps, by voluntarily giving up their freedom, they have given themselves the spiritual peace that continues to escape me. I confess I do not like to think too long about these things. If I dwell at all on the fact that all I have in life are the things money can buy, I get a chill that not even a closet full of furs could dispel.

I cannot say my future looks bright; I can only say that I have had at least ten unforgettable years in my life. If no one ever marries me and I wind up a lonely old woman—well, the piper has to be paid, does he not? I am prepared to meet his price. THE END

One big problem: friends' husbands call for "dates."





"I Was Raising a Homosexual Child"

What mistakes do parents make that can turn their children into abnormal men and women? Mistakes not born of an ill will—but often from a distorted, misguided love. In her own words, this mother tells how she faced the truth in time to save her son from disaster.

AS TOLD TO FLORA RHETA SCHREIBER

There are so many things I know now, that I was foolishly, almost criminally ignorant of that night. It is why I am telling this story. I also know now that millions of other mothers can make, and perhaps are making, the same mistakes I made, mistakes born not out of an evil will, but out of misguided love.

My education began on that catastrophic night four years ago. There was the sudden ringing of the telephone: it was the police, and they were calling to say that my son Don* had been picked up—in Central Park—in the embrace of another man. They wanted my husband to come down to the station. He rushed out immediately, barely pausing long enough to tell me what had happened. And then, while I was alone, the full import of the news began to sink in. I scurried frantically through my memories, trying to find evidence of the mistake I could not believe I had made. Don always had been what mothers call a good boy. Even in his early teens, he had perfect manners. He never got into fights or any other kind of trouble. His school grades were excellent. He always took pride in his personal appearance. Even at five, nothing delighted him more than new clothes. He had grown into a handsome teenager, tall for his age, with a proud, almost cocky, way of walking.

*The names of this family have been changed.

Always My Favorite

Don had always been my favorite son. Our younger boy, Peter, had a personality exactly like Arthur's, my chemist husband. He was quiet, almost withdrawn, and fanatically interested in mathematics and science. Don had my outgoing, cheerful temperament, and he had my artistic interests. This meant he also had much of my sensitivity. Whereas Peter went to bed and slept like a stone, Don was always waking up in the middle of the night, frightened by some street noise or the wind or rain. Often it was difficult to calm him, and I would oust my husband from his bed and let Don sleep in the same room with me.

Don and I were close, from his babyhood. I realize now that my husband and I made an unspoken agreement to divide our children. As a result, Don went everywhere with me. On Saturdays he would help me do the shopping, and then in the afternoon we'd usually go to one of the art museums. We went to the movies together. He even came along when I went shopping for clothes, and always had fascinating comments on what I bought. I could have worn a potato sack around the house as far as my husband and Peter were concerned, but Don was always telling me that my new hat was lovely, or the new dress made me look really beautiful. Even at ten, he was more considerate than most adults. When his father invited him to go to football or baseball games with him and Peter, he would look at me, and I would say: "Go ahead. I don't mind being alone." But he would always refuse.

"Don had artistic interests and much of my sensitivity. I was glad there was at least one person with whom I could share my feelings."

(continued)

Doctors now assume that most homosexuals are born with the capacity to be normal. They may turn to homosexuality out of fear and inhibition of normal sexual expression.

"No thanks, I'll go to the movies with Mom," he would say.

I never had to order Don to do anything. All I had to do was suggest. When he asked for a bicycle, and I told him how worried I would be about him riding in the city streets, that was the last I heard of it. Peter, on the other hand, complained and moaned until his father bought him a bicycle over my objections. Peter was always coming home with a broken tooth or a black eye from a sandlot football game, but Don seemed instinctively to dislike such roughneck fun, and I was glad of it. "I prefer gentlemen myself," I would tell him, and give him a warm hug and kiss.

Set Apart From Other Boys

He developed his own interests, which set him apart from the boys in the neighborhood. He built up a marvelous stamp collection, and after that he collected miniature furniture with which he would decorate tiny rooms. Except for swimming, which he enjoyed all year round, he had no interest in athletics. He was different, but I saw nothing wrong with that. I was proud of it.

I was also frankly glad that my marriage had given me at least one person with whom I could share my real feelings. Over the years, a gulf had opened between Arthur and me. Our quarrels, which were all too frequent in the early years of our marriage, were replaced by vast deserts of silence. I often talked about it to Don, especially when I was feeling blue. I would tell him how hard it was to find yourself married to a man who had no love to give, a man who was somehow self-contained, within a strange stubborn armor. "Don't ever marry someone like that," I would say. Don always listened sorrowfully to me in those depressed hours. Often he would touch me deeply by saying: "Don't worry, Mom, I'm going to marry someone like you."

How could he say things like that, and then become involved in this awful mess? How did it creep up on me without the least hint of warning? Don seemed to be a perfectly normal sixteen year old, once we make allowances for his rather special personality. He did not shun girls. He took Joan, the pert teen-ager who lived on the floor above us, to the movies occasionally. Lately, he had been staying out rather late on Friday and Saturday nights, and I had spoken to him about it—rather halfheartedly, I must admit. After all, he was big for his age, and he was a sophomore in high school now. It was natural for him to be making new friends.

No, I told myself, no. The call had to be an insane mistake, a twisted misunderstanding. I lived on this emotion for over an hour . . . until Don and his father came home.

One look at my husband's ashen face, at Don's trembling mouth, and I knew it was true. "Oh darling, tell me what happened," I cried, rushing to throw my arms around him, to hold him the way I held him when he was a frightened little boy in the dark bedroom. But this was not a boy. It was a man, hurt, sullen, who stepped back, avoiding my arms.

Couldn't You See It Coming?

"Leave me alone, Mother," he said. I stood aside, stunned, while he brushed past me and went slowly up the stairs to his room. "I only want to help . . . to understand. . . ." I called after him. But he did not look back.

I stumbled into the living room to face my husband. He told me, in his maddening, monosyllabic fashion, that the call was completely correct. Don *had* been caught on a bench in Central Park, being embraced by another man. Suddenly Arthur lashed out at me: "Couldn't you see it? I knew something was wrong for over a year. Always in the bathroom rubbing cream on his face, slicking his hair. The way he walked. Pete told me that all the boys in his class call him Miss Gibbons. . . ."

"I didn't see it," I said dazedly. "I didn't see anything. I'm only his mother."

Arthur's anger suddenly faded. For the first time in years I heard genuine emotion in his voice. "And I'm only his father." He put his face in his hands in a gesture of supreme weariness. "Maybe some of it—a lot of it—is my fault, too, Eve. I realize that, too. I'm not blaming you for everything."

"Why should we be blamed for anything—you or I? What have we done?"

"I don't know," Arthur said. "But I think we had better find out. I talked to a lawyer down in the police station. He told me that the judge would probably dismiss Don with a warning. But I'm afraid if he gets caught this way again, he could be sent away."

Sent away. The vision of my son in some vast, impersonal institution, wearing the stigma of a record for the rest of his life, was almost too much to bear. "I'll do whatever you say," I told Arthur. Never had I felt so helpless.

"Maybe I'm Just . . . Different"

The next morning Don stayed in his room, ignoring my calls for breakfast. Finally I could stand his silence no longer, and knocked on his door. "Can I come in?" I said.

"If you want to."

I found him sitting by the window, staring morosely out at the spring sunshine. "Don," I said. "Can't you tell me anything about what happened last night?"

"I got trapped," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"The police had a trap all set up. The minute this other fellow sat down on the bench and put his arm around me, they jumped out of the bushes and arrested us both."

"Then you didn't . . . do anything?"

"No," he said, still looking away.

"But . . . why were you there?"

"I had to go. I wanted to see what would happen."

"*Why*, Don?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "You just don't understand, Mom. I don't think you ever will. I have these . . . feelings. I don't want to have them, but I have them. And I can't help it. Maybe Wally

is right. Maybe I am just . . . different."

"Wally? Who's Wally?"

"Someone I met at the pool. He's a freshman in college. He writes me letters—like this one." He pulled open his desk drawer and handed me a piece of pale blue stationery. On it, in tiny handwriting, were the words: *"I've thought it all over seriously. I can't picture any happiness without you."* The note was signed *"Wally."*

"Why he's responsible. He's the one—"

"No, Mother," Don said abruptly. "No he's not. He's one of the finest persons I've ever met. But if he's right . . . about the feelings . . ." He put his face in his hands, in a gesture remarkably similar to the one his father had made the previous night. "I went to the park to find out. I wanted to see what would happen, what I felt."

That night, Arthur brought home our family doctor. We had both known him for years. In fact, he had treated my parents when I was a child. He and Arthur were good friends. They often went on fishing trips together. Now he sat beside my husband while I told him what I had heard from Don that morning. "The boy needs psychiatric help," he said in his quiet, matter-of-fact way.

"Psychiatric?" I gasped. "Does that mean he's crazy?"

"It means he's disturbed," the doctor said. "We don't know why. Would you like me to recommend a psychiatrist?"

I nodded. My talk with Don had convinced me of my own helplessness. The doctor named a woman psychiatrist, Dr. Cornelia B. Wilbur. "She's had a lot of experience in treating problems such as Don's—and considerable success. Let me know how things go."

As my husband predicted, the court dismissed the charge against Don, but suggested our son seek psychiatric guidance. This made it all the more important for him to get help, and early the following week we made an appointment with Dr. Wilbur. I went with him to the office, and sat in the waiting room while the doctor talked with Don. He was with her for almost an hour. On the way home he was silent and remote. Finally he turned to me and said: "She sure asks some funny questions. I'm going to see her three times a week."

From Son to Stranger

Those first few months of treatment did not seem to do Don much good. I kept looking for the reappearance of the gentle, friendly, talkative boy I'd known. Instead he was moody and distant, spending most of his time in his room and going out of his way, I felt, to avoid me. One Sunday, while Arthur and Peter were off to a football game, I was especially lonely, and knocked on Don's door. "Would you like some lunch?" I asked.

He came storming out of the room as if I had made some hideous proposal. "Can't you let me alone?" he shouted.

"Don," I pleaded, "I only want what's best for you."

"No you don't," he snarled.

"Don, don't talk to me that way," I gasped.

"I'll talk to you any way I please," he roared. "When I think of what you've done to me—"

He snatched his overcoat and dashed into the street. I felt worse, in that moment, than the night of his arrest. He seemed lost to me now, in a far more terrible way. Was this what psychiatry did? Half in anguish, half in rage, I decided to see Dr. Wilbur and find out for myself.

First Hope of a Cure

"You're not helping my son," I told her. "You're destroying him. You're turning him against me—the one person who loves him for his own sake."

Dr. Wilbur shook her head. "I haven't turned your son against you or anyone else, Mrs. Gibbons," she said. "Analysis doesn't work that way. Don is making certain discoveries about the part you've played in his life which are disturbing to him. But eventually, if all goes well, he will work out these negative feelings."

"You mean that he'll be cured? I can't believe it. He doesn't show one sign of progress."

"He does to me," Dr. Wilbur said. "Don has a good chance to be completely cured. He's very young. He doesn't flaunt his homosexuality. Above all, he wants to change."

"It is possible then?" I asked, revealing for the first time the fear that had been haunting me.

"Even among older men," Dr. Wilbur said, "change is possible. As we have shown in the book* on which I collaborated, twenty-seven per cent of the men we studied abandoned their homosexuality completely. That isn't a large percentage, I know. But these were older men and some did not stay in treatment. Don is continuing his treatment with great seriousness and his chances are greater."

"Can I do anything to help him?" I asked.

Dr. Wilbur hesitated, then said: "You can perhaps help Don most by undergoing analysis yourself—with another psychiatrist, of course."

The mere suggestion of treatment made me furious. "My boy may need treatment, but I don't," I cried, and stamped out of the office.

But in the next few weeks, I began to change my mind. Don's persistent coldness had a really alarming effect on me. I began having terrible depressions, in which I would find myself sitting in the kitchen, weeping over nothing. I felt totally exhausted all the time, so listless that the tiniest bit of housework was an enormous effort. My husband became genuinely alarmed about my condition and tried to draw me out of the gray swamp into which I seemed to be sinking. I was very touched by this first hint of tenderness after more than a decade of indifference, but it was too little and it came too late. Life seemed utterly pointless to me. I felt that I was the victim of a cruel joke.

Finally it became evident even to me that I, too, needed psychiatric help. My husband was anxious to see me get it, even though the expense of paying for both Don and me simultaneously would be murderous. "We just won't take any vacations for a while," he said. "And Pete and I will watch our football games on television. I'll even give up my fishing trips. You and Don get well; that's the only thing that matters."

I was not at all impressed with my early sessions with the psychiatrist Dr. Wilbur recommended. They only seemed to result in further disturbing me. We talked about my attitude toward sex, for instance. I was perfectly honest with him. I told him that I never enjoyed it. I told him how I had pitied my poor fragile mother for having to submit to my unkempt father with his tavern breath and bawdy jokes. With Arthur—well, very little happened between us. Perhaps I needed an especially strong, vital man to arouse me. My husband was not that man. After a year or two, we both realized and admitted it—in that awful, silent way such decisions are made in a marriage.

It was not easy, thinking about all these painful memories. I finally asked the doctor what it had to do with my depressions, or, more important, Don's trouble. "I'm here to help him, you know." I was not prepared for what followed.

Is Homosexuality Inherited?

"Mrs. Gibbons," he said, "why do you think Don has this trouble, as you prefer to call it?"

"The more I think of it," I said, "the more I am convinced that he was seduced by that older boy, Wally. He took advantage of Don's innocence . . ."

"But you told me yourself what Don has said—about having these feelings, about being forced to go into Central Park that night . . ."

"Maybe it's something he was born with," I said wildly. "Something he inherited—from his father."

I can still hear my psychiatrist's deep, soothing voice, carefully but firmly disagreeing. "No, Mrs. Gibbons. We now assume that most homosexuals are born with the capacity to become normal men and women. When a boy turns to homosexuality, it is because he is *afraid* of developing his feelings for girls. When-

(continued)

* *Homosexuality: A Psychoanalytic Study Of Male Homosexuals*

Having overly nice manners, paying too much attention to his personal appearance and preferring aesthetic pastimes to rough games may all be signs that a young boy is developing abnormally.

ever it occurs, in adolescence or late in life, homosexuality is a symptom of fear and is the inhibition of normal sexual expression."

"Why would Don be afraid?" I asked.

"Because you dominated his life so totally, Mrs. Gibbons. When your marriage failed, you turned for consolation to your son. You totally absorbed his attention, his love. By prolonging this close attachment into his adolescence, you forced him, unintentionally, to choose you as the object of his first sexual feelings. He resisted these feelings, of course; he was probably frightened by them. But the experience caused a block in his sexual life. Unconsciously, to escape the guilt of desiring his mother, Don turned toward homosexuality."

When I first heard these words, they seemed gibberish. It took many weeks of thinking and talking with my doctor, before I realized they were true. It took more time before I stopped blaming myself. I came to realize that I did not deliberately try to ruin my son's life. I was only groping for what every human being must have: another person's love.

Another mistake also became obvious in these dramatic months. By monopolizing my son, I had pushed his father out of sight. This, my psychiatrist told me, also probably played a part in Don's turning toward homosexuality. He was searching for friendship and affection from an older man, a substitute, however pale, for the father he never really possessed. Arthur and I talked this over. We discussed many of my "couch thoughts," as we began calling them. We talked more in those first six months of my analysis than we had in the previous five years.

Weak Moments in the Struggle

The dark brown shades in which I had been seeing the world began to change. I no longer felt the terrible draining sense of loss which Don's coldness had inflicted on me. But Don's struggle was by no means over. There were nights when he would go into Manhattan, and come home long after midnight. For the next few days, he would be more withdrawn than ever. I knew that meant he had seen Wally again. But I also knew that no words from me were going to help him win his battle. The only help I could give was indirect. "Why don't you take Don with you to the ball game next Sunday?" I asked my husband one night.

At first he glowed at the idea. Then he was uneasy. "I've asked him before. He told me it was for morons."

"Ask him again," I said. "He still might think it's for morons, but maybe he'd enjoy going out with you and Pete afterward. Have dinner some place."

Minutes later, my husband came into the kitchen, wide-eyed. "He said yes."

That was the beginning of a cautious friendship between Don and his father. There were many things that separated them; they still exist. Don's interest in art and music is genuine; to my husband these always would be a bore. But they found things to talk about; Don announced he was considering a career in architecture. This turned out to be something Arthur had once planned to do. "Until I found out I couldn't draw," he said. He dug out some books on the subject which he'd buried in a cellar trunk.

Don's relationship with his brother Peter improved, too. Where before Peter had tended to ignore him, even to treat him with callous contempt, he now began to ask Don's advice on books and art, areas where he admitted his big brother's superiority. Gone were the sneering remarks about "sissy stuff." But all these hopeful signs were only improvements. After eighteen months, Don was still going to see Dr. Wilbur twice a week. He was still struggling with feelings that disturbed him, still prone to sudden depressions and fierce irritability. Then, one day, a letter came for him—on delicate blue stationery.

It was a test for me. I handed it to him without a word. Standing right there, he ripped it open and read it. With his face expressionless, he handed it back to me. "*I shall miss you, but you are right. We can't see each other any more.*" It was signed: "*Wally.*" I looked up, my eyes blurred with tears. I heard a husky man's voice, my son's voice, saying: "I think it's going to be all right now."

I wanted to hug him and kiss him. But I just nodded. I had learned something from my analysis, too. I understood now that I had to let him go, to let him move away from my side, into the world. I heard Peter yelling to him from the front porch: "Hey Don. Bunch of guys're going to the movies tonight. Wanna go?"

"Sure," Don said. "You bringing dates?"

"Some are, some aren't."

"Okay. I might bring a date."

A Major Milestone

I learned then that Don had been going out with several girls in his high school class for the past six months. But only after the letter from Wally did he begin bringing them home to meet me and Arthur. They were charming girls, and they seemed to enjoy Don's company. He was perfectly at ease with them. One night, after several couples had come over for dancing and Cokes, Don was helping me clean up in the kitchen, and as he poked a glass under the hot water faucet, he said: "Being with girls is a lot more comfortable than that other thing. I never really wanted to be that way."

My psychiatrist told me that this was a major milestone. "If he can talk about it that objectively, he's pretty much freed himself from fear of his feelings." Both our psychiatrists have assured us that Don has in all probability been permanently cured.

Looking back, I now thank God that Don was arrested. If that crisis had not exploded in our faces, our ignorance would have let him drift into deep-rooted, habitual homosexuality. The crisis changed all that. It changed not only Don's life, but the life of our whole family. It gave Peter a brother, it gave my husband another son, and it gave me a husband. Perhaps for the first time in our marriage, there is some real affection between my husband and me. Don's anguish awoke in all of us the realization that our family had accepted a sickly substitute for genuine love. When that happens, no family is safe. THE END



“My son was easily frightened by noises, the wind and rain. When it was difficult to calm him, I would let him sleep in the room with me.”



Spiritually and Morally Aroused Women

Sometimes with a miracle, sometimes with a hatchet, but always with the courage of their convictions, these women made their mark on a skeptical world.

BY JOAN DUNN

Joan of Arc

In the fifteenth century, when France was largely occupied by the English, a sixteen-year-old French peasant girl named Joan of Arc, guided by supernatural "voices," convinced the Dauphin, later Charles VII, it was God's will he accede to the French throne. She then led the Dauphin's troops to victory over the English, and saw him crowned King. Subsequently, she was captured by the enemy, tried for sorcery and burned at the stake. But 500 years later, she was canonized; she is now the national heroine of France.



Barbara Frietchie

The facts about Barbara Frietchie, the Frederick, Maryland, woman who defiantly unfurled the U. S. flag as the Confederates marched past her house, are a bit confusing. According to the North's John Greenleaf Whittier, she was a patriot. According to the Confederates, she put out the flag under the impression the Yankees were entering the town. And according to Barbara Frietchie's nephew, she was an invalid who could not have left her bed. But Barbara's spirit still permeates the pages of Civil War history.

(continued)





Queen Victoria

Victoria's sixty-four-year reign, the longest in English history, lent its name to an era—the nineteenth century Victorian period—that prized respectability above all things. It was a time of unprecedented prosperity for Great Britain, and its empire spread across the world. Amidst this pomp and splendor, Queen Victoria sat on the overstuffed furniture of the period, as strait-laced as her corsetry. After the death of Albert, her consort, she was the grief-stricken widow, unable to appear in public for three years. Subsequently, she was the vigilant mother, keeping her son, Bertie, out of the clutches of the music hall girls. She died in 1901. Her reign is synonymous with all that is proper.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

The story goes that Abraham Lincoln once greeted Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with the accusation: "So you're the little lady who started the big war." The point was well made. For *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* with all its heavy-handed histrionics, dramatized the evils of slavery, and fired tempers both in the North and South. That Mrs. Stowe should attack slavery by showing its inconsistency with Christianity was fitting—she was the daughter of a Congregationalist minister—and, at age twelve, was already writing papers on theology. Between her literary efforts, she found time to have six children. Said she, about *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* "God wrote that book."

(continued)

Suffragette or humanitarian, militant or peace-loving, prohibitionist or patriot—females of the species often prove more formidable than males.



Susan B. Anthony

In 1852, when Susan B. Anthony was told at a temperance meeting that "the Sisters were not invited to speak but to listen," she stalked angrily out of the room and into the cause of women's suffrage. Two years later, she helped secure the first New York State laws guaranteeing women's rights after marriage. As for herself, Susan Anthony preferred spinsterhood: "I have rejected a husband for the good of the cause." In 1872, she tested the right of women to vote in national elections by going to the polls in Rochester, New York. She was arrested, and the case went to the Supreme Court, making headlines all the way. There it was decided against her. But in 1920, fourteen years after Susan Anthony died, the Nineteenth Amendment extended nationwide suffrage to women.

Clara Barton

Before the Civil War, Clara Barton built up a school's enrollment from six pupils to 600, only to have the school board appoint a man as principal. She promptly lost her voice—a condition that afflicted her throughout her life whenever she felt she was not needed. It was during the Civil War that Clara Barton found her life's work: as a volunteer nurse. She fed the weary troops, tended the wounded, wrote letters to relatives. Subsequently, she organized the American branch of the International Red Cross and, in 1882, assumed its presidency. Through the years, she could be found wherever people needed help. Shouted one soldier during the Spanish-American War: "Thank God, it's Clara Barton! Now we'll get fed!"

(continued)



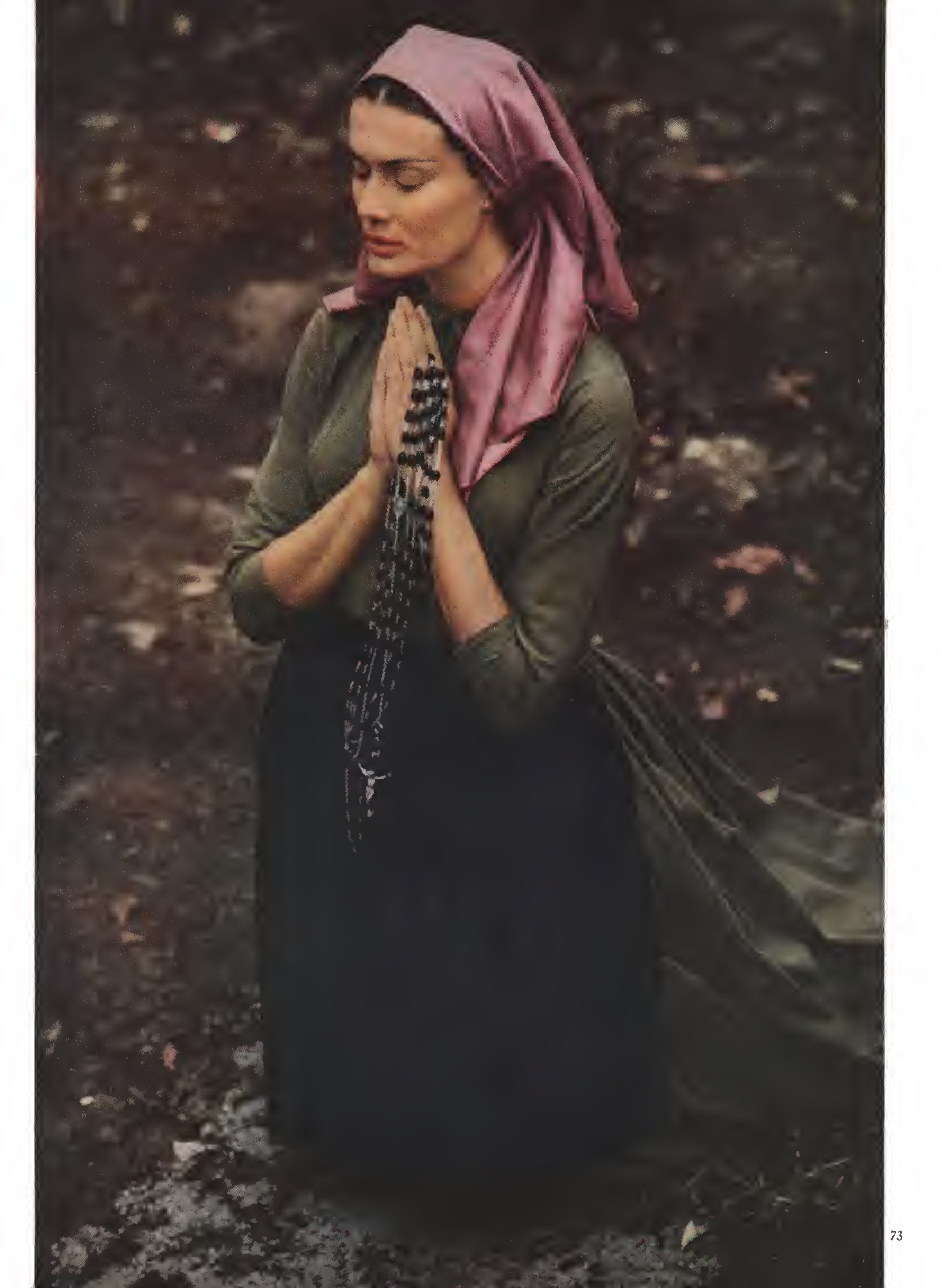
Carry Nation

Out of Kansas at the turn of the century stormed Carry Nation, saloon-smasher *par excellence* and hatcheteer *extraordinaire.* She first attempted to convert the country's drinkers through public prayer. This failing, she decided to beard them in their saloons, and convert them through "hatchetations." Often jailed, often ridiculed, Carry possessed the requisite single-mindedness that a life of rectitude requires. In 1903, while visiting Washington to enlist President Theodore Roosevelt's support, she passed out miniature hatchets in the Senate gallery while lecturing on the evils of alcohol. On that occasion, she was arrested, but, seventeen years later, prohibition became the law of the land.

Bernadette of Lourdes

"I saw a girl in white . . . who greeted me with a slight bow of her head; at the same time she held out her arms . . . opening her hands just as holy virgins do." So wrote Bernadette Soubirous, describing the vision of the Virgin Mary she reported seeing in 1858, at age fourteen. The Virgin, who appeared in a grotto near Lourdes, France, told Bernadette she wished a church built on the site, and instructed her to dig in the sand. The spring that bubbled up reputedly possessed healing properties. Today, millions of pilgrims visit the shrine annually to bathe in its waters. Eight years after reporting the vision, Bernadette entered a convent where, at age thirty-five, she died. THE END





Case History of a Demoralized Town

Prostitution, gambling, corruption–four years ago, Galveston was the Sin City of Texas. Then an army of angry mothers and wives decided the old adage should read: A woman's place is in politics. Here's how they "threw the rascals out."

BY T. F. JAMES

Along Postoffice Street in the heart of Galveston, Texas, the prostitutes were adept at "working the windows." This meant they would sit in various stages of undress (in daylight as well as after dark) and croon invitations to the men strolling past in the street below. More enterprising ladies would sometimes descend from their gaudy houses and pursue prospects on foot.

Elsewhere in town, big-spending oilmen from Houston and Dallas would drop $100,000 in a single night at the Turf downtown grill or the swankier Balinese Room, while lesser mortals were separated from more painfully earned cash in two dozen other ordinary "rooms." In barbershops, stationery stores and groceries, slot machines leered greedily at the multitude. Tip books, numbers wheels, were everywhere, in blatant defiance of state law. In the gambling dens and the whorehouses, drinks were served by the glass, also against the law.

But the laws of Texas and the United States did not apply in Galveston. One mayor said so publicly, and got himself headlines across the country for this relatively modest confession.

Today, all this is changed. The high old houses on Postoffice Street are shuttered and moldering. The slot machines have vanished (many of them into the depths of Galveston harbor) along with the tip books. The Balinese Room is closed, the Turf serves nothing stronger than beer, and in its upper rooms there is only a pallid silence where before there was the click of the dice, the whir of the roulette wheel and the impassive drone of the croupiers. Galveston has shaken the incredible corruption which for sixty years made it the Sin City of Texas, has changed its form of government and is on its way to rebirth.

And two hundred angry wives and mothers did it all.

Small-Town Tyrant

Other cities have, in recent years, been as demoralized as Galveston, and fought their way back to political decency. Clarksburg, West Virginia, is a dynamic example. For thirty years, this glass manufacturing community of 32,000 was in the grip of an almost unbelievable corruption, emanating from one willful, arrogant man. Cecil B. Highland owned the town's only daily papers and through them controlled its politics and industry. He was the sort of man who fought public sewage disposal, daylight saving time and once turned down ads for a fund raising project to help the widow of a local hero who had tried to save three boys from drowning. Highland refused to print anything which he considered "derogatory" to Clarksburg—critical, in other words, of the greedy yes-men he had placed in control of its government. As a result, rackets and prostitution flourished, and Clarksburg became known as a "Sin City."

Under Clarksburg's freak charter, the Highland-dominated city council had control of city jobs, and the city manager was little more than a presiding officer at council meetings. When a minority of the council members persuaded the others to hire a really professional manager. Clarksburg began to explode. Unable to do anything with the council, the manager, Glen R. Peterson, took to the local radio station to awaken the city to its problems. When he tipped Clarksburg that the council majority had made a deal with the racketeers to turn the town wide open, he was fired.

But by now, Clarksburg was awake. No less than one thousand citizens held a mass meeting and formed the Non-Partisan Association. To get a free press in Clarksburg, they took the unprecedented step of raising $35,000 and buying a commercial weekly, *The Clarksburg News*. They then collected seven thou-

Multimillion gambling "take" ranged from slot machines in groceries to high-stake dice and roulette games in ultraexclusive clubs.

(continued)



The pictures accompanying this article are posed, not taken in Galveston.

"A policeman's pay was $2,400 a year and no one expected him to live on it," said one politician. Added another, "When you got in trouble, a cop was the last person you'd think of calling."

sand petitions to force the creation of a charter commission, elected its candidates and a year later won city-wide approval of the new charter which removed the machinery that enabled the old guard to corrupt the city. Then came the bitterest battle of all, Highland's racketeers and City Hall against the NPA for control of the new council. Over twelve hundred people worked voluntarily, handing out literature on street corners, and ringing door hells. Seven days before the election, the strain told on the eighty-year-old Highland and he died of a stroke. His minions lost every seat on the city council, and Clarksburg's citizens regained control of their city. For their achievement, the members of the Non-Partisan Association were honored by Lane Bryant's annual award as the group who had done the most to promote good citizenship in America in 1958.

Shocking Reports

As Clarksburg fought its way to decency, another Sin City, eight hundred miles to the north, was just beginning its struggle. For twenty years the crime syndicate had operated more or less openly in Utica, New York. Prostitution and gambling lured unsavory characters into Utica from all over upstate New York.

The citizens of the town realized they had to act. They formed CAGU—Citizens Association of Greater Utica—and went to work. Their problem was more complex than Clarksburg's. In Utica, it required time and effort to dig out what was wrong. CAGU appointed committees to study Utica's government, its law enforcement, its welfare programs. All of them brought back shocking reports.

The prime evil was the city's antiquated charter. It was, in the words of one citizen, "ox-cart government." CAGU therefore called for a change in the charter. Instead of the election of seventeen aldermen from individual wards, the council would he elected city-wide and reduced to a manageable nine members. City Hall fought the idea. It required nine thousand signatures on petitions to put the new plan on the ballot. But it won by a crushing two to one majority.

It was the beginning of the end for Utica's gangsters. In 1960, the aroused citizens voted in a reform mayor, the state government sent in a special prosecutor who indicted and convicted madams and police officials, and drove the mob out of town. The mayor, a Republican, was backed by a host of young Democrats, who then proceeded to take over the machinery of the Democratic Party, which had been in power during Utica's decades of corruption. "We have proved," said one member of CAGU, "civic improvement is possible by citizen action."

Women played prominent roles in both the Clarksburg and Utica stories. But in neither city—perhaps never before in the United States, in fact—have women accomplished as much on their own as they did in Galveston. To appreciate the scope of their achievement, you have to visit this intensely individualistic island city (two causeways connect it to the mainland) and talk with its colorful citizenry.

Galveston has a uniquely corrupt tradition, which goes back to 1817, when the romantic scoundrel Jean Lafitte and one thousand fellow cutthroats made it their pirate headquarters until the U. S. Navy cleaned them out. Colonists settled Galveston in 1821, and when Federal law forbade the importation of slaves, Galveston promptly became the center of a vast illicit trade. Numerous Galvestonians became rich. The virtue of ill-gotten gains became one of the city's fundamental articles of faith. When Galveston prospered as a port, and for a while was the mercantile queen of Texas, its red light and gambling districts grew proportionately, until they became a fixed part of the city's tradition.

It was commonplace in years not too far gone to have one of the city's scions stomp into a "boarding house," as Galvestonians liked to call them, order the madam to bolt the doors and charge all services to him. This meant the doors stayed bolted for two or three days, while merriment reigned nonstop. One man told me of being caught inside a house by such a visit, when he was young. He begged to be excused, because he had to go to work the next day.

"Why don't be silly, son," boomed the eminent citizen who was locking the doors. "Who's your boss? I'll call him and explain myself."

Respectability Was Bought

Gambling was controlled by the late Maceo Brothers, Sam and Rosario, who, after eliminating all the competition, became gentle philanthropists, always ready to contribute to good causes and quick to prevent local workingmen from losing too much. Their members-only Balinese Room had headliners like Joe E. Lewis and Phil Harris laughing it up out front while in the back rooms the dice danced until dawn. When a Texas state legislative committee investigating Galveston asked the sheriff of the county why he never bothered to close up the Balinese Room, the lawman answered humbly, "But I cain't get in there. I ain't a member."

Galveston's police force was almost completely demoralized. As one prominent politician explained it: "A policeman's salary was $2,400 a year and no one expected him to live on it." One ex-mayor boasted to me that when he took office he stopped the all-too-common practice of policemen living with prostitutes, of sergeants and captains taking payoffs from everyone in sight. "When you got in trouble in Galveston," another politician assured me, "a cop was the last person you'd think of calling."

Various people, from the local ministerial association to the state's attorney generals, tried to clean up Galveston. During the war, the Federal government made continual raids. There were signs on the street corners, warning servicemen that the local VD rate was exceeded only in Hong Kong. Later, squadrons of Texas Rangers charged in periodically from the state capital, smashed the slot machines, arrested the dicemen, closed Postoffice Street. But the gamblers pa-

tiently paid their fines and waited. They knew time was on their side. More than one mayor had publicly proclaimed that most citizens wanted their city run wide open. In a few months, they assumed, it would be business as usual.

But if Galveston's government was in the grip of the agents of total corruption, the majority of her citizens were not. More than a few leading businessmen were dismayed to see their city slipping steadily behind the rest of Texas. Oil-rich Houston built a channel to the sea, and was soon loading ten ships to Galveston's one. Other cities on the Gulf prospered as resorts, while Galveston, with thirty-two miles of superb beachfront and summer weather six months of the year, lagged. Vacationing families shunned the place. Shipping firms refused to pay their employees in Galveston, lest they lose it all before they got out of the town. New industry, mindful of employee welfare, went elsewhere. While the rest of Texas boomed, Galveston stagnated. Its young people departed in droves. Even the income from gambling and prostitution faltered badly.

Businessmen made sporadic attempts to put competent people in office, but the politicians backed by the gamblers defeated them handily. A man only had to win as little as 30 per cent of the votes to stay in power as a commissioner because the good citizens always divided their ballots among too many candidates. The situation looked hopeless until one day in January, 1959, when a letter arrived at Galveston's City Hall:

To the Mayor President
and
The Board of Commissioners

Gentlemen:

The Galveston League of Women Voters requests that you submit in the regular City Election to be held in May of 1959 these three propositions:

1. The Question: SHALL A CHARTER COMMISSION BE CHOSEN TO FRAME A NEW CHARTER?

2. THE ELECTION OF FIFTEEN OR MORE CITIZENS TO SERVE AS A CHARTER COMMISSION.

3. An opinion poll on the question: SHALL THE NEW CHARTER PROVIDE FOR A COUNCIL MANAGER PLAN OF GOVERNMENT?

Corruption Destroys Chivalry

The mayor president and his assembled commissioners could not have been more outraged if the envelope had contained a bomb. Change Galveston's form of government! Why, Galveston had created commission government in 1901, when the town had been devastated by a hurricane and flood, and the creaky alderman-mayor form proved incapable of restoring order and prosperity. From Galveston the commission idea had spread across the country, to be eventually adopted by over six hundred cities. But time had revealed serious flaws in the commission system. More than half the cities which had adopted commission government had abandoned it by the time the mayor of Galveston received his letter from the League of Women Voters. That did not stop his honor and fellow commissioners from issuing a loud NO to the ladies' request.

The politicians did not realize they were starting a war.

Teaching the Boys a Lesson

The League of Women Voters had been quietly studying Galveston's problems for over five years. They had already won one election battle with City Hall, forcing the politicians to replace the outmoded paper ballot system with voting machines. But this defeat, which effectively undermined the rule by reprisal on which the old regime was based, did not teach the boys a lesson. They were totally unaware of how thoroughly ready the ladies were to battle for Galveston's salvation.

Since 1954, the League had had the "Study of the City Manager Form of Government" as a continuing item on their yearly agenda. Experts had come to Galveston to discuss various forms of city government, and Richard S. Childs of the Executive Committee of the National Municipal League, an organization devoted to the reform of local government, had sent reams of advice and study material from New York.

To get their proposal on the ballot over the mayor's opposition, the ladies had to submit a petition signed by 10 per cent of Galveston's twenty-two thousand voters. They trudged the streets for days, ringing doorbells and buttonholing citizens on corners and in grocery stores and finally produced the required number of signatures. They were on the ballot now, but this was only a tiny first step. The men of the city still regarded the whole thing as slightly insane. The women themselves realized, with a gasp, that they had committed themselves to taking on the political powers of Galveston. "We had another small problem," says Frances Kay Harris, then Chapter President. "Money. We didn't have any." Desperately, they sent emissaries to the leading business and professional men, asking for donations and assistance. The collective answer was a cynical shrug. No one believed that two hundred housewives could possibly challenge Galveston's entrenched politicians.

"We realized we had to do it alone," Mrs. Harris says. "So we went to work."

The ladies had some assets which the men failed to notice in their passing glances. One was Mrs. Harris, a tall blonde with snapping blue eyes and a lively sense of humor. For fifteen years she has conducted a radio program over Station KGBC from 9:30 to 10:30 every weekday morning. A unique combination of housewifely chatter, social reporting and nonmalicious gossip, the show was immensely popular among the women of Galveston. It was particularly appreciated by the Negroes of the city, because they were unable to get their social news reported in the local paper. Mrs. Harris reported The Sisters of the Nile as well as The Junior League and never mentioned the color of someone's skin. Twenty per cent of Galveston's voters were Negroes.

Asset number two was Ruth Kempner. A graceful woman with just a trace of the South in her voice, Mrs. Kempner impresses you first as a lady in the best plantation tradition. Not until she begins to talk do you realize she has something the old style Southern belles never dared to possess: a keen, penetrating mind and energy to match her opinions. "You don't just jump into politics and start throwing your weight around," she says. "You have to serve a long apprenticeship, to prove that you really care about people. Then they might listen to you."

Weaker Sex? Not in Galveston

Ruth Kempner had served on Galveston's school and library boards, had at various times been president of the city's Family Service Agency and vice-president of its League of Women Voters, besides acting as chairman of innumerable charitable fund-raising drives. When Texas City, across the bay from Galveston, was ripped by the explosion of the *SS Grandcamp* in 1947, Mrs. Kempner was on the docks a half-hour later, fighting her way through smoke and debris with Red Cross aid for the wounded. Moreover, Kempner has been one of the best known names in Galveston for decades. I. H. Kempner, still active in business at ninety, was one of Galveston's first commissioners. The family owns the Imperial Sugar Company and is one of the world's largest cotton exporters.

"We're both BOI's—Born On the Island," Frances Harris adds. "That's important in Galveston. We *never* listen to outsiders." Frances Harris and Ruth Kempner had known each other since school days. Each had two children of (or nearing) college age. "I think that seeing our children growing up was what made us finally decide to do something about Galveston," Mrs. Kempner says. "I love this city and it broke my heart to see so many of our young people leaving it. I want my two sons to live here, but I knew that they would never do it if it was only famous for its red light district." If hell knows no fury like a woman scorned, Galveston was about to find out that politics knows no energy like a mother aroused.

(continued)

Reforming a city is hard work: you collect 2,200 petition signatures, hold eight months of hearings, phone each registered voter at least once.

Under the auspices of the League of Women Voters, a furious educational campaign was launched at Galveston. Distinguished citizens, both men and women, were persuaded to register as candidates for the Charter Commission. Up and down the city the virtues of the Council Manager form of government, which the ladies had so assiduously studied, were proclaimed to executives, workers, professional men and housewives.

The intensity of the attack, and the thoroughness and authority with which the women explained their demand for the Council Manager form of government, left the old line politicians flabbergasted. They reacted like men in a daze, some of them feebly protesting against the change, others actually climbing on what soon began to look like a band wagon. Their problem was they did not know enough about the Council Manager form even to criticize it. Nor were the politicians the only ones to be embarrassed by their ignorance. "I have taken two fine courses in constitutional law," a local lawyer told me. "One at the University of Texas, the other at Harvard University, yet I didn't know one tenth as much about city government as did these ladies during that campaign."

They Debated Furiously

On May 12, 1959, to the amazement of Galveston's males, the voters resoundingly approved the formation of a Charter Commission, elected twenty-one members to said Commission and declared themselves in favor of a Council Manager form of government. Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Kempner and Marilyn Schwartz, wife of State Senator Aaron Schwartz, were among the members of the Charter Commission, along with a number of outstanding Galveston lawyers and businessmen. For eight months the Commission conducted hearings on the form and content of the new charter. They listened to officials from other Texas cities that had changed to the Council Manager form of government in recent years. They called on distinguished citizens, such as Edward Watson, former City Attorney for Galveston, for advice and counsel. They debated furiously among themselves over a dozen clauses. In eight months, they had a new city charter, twenty-seven pages long, to submit to the voters for their approval. "Less time than it takes to have a baby," Frances Harris observed proudly.

Politicos Reeled, Then Rallied

The charter contained numerous clauses which made it obnoxious to the old regime. Council candidates had to win by a clear majority or go into a runoff election. Nepotism was specifically banned, within the first degree of kindred. The Council could no longer hand out jobs: the city manager would be in complete charge of hiring and firing. No patronage! The politicians reeled, and then rallied.

The battle now moved into a new, far more ugly and decisive phase. Fully alert to the power of their opponents, the gamblers and the old regime girded their cohorts for a no-holds-barred struggle. Saloonkeepers were ordered to make contributions to the war chest. A whispering campaign was started around town, smearing the leaders of the Charter movement in every possible way. City employees were warned there would be mass firings. The Charter Commission was helpless to answer this kind of counterattack, since it was without funds and, being an avowedly nonpolitical organization, did not feel it should or could raise money. The League of Women Voters therefore took over the battle once more, and from the slender resources of its treasury financed charts explaining the new form of government, as well as fliers and pamphlets. A signboard boosting a Council Manager and the New Charter was installed on a choice beach location, and posters were distributed for store windows.

But the real thrust of the ladies' offensive was on the personal level. A telephone committee of over three hundred and fifty women called every voter in town at least once, and some more often. "I bet I got called twenty-five times," one doctor told me. "At least it seemed that many. I've never seen anything like the way those women worked."

Anywhere there was a meeting in Galveston, the League sent a speaker. Usually it was Frances Harris or Ruth Kempner, since they had the most experience in addressing the public. "I went places in Galveston that no so-called lady had ever gone to before," Mrs. Harris says. "I remember addressing a Negro union meeting at night, on the floor above a bar that was crowded with drunks and prostitutes. My knees were knocking together as I went up those stairs, because I had had very rough answers from some of the white union meetings I had addressed. But those Negro longshoremen *listened*. I've never been more politely treated in my life. We discussed that charter for over an hour, and they asked one question after another."

"We've Got the Truth"

These courageous personal contacts paid immense dividends. Later, Mrs. Harris heard that one of the incumbent commissioners came to address these same longshoremen and began vilifying certain aspects of the charter. One of the men stood up and pointed his finger at him: "You're a liar," he said. "We've got the truth on that."

Other men began to rally to the ladies' support. Station KGBC, under the direction of its fearless and enterprising manager, Steve Cowan, began broadcasting daily editorials in support of the new charter. *The Galveston News*, the city's newspaper, endorsed charter reform, albeit somewhat halfheartedly. Toward the end of the campaign, when the League's treasury was exhausted and the old regime was redoubling its well-financed attack in print and by word of mouth, Frances Harris's husband, Lewis, decided it was time for individual males to stand up and be counted. He went around to a number of the city's top businessmen and asked them bluntly if they believed

Red light districts infested the town. Prostitutes blatantly displayed their wares and houses of ill repute were considered "respectable businesses."

(continued)


THIS
SIDE

Political warfare reached into the homes. One weary male campaigner refused to run for office—until his wife spoke up. He is now mayor.

in what the women were trying to do for Galveston. When he got a resounding yes, he put out his hand. "Prove it," he said. "They're broke."

Thanks to this new injection of cash (about $1,500), the League was able to run four different ads daily in the local paper, plus a large copy of the ballot during the last crucial week of the campaign. This was vital because their opponents had attempted to confuse the voters by presenting two additional referenda on the ballot, both calling for a city planning commission, one levying a fifteen-cent tax increase.

The Big Push

In that final week of the campaign, the ladies were organized with a precision which would have awed even the most thorough of the old-style bosses. Each precinct in Galveston had a captain in charge who secured other League members and outside volunteers to work for her. The telephone committee toiled twelve hours a day, placing twenty-five thousand calls in the final week.

On April 19, 1960, the citizens of Galveston streamed to the polls. The ladies watched with sinking hearts, because it was not a heavy turnout. The inside dopesters had predicted that a light vote would favor the party in power, as primary contests and similar elections frequently demonstrate. But when the votes were counted, the dopesters could only scratch their heads in amazement. The ladies had won again, this time by a squeaky 702 votes. A thousand other citizens had been confused by the ballot, and had not even voted on the charter. But the majority was there, and the charter was approved.

Victory at last? By no means. The charter was changed, but the old commissioners still had a year in office. Then would come a crucial election for the city council, which the old regime was sure to contest bitterly. But now the League of Women Voters found itself in a dilemma. Under the League's constitution, they can take a stand on issues such as a new form of government, but they are forbidden to endorse candidates. Frances Harris and Ruth Kempner promptly resigned from the League, and Mrs. Harris became president of the five-hundred-member Citizens' Charter Committee, formed largely out of the ranks of the League of Women Voters.

Now began a year of guerrilla warfare, perhaps the most difficult task of all, politically. The citizens of Galveston had to be kept alerted to the need for continued vigilance. The old regime had to be kept in check. Frances Harris, with the aid of her radio program, took over the job of keeping voter enthusiasm high. Ruth Kempner undertook the watchdog role, attending every meeting of the city commission.

Various maneuvers by the outgoing government, such as impromptu bond issues, were challenged and defeated. Meanwhile the Citizens' Charter Committee endorsed eight candidates as best fitted to serve on the new seven-member council, and put the new form of government into operation.

At the head of the list was Ruth Kempner, a daring move, since not more than two or three women had ever run for public office in Galveston before, and all had lost disastrously. Even more daring was the nomination of T. D. Armstrong, an outstanding Negro businessman. Although Galveston's race relations are considered unusually good for a Southern city (schools, lunch counters integrated), it was highly questionable whether there was city-wide support for a Negro councilman. Two other council members were Catholics, also a minority in Galveston. Although Frances Harris was urged to run, she felt she could do far more as president of the Citizens' Charter Committee.

The Eyes Had It

One Charter nominee, attorney Theodore Stubbs (the current Mayor of Galveston), tells a charming story which shows that the ladies were not confining their efforts to the externals of political warfare. "After eight months on the Charter Commission, I was weary," Stubbs says. "When friends urged me to run for the Council. I said no. Then I went home and told my wife. She just looked at me with those blue eyes of hers and said, 'Theodore, what a man starts he ought to finish.' The next day I told my friends I'd make the run."

Once again the battle began. Thirty-five candidates, including two of the incumbent city commissioners and one ex-mayor, filed for the seven council seats. The Citizens' Charter Committee went into action pretty much the way the League of Women Voters operated, with the telephone committee of three hundred and fifty heating the wires once more. This time there was also a campaign headquarters, manned by more than two hundred women, and a highly effective direct mail campaign, in which another two hundred women toiled. The headquarters was manned from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. every day.

"I Was Scared to Death"

But the candidates were the ones who did the real work. "I realized I had three strikes against me," Ruth Kempner said. "One, I was a woman; two, I was a Jew; and three, I was a Kempner. So I just decided I had to work three times as hard as anyone else." Each morning she was at the City Lot, where the municipal workers leave for the day shift, at 5 A.M. After shaking hands with everyone in sight, she would begin an all-day tour of the city, footing it through neighborhoods, talking personally to everyone she met, leaving books of matches with her name on them. Other mornings at 5 A.M. she went down to the longshoremen's hiring halls, where the burly union men sat around the tables, drinking coffee, waiting for the day's shape-up. "Their eyes really popped when I walked in," Ruth Kempner says. "They must have thought it was an apparition. I was scared to death, but I soon found that whenever I felt that way, the best thing to do was start saying exactly what I felt. I told them I knew I had a name that was associated with capital and management. But that wasn't the point. To run the city we all had to work together. We needed each other."

Ruth Kempner visited every firehouse and police station in the city. Once, she even leaped on a moving fire truck to solicit a vote. "If you think that's easy in a

tight skirt," she says, "just try it." Every one of the city's five hundred social and business organizations was visited at least once by a member of the Charter Committee slate. In the late mornings and in the evenings, women volunteers held coffees at which the candidates spoke briefly. Often they brought T. D. Armstrong with them, into white homes where no Negro had ever been welcome before. Many of these women coffee-party givers were so enthusiastic, they voluntarily gave two or three extra parties. "It was the first chance so many of our city's women had to feel they were really playing a part in politics," Mrs. Kempner says. "It was amazing and refreshing, how much interest and intelligence it revealed. It proved to me that the reason women aren't more active in politics is because no one asks them."

All day long the candidates went from handshaking to coffee parties to speeches, and into the night, until 1 A.M. "I would come home, fall into bed and go out like someone had hit me on the head," Mrs. Kempner says, "and be up again at 5 A.M. But I never felt tired once. It was too exhilarating. And I lost fifteen pounds, in the bargain. That made it all worthwhile, even if I had lost."

But she did not lose. On May 12, 1961, Ruth Kempner had the pleasure of polling the second highest vote on the ballot. Only Edward Schreiber, who had been President of the Charter Commission, outran her. Behind her came four other candidates endorsed by the Citizens' Charter Committee, all with majorities.

Two other Charter candidates, including T. D. Armstrong, finished sixth and seventh, but did not have a majority, so were forced into a runoff. This took place two weeks later, and Armstrong won by seven votes, thereby becoming the first Negro elected to public office in a city-wide election in the South. Edward Harris, an independent lawyer who "wore out three pairs of shoes" campaigning without Charter endorsement, won the seventh place. The Charter Committee had put six of its candidates into City Hall, and the job of rebuilding Galveston could now be begun.

Exodus of Undesirables

One thing was immediately apparent: Galveston would never be wide open again. The Charter nominees had not campaigned as reformers, which is an unpopular word in Galveston. But they had made it clear that as long as the laws of the state of Texas forbade gambling and prostitution, Galveston would see to it those laws were enforced. Almost immediately an exodus of gamblers and prostitutes, who had been lingering hopefully in town throughout the struggle, began.

In the last eighteen months the positive accomplishments of the new council and its professional manager far outweigh this negative victory. The first independent audit of the city's books in sixty years revealed glaring confusion in Galveston's finances. Robert Layton has saved the city hundreds of thousands of dollars by instituting business methods in buying new equipment. (Police cars, all of which had over 200,000 miles on them, were replaced *in toto* and the cost of the new fleet is less than what the city was paying in a single year to repair the old cars.) The merit system has been instituted for promotion of city employees, and the police department has been revitalized by a raise in salary and the recruitment of career men, many with college degrees. A planning commission has been appointed for the first time in Galveston's history, and the first low cost housing since 1948 is being built with the city's help. The budget was successfully balanced in spite of $634,435 damage wreaked by Hurricane Carla in September, 1961.

A Last Gasp Challenge

City Manager Layton, who has served in six cities, says the council is "one of the finest I have ever worked with. They do their homework, they really care about the city." Proof of the citizens' response is the reversal in Galveston's economy. Last year her retail sales were the best among cities of her size in Texas. "Is there better proof that you don't need gambling and prostitution to stimulate a city?" Ruth Kempner says.

At the moment, the new government faces a last gasp challenge from the old regime. A petition has been collected calling for an election in early 1963 to dismiss the City Manager and appoint a local mayor in his place, with the same powers. The women of Galveston are confident they can stave off this threat. They now have a strong brigade of men by their side. Already scores of leading businessmen have formed a "Committee of 200" to defend the charter. And the old regime is campaigning on such hoary pleas as "Let's bring our finest citizens home again." When I asked one of their spokesmen where these fine citizens had gone, the tearful reply was: "Las Vegas!"

Perhaps Councilman T. D. Armstrong summed it up best, when he said: "What happened in Galveston is not just a one-town story. It should be happening all over the country. There wouldn't be a Negro problem in the South if the women of the South followed the lead of the women of Galveston. There wouldn't be a corrupt city in the country if women took advantage of the tremendous power for good that stays dormant, so often, in their lives." THE END



THE GLASS COFFIN

There was a secret clause in the will....What had it to do with the silent inhabitant of that devil's bedchamber?

BY MAURICE DRUON

The château happened to have two wings and the brothers could live completely apart. Identical twins, they were of precisely the same height, stooped in exactly the same way, had the same bald, yellow, wrinkled skulls, the same way of rubbing their thin hands together and the same native malice. They were, indeed, two pips of the same fruit—monozygotic as the scientists say—from the last twig of the Paluselles' family tree.

The odd thing about them was that they hated each other.

The Count had never been able to forgive the Marquis for assuming a legally more favorable uterine position at the time of their birth. He had never been able to understand why, since the Marquis had seen the light of day first and some three hours before his brother, he should have been subjected during all his sixty-seven years to the inferior standing of a younger son.

The Marquis hated the Count for being a Protestant.

The two old bachelors were the offspring of a marriage celebrated behind the altar, between a Catholic and a Huguenot. These marriages were not unusual in Provence but were generally deplored by both families. On consenting reluctantly to marry their daughter to the most eligible young man in the province, the d'Espinans had made certain conditions and had come to an honorable arrangement with the Paluselles'. It was agreed that the eldest child should be baptized in accordance with the Roman rite and the second be brought up in the Reformed faith.

On Sundays, the Marquis went to church and the Count to chapel. Nor were their meetings more frequent during the week. Each had his own dining room and his own servants; and the better to ensure their isolation from each other, they had shut up the great reception rooms which formed the main block of the château and kept the inside shutters closed from year's end to year's end.

The château, which had been built in the best period of the eighteenth century, immediately before the Seven Years' War, by a Théodore de Paluselles who had made a fortune in the Louisiana slave-trade, contained many treasures.

The taste of this somewhat parvenu ancestor had run to elaborately carved furniture, complicated marquetry, heavy silk hangings and large portraits bearing the diagonal of the blue riband, indeed to all that was most expensive and modern at the period, and this penchant, transmitted to his descendants, was apparent in a passion for works of art and extremely rare pieces of furniture, which had developed into a positive mania for collecting.

From time to time, packing cases from Montpellier or Paris, even from Germany and Italy, could be observed being carried in to either the east or west wing. But no one, except the recipient himself, was ever allowed to see what they contained. For the twins had also this in common: they never entertained.

When communication between them became unavoidable due to the essential management of their joint fortune, which was to go in its entirety to the survivor, they made it through their servants. But they were continually spying on each other. They both suffered from the same liver complaint, which was why they both looked like dried lemons, and each expected to bury the other.

The younger brother considered that, since he had been frustrated at birth, death owed him in all justice some reparation; and he hoped from day to day to become at last, and legally, the last Marquis de Paluselles. However, because of a stone of unprecedented size blocking his biliary ducts, he was deprived of this last pleasure.

At the news of the Count's death, sixty-two cousins of both sexes, and in all parts of France, began happily to indulge in somber calculation.

None of them had ever been to Paluselles. But there was not one whose imagination failed to conjure up the huge château, lying amid olive groves and heathlands, crammed with masterpieces, and inhabited by two crazy old men who had neither sons nor nephews.

One of the crazy old men was dead. They would soon no doubt hear from the other.

It was a Cardaillan cousin, living at Grenoble, who first received a letter from the Marquis.

"My dear cousin," the Marquis wrote, "I would be grateful if you would visit me at Paluselles as soon as it is convenient to you. I have an important decision to make and would like to discuss it with you. Please give my respects to your wife and believe that I am, etc. . . ."

Monsieur de Cardaillan, cold, stiff and fifty, who wore his gray hair brushed carefully back from his forehead, and pointed shoes which had been resoled at least six times, passed his days calculating the precise value of his portfolio of stocks and shares, adding up the income from his farms, checking the household books, counting dusters in the linen cupboard and the cloves of garlic in the store. It was not that he suspected dishonesty, but because he had to know exactly how much he owned.

When he received the Marquis's letter, he said to his wife: "I always told you, my dear, that it was the brother who was so impossible. Now that Marc-Antoine is alone, his first thought is to be reconciled to us."

Madame de Cardaillan had not been out of mourning for nearly thirty years. She had been brought to bed, grown middle aged and then old in black. She was fat, impulsive and domineering. She heaved puffily amid her funereal lace, and ordered her husband to take the next train.

Throughout the journey, M. de Cardaillan dreamed of indulging his propensity for fussiness. The prospect of being able one day to inventory all the pictures, clocks and saucers his cousin's château must contain intoxicated him. And he was already banking on furnishing his daughters' houses without having to empty his own attics.

He found Paluselles looking very aban-

doned, for not only were the rooms in the central block shut up, but the wing in which the dead twin had lived had also been closed.

A silent manservant led M. de Cardaillan up a backstairs, along a passage entirely hung with prints and etchings, and threw open a door.

The room was more crowded than an antique shop on the Left Bank. The light was deadened by tapestries showing Frederick Barbarossa engaged in various exploits, and they were so big that their bottoms had been rolled back against the skirting boards. A Flemish reredos stood side by side with a "Saint Sebastian" of the Sienese school reposing on a Gothic lectern. On a huge desk, bearing the royal arms of France, were two busts of Roman emperors. The eight sides and hundred facets of a Florentine cabinet of the Medici period glowed with ebony, mother of pearl, ivory and lapis lazuli. Scattered among these important pieces were quantities of lesser *bibelots*, silver candelabra, Boulle caskets, Compagnie des Indes soup tureens.

On the supposition that each room in the château contained even a quarter as much, Paluselles housed incalculable wealth; in any case so precise a man as M. de Cardaillan would find sufficient employment in making an inventory to last him till the end of his days.

Suddenly M. de Cardaillan's attention was attracted to a glass box lying on a Louis XV bed hung with red damask; it gleamed softly in the shadows.

The glass box contained the body of a dead woman. She was pretty and young, some sixteen or eighteen years of age, and entirely naked. Her skin was the color of amber, like a Creole's; her hair curled about her rounded forehead and spread beneath her thin shoulders; there were soft shadows about her lowered lashes; her mouth, though it had assumed the same color as the rest of her body, was still as shapely and sensuous as a fruit; and the embalmer had fixed her exquisitely formed limbs in a pose that had a sort of nonchalant happiness, one arm gently bent across the stomach.

The toes alone were still curled up, witnesses to a last struggle, an ultimate panic at the moment of annihilation.

M. de Cardaillan was so fascinated by the glass coffin that he failed to hear his host come into the room and started like a naughty child. He had no time to say the polite things he had prepared.

"I'm delighted to see you, my dear cousin," said Marc-Antoine de Paluselles, rubbing his slender hands together so quickly that he might have been trying to produce fire from them. "Unless I am mistaken, you are my nearest relation, and it seems probable that I shall quit this world before you. I have thought of appointing you my residuary legatee."

M. de Cardaillan stared at him in silence; he omitted to say, as is proper in such circumstances: "My dear cousin, you mustn't think of such a thing! You'll bury us all!"

The Marquis went on: "I must, however, warn you that my will contains a secret clause. It cannot be revealed till after my death, but you must promise now to put it into effect. A written promise, of course. I'm not going to ask for your answer at once. Send it to my solicitor, Maître Torquasson, at Lunel, within the next fortnight. This was why I wanted to see you."

The Marquis neither asked his cousin to sit down nor offered him so much as a glass of vermouth. He had him shown out by the same backstairs.

M. de Cardaillan returned to Grenoble in great perplexity.

"Never on your life!" cried fat Madame de Cardaillan, when she had heard his account of the visit. "It's a trap. How can one tell what wickedness that crazy old man has put in his secret clause? He'll compel us to keep his naked body in the middle of our drawing room, or he'll insist we separate, or we shall be obliged to found an asylum or something which will cost twice what he'll leave us. Don't accept at any price."

M. de Cardaillan spent a week of painful indecision; then, since he always obeyed his wife, he wrote to the solicitor refusing.

The second person to be summoned to Paluselles was Canon de Mondez. He came from Marseilles, delighted to have an excuse for a journey. He was a tiny man and almost as old as the Marquis. His skull was downy as that of a chick hatched in winter; and he was hopelessly absent-minded. On this particular day, he had failed to tie his long black sash properly, and the fringe trailed along to the ground a yard behind him.

He scarcely listened to what the Marquis had to say, and replied: "But of course; how well I understand! You were so fond of your dear brother; you lived such very united lives!"

He walked up and down, his hands thrust into the pockets of his soutane, flapping its skirts like wings to the great danger of the porcelain.

"Duccio da Siena, isn't it? Or his school," he said, pointing to the Saint Sebastian. "A beauty!"

Going to the glass coffin, he said: "What a splendid waxwork you've got here, Cousin! A very unusual piece! Is it French?"

When the Marquis remarked that he was admiring a real body, the Canon cried: "Oh, my God!" and covered his eyes.

The Marquis tried in vain to talk of the secret clause; but the Canon dismissed it with a wave of the hand, and left at once, as if he had ventured by mistake into the devil's bedchamber.

Maître Torquasson had to write to him at Marseilles to extract a signed refusal.

The next fortnight brought a new married couple, called Choulet de Longpois. The husband was a young magistrate at Lodève; his wife, a little brunette, had a pretty, round face and laughed a good deal.

The taciturn manservant separated them at the bottom of the backstairs. The magistrate alone was shown in to the Marquis. The visit was as short as the preceding ones; but, just as the Choulet de Longpois were about to drive away in the taxi they had hired at the station, the manservant reappeared and, asking the wife to come with him, showed her in to the Marquis.

The Marquis looked his young cousin up and down with lackluster eyes and made a few banal remarks; then, taking her by the hand, he led her to the red damask bed and said: "May I ask you to undress?"

She screamed and ran for the stairs, while old Paluselles cried after her: "No, no! You've completely misunderstood me, Cousin! . . ."

He was still shouting when she got into the taxi.

"Let's go, let's go at once! I'll tell you later," she said to her husband.

"What is it? The glass coffin?"

"Yes. That's it. The coffin. . . ."

"That's what I thought. I think I shall refuse," he added. "It's really all rather alarming."

The procession of cousins continued throughout the following month. Country gentlemen, bourgeois, soldiers, diplomats, comfortably off bachelors, and fathers wondering how to find portions for their daughters, all came in turn, nursing expectations, only to depart with a sense of nightmare.

At first, the Marquis had merely laughed quietly to himself when they left. But he now did so no longer. He was becoming impatient and had reduced the time limit for writing to his solicitor to a week. It was noticed that he made his proposal only to his male relatives, but that he often desired to make the acquaintance of their wives or daughters.

"Do you know what I think? He's a sadist in search of a victim," said an imaginative female cousin at a family dinner party. She had pretensions to a knowledge of psychology. "And a sadist *post mortem*, if I may so express it!" she added. "He's using the bait of his fortune to draw one or other of us into some hideous tragedy which will become apparent only after his death. Whoever accepts must be either completely heedless or utterly brave."

The brave man eventually appeared. He was thirty-ninth on the list of relations, and his name was Hubert Marti-



FREE Kodak Film

roll after roll — all you can use!

For every roll of Kodacolor or black & white film you send us for custom developing at our **low discount prices** you receive a fresh roll of the same type **Kodak film FREE** with your developed prints. You will never have to buy another roll of film.

Tear out this envelope now

Fast "48-72 hour" in lab developing service

· We pay return postage ·

FACTS ABOUT UNITED'S FREE KODAK FILM OFFER

LOW DEVELOPING PRICES — United's developing prices are lower than those normally charged at stores . . . plus you get fresh Kodak Film . . . FREE.

CUSTOM QUALITY DEVELOPING — United's labs use the *latest Kodak electronic equipment* . . . guaranteeing you the best developing possible . . . anywhere . . . at any price.

HERE'S HOW IT'S POSSIBLE — you *deal direct* with us, *eliminating the middleman's 40% profit.* The savings are passed along to give you FREE KODAK FILM and low cost custom developing. In addition, with each order you receive free safety envelopes for future use and the U.S. Mail is used for safe, fast delivery.

OVER 1,250,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS have used United's service. It's the convenient, *money saving way* to take more pictures at less cost.

NO FEES, NO DUES, NO OBLIGATION to participate regularly. Use United's service as *seldom* or as *often* as as you like.

UNITED'S IRON CLAD MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. You cannot get better quality developing anywhere, *at any price.* The FREE film you receive is *fresh, dated Kodak film* . . . the same package that is sold in stores. You must be *satisfied* or your money will be promptly refunded.

Stop buying film . . .
start using UNITED'S service today!

NOW . . . 2 NEW PHOTO OFFERS FROM UNITED



WALLET PHOTOS FROM YOUR PORTRAIT

for giving to friends and relatives. Send Black & White portrait, snapshot or negative; returned intact. 20 (2½" x 3½") for $1.25; 60 for $2.25. Made from one picture.
We pay return postage.

98¢ EACH

Terrific Value
3 *for* $2.49

BEAUTIFUL 4 x 5 COLOR ENLARGEMENTS HIGHLIGHTED IN BEIGE & GOLD ANTIQUED FRAMES

Now . . . get beautiful 4 x 5 color enlargements from your color negatives or slides — in a rich beige & gold antiqued frame.

Only 98¢ each or 3 for $2.49 — packed in individual boxes, ready for shipment — a wonderful gift.

Black & White enlargements also available from B&W negatives. Same price.

Add 25¢ for postage and handling.

Add state sales tax . . . if any.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE MAIL FILM TO CITY NEAREST YOU.
30 convenient locations — Coast to Coast

SOUTH	WEST	MIDWEST	EAST
ATLANTA 1, GA.	LOS ANGELES 54, CAL.	CHICAGO 80, ILL.	NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
OALLAS 21, TEX.	PORTLANO 8, ORE.	KANSAS CITY 41, MO.	PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.
CHARLOTTE 1, N.C.	SAN FRANCISCO 26, CAL.	CLEVELANO 1, OHIO	BOSTON 4, MASS.
MEMPHIS 1, TENN.	PHOENIX 2, ARIZ.	MINNEAPOLIS 40, MINN.	ROCHESTER 3, N.Y.
LOUISVILLE 1, KY.	OENVER 1, COLO.	OETROIT 32, MICHIGAN	WASHINGTON 13, O.C.
JACKSONVILLE 1, FLA.	SEATTLE 11, WASH.	ST LOUIS 77, MO.	PITTSBURGH 30, PA.
NEW ORLEANS 50, LA.	SAN OIEGO 12, CAL.	CINCINNATI 1, OHIO	NORFOLK 1, VA.
MIAMI 1, FLA.			
HOUSTON 1, TEX.			



®

If safety envelope has been removed write for extra envelopes to:

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
4130 No. Temple City Blvd., Rosemead, California

neau. He had been saved from committing suicide the previous week only by a bout of malaria which had sent him shivering and delirious to bed with a temperature of 105. Now twenty-eight, he had run through a considerable fortune, partly at the tables and partly in disastrous investments in the Far East. He had recently been deserted by two women, whom he loved equally, but who had unfortunately discovered the fact that they were rivals for his heart. He was also something of an opium addict. He had to borrow his journey money from the porter of his hotel.

"What on earth can it matter to me," he said on his return, "if I've signed a pact with the devil, or undertaken—though that's obviously an absurd exaggeration—to die the following year? I've got nothing to lose. Besides, I shall soon be fixed up; the old man's got one foot in the grave."

It took the Marquis de Paluselles some three and a half years to put his other foot in it. And then the Cardaillans, the Choulet de Longpois, the Mombresles, the psychological cousin, the Canon and all the rest received from Maître Torquasson a summons to attend the reading of the will a fortnight later. It surprised them. Surely they had made their refusals clear enough? Besides, they had heard that that disgraceful young Hubert Martineau, that gambler "who was bound to come to a bad end one day" had accepted. But perhaps there was something illegal about the will; perhaps there was going to be a general share-out. Cupidity sprang up in their hearts, like crab grass after mowing.

Maître Torquasson's office had never before been so full of people at one time. All the cousins were there, huddled on little chairs as if at an auction. Despite the Venetian blinds, it was very hot indeed. Madame de Cardaillan was melting among her veils. Canon de Mondez had taken the wrong hat on leaving the train and was wondering how to find the passenger whose Panama he had filched. Hubert Martineau was late. It really was the limit! From time to time, an impatient foot tapped the floor.

Hubert arrived at last in a long green sports car. His life had recently become totally transformed. As heir presumptive to the Paluselles fortune, he had become an excellent match and had married the daughter of an important stockbroker. His wife, a charming girl, had influenced him very much for the better, stopped his taking drugs and borne him a child. He had gone back into business, this time with success. Now that he was doing well in life and was chairman of three boards of directors, he no longer had the same attitude towards running risks. But this was the payoff, and his thoughts were running on all its appalling possibilities.

Surprised to find so many people present, Hubert bowed generally to the company and, since there was no chair for him, perched on the window sill.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the solicitor, "I must first apologize for having put you to the trouble of this tiring journey. But your late cousin, even though you had refused his offer through me, expressly stipulated in a codicil that he desired you to be present at the reading of his will."

The solicitor paused for a moment and then went on: "Monsieur Hubert Martineau . . ."

Hubert gave a slight start.

"Yes," he said.

"Are you still prepared to accept the Marquis's legacy together with the clause of which you do not yet know the contents?"

There was a moment's silence. The cousins swallowed their saliva as if coming down a mountain railway. *What's this? Can I still refuse?* Hubert thought. He was conscious of all their eyes on him. He felt like a gambler with a huge banco. Should he keep the hand or pass it? It was no doubt simply ridiculous human pride, and also that gambler's instinct, so often disastrous—I'm having a good run; it must come off—which led him to say to the solicitor, with a show of great outward calm: "Yes, of course; I accept."

"Then, Monsieur," said Maître Torquasson, unfolding a single sheet of paper, "here is the document which concerns you: 'This is my last will and testament. I bequeath to my cousin Hubert Martineau all my goods and possessions, both personal and real, on the express condition, in accordance with the engagement he has entered into, that he will take the name of Paluselles and will bear it henceforth together with the titles that go with it.' This," said the solicitor, "is the testator's secret clause; he was anxious that the name borne by his ancestors should not lapse with his death."

There was a rather sharp "Oh!" from stout Madame de Cardaillan. The rest of the family managed to maintain their self-control. M. Choulet de Longpois, biting at his silky mustache, stared furiously at his wife, and the unfortunate little woman felt vaguely guilty, though she was not sure why.

"How right I was to say he was a sadist," hissed the psychological cousin through her teeth.

It was certainly enough to create dissension between several married couples, hasten the committing of adultery, inspire children with contempt for their parents and bring out into the open all these people's real opinions of each other: it undoubtedly meant twenty years of reproaches, arguments, imputing of blame and door-banging behind their houses' respectable façades. "If you hadn't been such a fool as to refuse the Paluselles inheritance!" . . . "Well, it was on the advice of that clever mother of yours!" . . . "And to think it's all going to that little bounder, that adventurer who doesn't even belong to our world! . . ." Oh, there was no danger of the Paluselles name being forgotten!

Hubert Martineau smiled rather foolishly, and shook a few furious hands that would rather have seized him by the throat than the fingers.

Canon de Mondez, concealing the Panama behind his soutane, asked the solicitor: "Can you explain that indecent corpse the Marquis kept in his drawing room, Maître?"

"As far as I have been able to determine the facts, Monsieur le Chanoine, I believe the corpse was brought back from Louisiana by the Marquis Théodore nearly two centuries ago. She was a woman of those parts with whom he had fallen passionately in love. Even dead, she was able to arouse the most extraordinary emotions!" said the solicitor, leading the Canon a little apart. "The last Marquis and his twin brother, when still children, found the corpse one day when playing in the Château attics, to which the glass coffin had been relegated long before and forgotten. They told no one. Then when they succeeded jointly, as you know, to their father, the Marquis was able to take advantage of the fact that the coffin appeared in no inventory to appropriate it to himself. This may well have been the underlying reason for the quarrel that divided the two Paluselles' for over forty years. It is a fact that neither of them ever married; and my predecessor here told me that they had never even—how shall I put it?—well, you understand, Monsieur le Chanoine. . . . But the fact was that whenever they met a woman they became obsessed by the memory of the corpse, and they were never able to find one who resembled it sufficiently."

"Ah, very odd, very odd indeed!" said the Canon, unthinkingly picking the brim of the Panama to pieces. "In the circumstances, they should have become priests—at least the one who was a Catholic!"

The solicitor shrugged his shoulders; he felt vaguely out of his depth.

"In any case," he went on, "it's all over and done with now. When the undertakers were carrying the Marquis's bier out, they knocked against the glass coffin and broke it. The corpse you saw practically turned to dust. It seems that's what happens to bodies that have been embalmed for a long time. The remains were placed in a casket and deposited in the vault."

"At all events, I shall say a Mass," replied the Canon. THE END

Company Girl

She was heartily disliked by everyone on the office staff. But Harry knew that if he were to succeed on the job, he would have to work out something with D. J.'s secretary as soon as he hung up his hat.

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

"I don't think you'd better go in," Ruth Sayre said. "He's tied up." Powell's hand, which was reaching out for the knob of D. J.'s door, stopped moving. He turned back to his boss's secretary.

"Badly tied up?" he said. "Or just . . . you know?"

"I can't tell yet," Ruth said. "There were two calls from Washington before these men came in, one of them from the White House—one of the calls, I mean—and if there's a connection, then God knows. They might be in there for hours."

Harry Powell glanced at his wrist watch. It showed seven minutes after twelve.

"Gosh," he said. "Our lunch date with Doc Hapfel is for twelve thirty."

"I know," Ruth Sayre said. "Just before these men went in, D. J. told me when you came to pick him up I should tell you to wait."

"Oh, well, then I guess everything is all right," Powell said, and for a moment, hearing the relief in his own voice, he was embarrassed. Then he remembered that it was no longer necessary to be cautious with Ruth Sayre, and he smiled in a way that was intended to indicate exactly how relieved he did feel. "I mean," he said, "even if there *is* a connection between those men in there now and the calls from Washington, D. J. will get rid of them in plenty of time for this date."

"I'm sure of it," she said. "When D. J. wants to get rid of people, he does it so smoothly they don't even know they've been given an intentional walk."

Ruth Sayre's loyalty to her boss was so total that, Harry Powell had noticed, the tone and color of her conversation actually changed with each of her boss's campaigns. Ever since D. J. Crawford had been called in by both major leagues to make an attempt at breaking down public resistance to changing the players' traditional uniform for something more comfortable, Ruth Sayre's conversation had been studded with baseball phrases. Harry Powell supposed that, if and when D. J. actually landed the huge Hartwell-Koch account for which he was at the moment angling, Ruth would drop the language of the diamond for that of automotive engineering.

"Besides," she said, "you and D. J. are lunching with Doc Hapfel at Pierre's, and that's no more than a sacrifice bunt from here, so there's really no rush. You can walk it in three minutes."

"Pierre's, eh?" Powell said, and Ruth, who was inclined to be fussy about office decorum, especially when she was at her post outside D. J.'s door, forgot herself to the extent of responding with a quick smile.

"Nothing's too good for Doc Hapfel," she said. "You know how D. J. feels about the old boy."

"If I didn't," Powell said, "I'd better go back to Cleveland."

"I don't think that will be necessary," Ruth said.

Powell looked at her quickly, but she was jogging some papers into alignment on a corner of her desk.

"If that last remark means what I think it means," he said, "I guess I'll be calling my father tonight and breaking the news to him about us. Right?"

"If you're right, you'll find it out after hours, when we're having dinner," Ruth said. "This is no place to discuss personal matters." She slipped a clip over the batch of papers and held them out to Powell. "Here," she said. "You might want to take a look at D. J.'s first draft of the proposed Hartwell-Koch campaign. Just in case he should raise the subject while you're walking over to Pierre's."

"Thanks," Powell said and, after a moment of hesitation, he decided to risk the personal note. "That's very nice of you, Ruth," he said.

It was more than that, Powell thought as she nodded and he took the batch of papers and carried them to the couch. It was a sign of how far he had come since he had arrived in New York eleven weeks ago.

Not that there had been anything openly hostile in Ruth Sayre's attitude at the beginning. It was merely that the moment he was introduced to her, Harry Powell sensed at once the truth of what his father had told him in the taxi on the way to the train back in Cleveland.

"I know I'm just an old fogy lawyer in a hick town," Mr. Powell had said,

"and you're a bright young genius on your way to take the big city by storm, so I don't expect you to pay any attention to what I say, but I'm going to say it."

"Look, Dad. Do we have to go through that again?"

"No, we don't, and we're not going to. I still think now that you've got your college degree under your belt you should stay here in Cleveland and go to law school and become a member of a profession that has some solidity to it, instead of running off to New York to become another smart aleck trying to get rich on hot air. The least I can do is give you some sound advice.

"I don't know a damn thing about the public relations business, and aside from his tremendous reputation I know even less about this D. J. Crawford you're going to work for, but I know a great deal about offices. At the top in every one of them there is a boss, and every boss has a secretary. I don't know who is the secretary to D. J. Crawford, but my advice to you is to find out the moment you set foot in his office, and then try to work out some kind of a relationship with her."

"Why, Dad, do you mean what I think you mean?"

"No, I don't, but if you had to try that to get along with her, my advice would include the suggestion that you try that, too."

"I don't know why you assume I won't get along with her, whoever she is."

"If you did know, I wouldn't have to give you this piece of advice. Try putting yourself in her shoes for a couple of minutes. She is the confidential secretary to a famous man who has a peculiar quirk. Just because he was born in Cleveland and went to college there, and he is sentimental about both facts, the great D. J. Crawford every year brings into his office to serve as his confidential assistant for three months some young hick honor student from his alma mater's graduating class. It doesn't seem a peculiar quirk to D. J. Crawford, but D. J.'s secretary must hate the guts of these annual visitors, who are threats to her position near the throne. She undoubtedly does everything she can, without being obvious, to see that they fall flat on their faces before their three months in the city are up. If I felt that by falling flat on your face in D. J. Crawford's office you would come to your senses, return home and enter law school, I might be tempted to withhold this bit of advice. I have not observed you closely for twenty-one years, however, without learning that you are the owner of a stubborn streak wide enough to reach from here to Springfield, and if you fail on this job, you will stay in New York until you prove it was not your fault, a task that may conceivably last forever and will almost certainly take so long that by the time you've completed it you will be too old to enter law school. Believe it or not, I want you to succeed on this job, and in order to do that you will have to work something out with D. J.'s secretary."

What Powell had worked out, much to his own surprise, could be traced more readily to the elementary principles of good manners his mother had taught him at eight than to the advice his father had given him at twenty-one.

Although Ruth Sayre was not an unattractive girl, there was nothing about her merely adequate figure, her pretty but rather sharp features, and her lusterless blonde hair that set Harry Powell's pulses racing. On top of that, it was perfectly obvious that there was plenty of justification for the fact that she was heartily disliked by almost everybody on the staff. It was Powell's normal inclination, therefore, to steer clear of her. But Ruth Sayre, whose twenty-eighth birthday had slipped by unnoticed a week before Harry Powell arrived from Cleveland, was what his mother had taught him to think of as An Older Person. As such she was entitled to the respect of her juniors. The fact that she had not always got it may have been responsible for the way she reacted when Harry Powell gave her his.

Apparently astonished by a young man who stood up when she came into a room, Ruth Sayre seemed to forget that the young man was a potential threat to her position outside D. J.'s door. The small, helpful hints about office routine with which she repaid Powell's completely guileless politeness were gratefully received. Ruth Sayre, unaccustomed to gratitude as well as politeness from D. J.'s junior geniuses, responded in kind. The effect on Harry Powell was to make him think more kindly of Ruth Sayre's figure, see more gold in her hair and overlook the sharpness of her features. During his third week in New York, when she had helped him move from his expensive and uncomfortable hotel room into a neat little two and a half room apartment on Bank Street that she had found for him at an astonishingly modest rent, Harry Powell decided that not only was Ruth Sayre's reputation with the D. J. Crawford staff completely unjustified, but she was actually, if you wanted to be fair about it, a damned pretty girl.

By the end of his fifth week in New York, when Powell had repaid Ruth's many kindnesses by taking her to dinner several times, the staff was making jokes about the way D. J.'s dragon had finally succumbed to the grand passion. In fact, a couple of the stories were imaginative little accounts of intimate goings on in Harry's little hideaway on Bank Street.

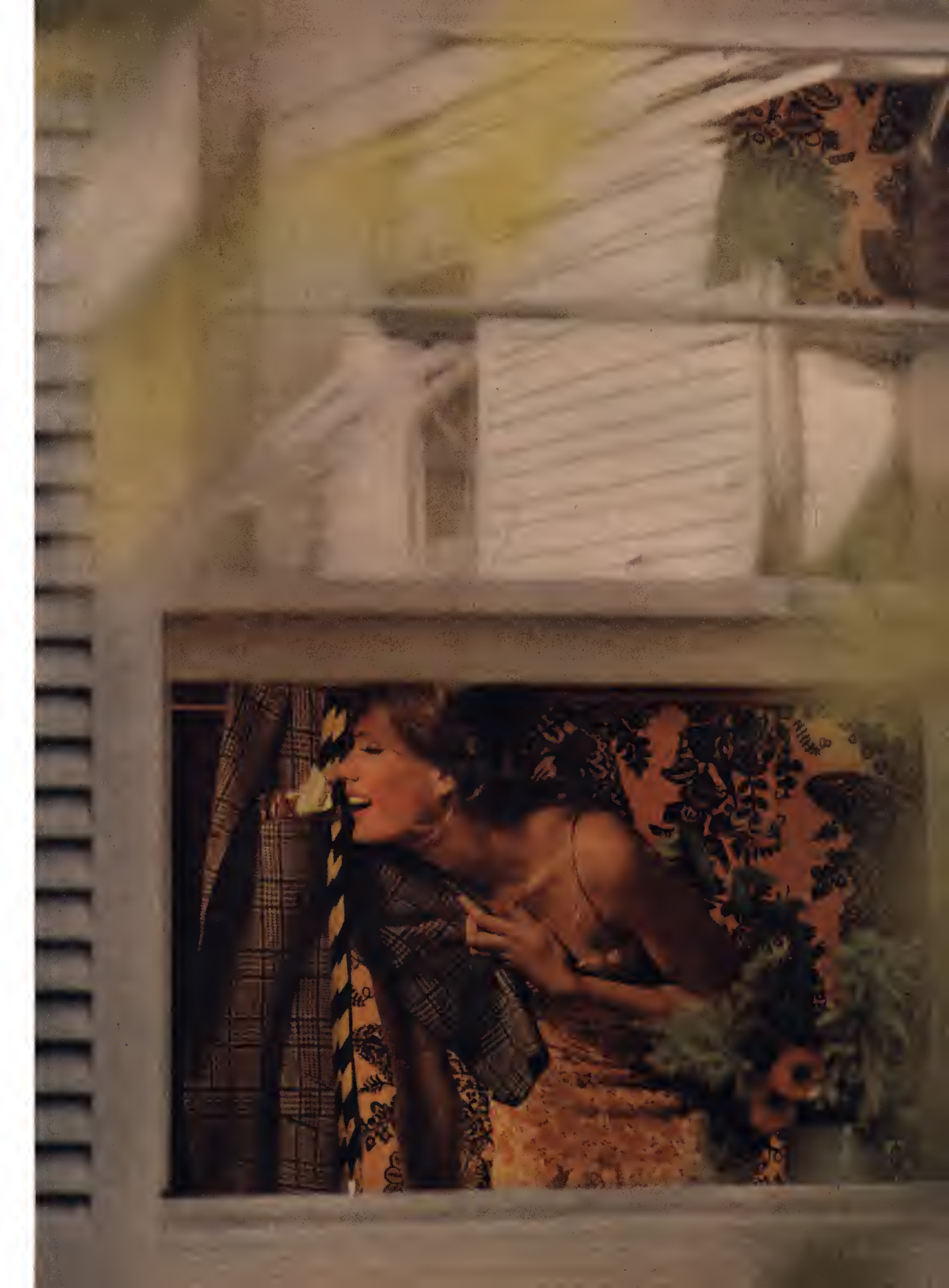
So far as Harry Powell could see, Ruth didn't mind the jokes. Her indifference to what people said about her at first astonished, and later impressed him. On the other hand, the staff could hardly be blamed for making malicious jokes about him and Ruth, since it was obvious that she had been largely responsible for Powell's success with D. J. Powell was certain that, once his father had a chance to meet Ruth, he would realize the fact that she was seven years older was unimportant. The difference in their ages was, in fact, an advantage. Ruth's longer experience in the business world, especially in the part of it over which D. J. ruled and in which Harry Powell's future now so clearly lay, had already proven of tremendous help to a young hick from Cleveland. How much more helpful that experience would be to a young husband from New York.

It was Ruth, for example, who had pointed out to Powell the significance of D. J.'s invitation that Harry join his boss for the lunch with Doc Hapfel. And now, instead of just letting Powell cool his heels while he waited for D. J. to shake himself free for that important lunch, Ruth had slipped Harry the first draft of the proposed Hartwell-Koch campaign. She had given him another leg up on the rest of the staff, every member of which had been angling for weeks to find out what D. J. had in mind for snagging the biggest account of his career. Powell appreciated the fact that Ruth, who had already given him so much, had chosen to add this gift on the day when he was already receiving D. J.'s crowning accolade of lunch with Doc Hapfel.

The combination could mean only one thing. In Ruth's eyes the hick from Cleveland had vanished. She had decided Harry Powell was ready. Tonight, when they had dinner, she would give him permission to call his father and break the news about their engagement. Ruth would not do that unless she was certain of their future. For the first time since he had arrived in New York, so was Harry Powell. The box on Ruth's desk buzzed.

"Yes?" she said. She listened for several moments. "All right, yes sir," she said finally. "I'll tell him." She flipped the key back into place, and said to Powell, "D. J. is stuck. He isn't going to be able to walk those men for a little while yet. He wants you to go over to Pierre's, start lunch with Doc Hapfel, and

A couple of the favorite office stories about Ruth were accounts of intimate goings on in Harry's little hideaway on Bank Street.



then, as soon as he gets rid of these people, D. J. will join you."

"How long will that be?"

"Not very," Ruth said. "Fifteen, twenty minutes. What difference does it make?"

"None at all, I guess," Harry Powell said. "It's just that I've never met this Doc Hapfel."

"So what?" Ruth said. "Suppose D. J. told you to go over to Pierre's and start lunch with Coles Hartwell or Bruce Koch? You've never met them, either. If you expect to end up in D. J.'s shoes some day, you'd better get used to the idea of meeting men like Hartwell and Koch. No matter how many automobile plants they own, they're just potential clients, that's all. You can't let yourself be intimidated by their money or their reputations. You have to step up to the plate and take your cut at the old apple as though they were no different from any other pitchers."

Powell raked back quickly through his last words, all innocently spoken, trying to find the ones that had brought the tense look to Ruth's face and that edge into her voice. He found nothing.

"All I meant," he said, "is that I don't know anything about Doc Hapfel."

"All you have to know is that he's D. J.'s old high school teacher from Cleveland and that once a year, no matter how busy he is, D. J. makes it a point to have lunch with him on the old man's birthday." Ruth relaxed her rigid rules about office decorum long enough to give him a friendly laugh. "Quit acting like a hick from Cleveland," she said. "This is the three-two pitch, Harry."

He laughed with her and then, all the way out of the office and down the elevator and walking up Madison Avenue to Fifty-second Street, Powell kept wondering if he had laughed because no matter how bright they were, women could never quite master the lingo of baseball. Ruth couldn't have meant the three-two pitch. The three-two pitch was behind him. Harry Powell had got his hit. What Ruth had obviously meant to say was that this lunch with Doc Hapfel was Harry Powell's grand slam. Even Pierre, who was standing just inside the restaurant door when Harry came in, seemed to realize that.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Powell," he said. "Your guest is seated."

Harry followed him to a corner table and had a moment of surprise.

"You are Harry Powell," said the old man at the table, smiling shyly as he half rose in his chair and hesitantly extended a not very steady hand. "I'm Doc Hapfel. D. J. has told me a good deal about you. It is a great pleasure to have this opportunity to meet you."

"Thank you," said Harry, wishing as he took the outstretched hand and slipped into the chair facing D. J.'s old high school teacher that he could think of some way to put the little old man at ease. "I've heard a good deal about you, too, sir."

The old man flushed with pleasure and then shot Powell a quick, anxious glance.

"Have you?" the old man said, uncertainly but with unmistakable eagerness. "Have you really?"

"I certainly have," Powell said, wondering what was troubling this old man who, according to D. J., was the most extraordinary human being he had ever known. "Ever since I joined D. J.'s staff eleven weeks ago," Powell said, "I've been hearing all about how you taught him all he knew, and encouraged him in the early days, and urged him to go into business for himself when he was still not much more than a kid. D. J. talks about you all the time, sir."

"Isn't that nice?" the old man said. "Even if he exaggerates what I did for him, I still think it's nice of D. J. to say things like that." Doc Hapfel turned toward the hovering Pierre and said, "I wonder if you would mind bringing me another one of these, please?" Then, as Pierre bowed and reached for the old man's glass, Doc Hapfel turned back to Powell and said nervously, "If that's all right with you?"

"Of course it's all right," Powell said quickly.

"Another Martini, sir," Pierre said.

"Thank you," Doc Hapfel said and then, with an uneasy side glance at Harry Powell, "Could you make it a double, please?"

"Certainly, sir," Pierre said. "Another double Martini, sir." He turned to Harry. "Will you have something to drink, sir?"

"Thanks, no," Harry said.

"Won't you really have a drink?" Doc Hapfel said, looking as distressed as though Powell, who needed it to save his life, had refused a blood transfusion. "After all, this is something of an occasion for both of us. My birthday and . . ." He smiled uncomfortably. "D. J. won't be along for another fifteen minutes."

"Oh," Harry said. "Then Miss Sayre called you?"

"No, no." The old man suddenly sounded frightened. "Not at all. Nobody called me. It's just that I—" He paused and smiled apologetically. "It's just that I know how terribly busy D. J. is, and when I saw you coming across the restaurant by yourself, I assumed he got stuck at the last minute."

"That's exactly what happened," Harry said, smiling back at the old man. "And since you're absolutely right about this being an occasion, while we're waiting for him I think I will have a drink." He turned to Pierre. "Scotch and water, please."

"One double Martini, one Scotch and water," Pierre said, setting down two menus. "I recommend Pintade Rotie."

"One can hardly blame him, can one, at three dollars and seventy-five cents a serving," Doc Hapfel said in a tone of wonder as Pierre left, and then he added quickly, "Not that it isn't worth it, I'm sure. I mean, an establishment like this, the expenses, the rent, their laundry bills, salaries for cooks and waiters, all that—"

The pointless apology dribbled away into an uneasy silence. Doc Hapfel put his hands up on the table, folded them neatly in a gesture that reminded Harry Powell of a child in school composing himself at a desk, and looked worriedly across the restaurant toward the door.

"He'll be here," Harry said reassuringly. "He just has to get rid of a couple of men who barged in on him unexpectedly."

"Oh, I'm sure of it," the old man said even more quickly. "It's not that," he said, turning back toward the door. "I was only looking to see if—"

His voice trailed away into the same uncomfortable silence, and Harry tried desperately to think of something to say. It was not easy. He suddenly realized that, even though D. J. never seemed to stop talking about his debt to this little old man, he never said anything specific. After leaving Grover Cleveland High at the age of seventeen, D. J. had kept in touch with his old teacher, and when Doc Hapfel reached sixty-five and was automatically retired on a pension, D. J. had urged him to come to New York. For sixteen years he had been living comfortably in a small apartment on East Forty-eighth Street, no more than a five minute walk, even for a man of eighty-one, from D. J.'s office as well as Pierre's.

"Ah, here we are," Doc Hapfel said with an eager smile, and Powell realized it was not the door the old man had been watching so anxiously. "Thank you very much," he said as the waiter set down the glasses. The waiter nodded and walked away. Doc Hapfel picked up his Martini and, with a small, courtly bow, held it out toward Harry. "To your future," he said. "May it be just as bright as D. J.'s."

"Thank you," said Harry. He touched his glass to Doc Hapfel's. "And the same to you, sir."

"What a nice thing to drink to on one's eighty-first birthday," the old man said, bringing his other hand up to the glass to steady it. "Thank you, yes. To both our futures."

The glass shook badly, but he succeeded in getting it to his lips without spilling its contents. Harry wondered nervously whether, as the old man's technical host until D. J. arrived, he should offer Doc Hapfel another drink. He had put down at least one before Harry arrived, and while that may not have had anything to do with the way his hand was shaking, two doubles seemed to Harry to be enough for a man of eighty-one. Doc Hapfel obviously did not agree.

"I wonder if I might have another one of these?" he said anxiously, and then, perhaps because he saw Harry's moment of hesitation, the old man added, "I'm sure it's quite all right with D. J."

"Of course," Harry said, feeling his face grow hot. Turning to order the drinks, he saw another waiter approaching with a telephone.

"For you, sir," he said as he set the phone on the table and plugged it in.

"Thanks," Harry said. "Excuse me," he said to Doc Hapfel, who nodded, and then, into the phone, "Hello?"

"Hello," said Ruth Sayre. "Harry?"

"Yes, hello."

"How are things going?"

"Why fine," Harry said. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, D. J. just buzzed me. He's still stuck with these two men so he said that you and Doc Hapfel should start to eat. He probably won't be able to join you until you have your coffee, but he'll get there as soon as he can. All right?"

"Sure," Harry said. "Of course. Thanks, Ruth."

He hung up and saw that the anxiety on the little old man's face had turned to disappointment.

"He's still stuck with those men," Doc Hapfel said quietly. "He wants us to start and he'll join us a little later. Is that it?"

"As a matter of fact," Harry began and then, making no effort to conceal his surprise, he said, "How did you know that, sir?"

Whatever reply the old man was about to make was deflected by the arrival of the waiter with the fresh Martini. He set it down, unplugged the phone, and carried it away. Doc Hapfel's narrow shoulders moved in a fragmentary shrug of resignation. He released a low, tired sigh, picked up the glass and disposed of the contents.

"I'm his good luck piece," he said.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" Harry said.

"Like a silver dollar," Doc Hapfel said. "Something you carry in your pocket for luck. In this city—" He started to make a gesture clearly intended to take in the room, but his hand was shaking too much, and he allowed it to drop to the tablecloth. "In New York, to be successful in New York you must have a good luck peesh, no, a *piece*, you must have a good luck *piece*. I'm D. J.'s good luck piece. That's why he asked me to come live in New York when I retired. He wanted me near him. Where he could—"

The old man's voice stopped, and he reached out to touch the sleeve of a passing waiter. He missed by several inches, and his slender body, following the movement of his arm, would have toppled forward, perhaps out of the chair, but the waiter, seeing the gesture, had turned, so that the old man's shoulder rammed against the waiter's thigh and stopped the falling motion. With a gentle assist from the waiter, Doc Hapfel leaned back safely in his chair and Harry Powell, dropping back with relief into his, wished to God that D. J. would hurry up and get here. Lunch with his boss's old high school teacher, which Harry had been assured by Ruth was an accolade, was proving a rapidly accelerating embarrassment.

"May I have another one of these?" the old man said to the waiter, tapping the rim of his glass, and this time he did not glance at Harry Powell, apologetically or otherwise, as he added, "A double, please, if you would be show kind?"

"Certainly, sir," the waiter said, taking the glass. He turned to Harry. "You, too, sir?"

"No, thanks," Harry said. He turned to Doc Hapfel. "Don't you think we ought to order?"

"I am not hungry," the old man said. "But do not let—" A small, gastric disturbance interrupted him. He patted his lips, smiled foolishly and said, "But do not allow my lack of appetite to interfere with your own desire to consume this excellent Pintade Rotie at three dollars and seventy-five shents a sherving."

"Why don't we order?" Harry said. "By the time our food arrives, you'll probably be feeling hungry and—"

"This does not conshern you, young man," Doc Hapfel said politely to the waiter. "If you will be good enough to fetch my drink, I will be mosht grateful."

"Yes, sir," the waiter said and, after a short glance at Harry, moved away. "One double Martini, sir."

Doc Hapfel watched the waiter's departure for several moments with complete absorption, then said with ponderous slowness, "If that young man had a good luck peesh like me, he would own this restaurant in a week. But there are not many good luck peeshes like me. That is why D. J. wants me near him all the time, and that's why he always takes me to lunch on my birthday, and that's why I refuse to order this excellent Pintade Rotie at three dollars and seventy-five shents a sherving, because to do so would be to violate the ritual D. J. established for these lunches many years ago. Am I making myself clear?"

"Well," Harry Powell said, shooting a nervous glance toward the door and wondering why Ruth, who had given him so many helpful hints during the past eleven weeks, had not tipped him off, on this crucial day of his grand slam, about Doc Hapfel and alcohol, "I'm not sure that I follow you, sir."

"You will," the old man said. "I cannot live forever. Shome day D. J. will need a new good luck piece. Peesh? No, piece. And when he does, why not you? Miss Sayre told me on the phone when she called me to invite me to this lunch that D. J. thinks very highly of you, much higher than any of the others, so it is important for you to understand the ritual of these lunches. It is like scarlet fever. Or perhaps I mean pneumonia? I am not sure. One of those diseases where the victim must go through all the stages. He can't skip any, in spite of miracle drugs or anything else. First there is the call from Miss Sayre setting the date of the lunch. Then, on the day of the lunch, D. J. gets stuck just before he has to go to the restaurant. So he asks his confidential assistant to go on ahead and shtart lunch with old Doc Hapfel and he'll be along in fifteen or twenty minutes. In the restaurant, at the table, comes the first call from Miss Sayre. D. J. just buzzed her. He's still tied up with these two men, so he said you and Doc Hapfel should start to eat. He probably won't be able to join you until you have your coffee, but he'll get there as soon as he can. Then, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes later—" The old man paused, lifted his arm with great care, and squinted at his wrist watch. "Yes," he said. "Ten or fifteen minutes later comes the second call. Aah, here we are."

He leaned back, as though the waiter were setting down an enormous platter instead of a Martini glass, and then Powell saw that the waiter was also setting down the phone.

"For you, sir," he said. He plugged the phone in.

"Thanks," Harry said. The waiter went away and Harry, picking up the receiver, saw Doc Hapfel pick up his fresh drink. Harry said, "Hello?"

"Hello," Ruth's voice said. "Harry, look, something terrible has happened.

You know those long distance calls I told you about? From Washington? One of them from the White House? That came in just before those two men showed up? The men D. J.'s tied up with?"

"Yes," Harry said, watching Doc Hapfel uneasily. "What about them?"

"Well, it turns out that there *is* a connection between those calls and the unexpected visit of the two men, and D. J. just isn't going to be able to get away at all. Will you please convey his apologies to Doc Hapfel? And see that the old man has a very nice lunch? And tell him that D. J. will call him in a day or so, as soon as he's out from under, and make another date for them to get together?"

"Sure," Harry said. "But—"

"I've got to run now. D. J. is buzzing me."

"But Ruth—"

"And don't forget to wish him a happy birthday from me, too."

Harry Powell sat there for several moments, holding the dead phone to his ear, not because he expected Ruth to come back on the wire, but because he felt he should paraphrase the message. He didn't understand why, but it suddenly seemed terribly important to tell it to the old man in his own words, not Ruth's, but Harry Powell never got the chance.

"It turns out there *is* a connection," Doc Hapfel said quietly, "between those calls that came in from Washington just before you left the office and the men who dropped in on D. J. unexpectedly. He isn't going to be able to get away at all. Will you—?" The old man paused. He seemed to have forgotten what he wanted to say. His eyes opened and closed slowly, and he swayed slightly in his chair. He was trying to shake his head, as though to clear it. A look of annoyance crossed his face, as though he was irritated with himself for getting so drunk, and thus impairing his memory at a time when it was important to remember everything. "Oh, yes," he said, and his face cleared. "Yes, like this. Will you," he said, putting invisible quotation marks around the laboriously uttered words, "convey D. J.'s apologies to me? And see that I have a nice lunch? And tell me D. J. will call me in a day or two, as soon as he's out from under, and make another date?" The old man's face expanded in the foolish smile from which the haze of alcohol could not erase the suddenly vivid smear of pain. Breathing hard, fighting for coherence, the white-haired old man mumbled, "Have I got it right?"

"Yes," Harry said carefully. "Except for one thing."

"Whatsh that, may I ashk?"

"Miss Sayre said—"

Before he could tell Doc Hapfel what Ruth had said, the old man's forehead, dropping forward abruptly like the blade of a jack knife snapping back into its slot, struck the empty glass from which, in two long gulps, he had just taken his fourth, or possibly fifth, double Martini. Harry Powell moved quickly, but not quickly enough. By the time he got around to the other side of the table, the slender body had hit the floor. The glasses and silver followed with a splintering crash that stopped the buzz of conversation in the crowded restaurant as though a switch had been pulled. Then Harry Powell saw that Pierre had arrived. He rapped out orders to several waiters and, at the same time, pushed Powell out of the way.

"Stand aside, please," Pierre said sharply. "He is all right. They will carry him into my office. There is a couch in my office."

By the time the waiters had put the old man on the couch in Pierre's office, Powell became aware of the way Doc Hapfel was breathing.

"I think we'd better get an ambulance," Powell said. "He looks—"

"Yes, of course," Pierre said. "At once, sir."

The sarcasm in his voice was so unmistakable that Harry Powell took a good look at Pierre's face. What he saw told Powell clearly, as the small, sick feeling started churning in his stomach, that Ruth's knowledge of baseball lingo was more accurate than he had thought. The lunch with Doc Hapfel, which Powell had considered a grand slam, was not that at all. It was precisely what Ruth had called it, the three-two pitch, and as he listened to Pierre's cold, impatient voice, in which the scarcely controlled anger hummed venomously, telling the hospital attendant at the other end of the phone where to send the ambulance, Harry Powell realized that he hadn't even swung at the pitch. He had struck out looking.

"They will be here in perhaps ten or fifteen minutes," Pierre said as he hung up. "I would now like to go back to reassure and attend to my customers," he said and added sarcastically, "If it is all right to leave you in here alone with him, that is."

Powell could feel his face flush.

"Yes, sure, go right ahead," he said, trying to keep the anger out of his voice. "I'll stay here with him until the ambulance comes."

For several moments after Pierre had gone out and slammed the door, Powell stood motionless beside the desk, looking down at the unconscious Doc Hapfel on the couch, telling himself it was just as foolish to postpone making the call as it was to be angry with this little man of eighty-one whose rasping, irregular breathing filled the small office with sounds that made Powell think of long, rusted spikes being pulled out of a waterlogged plank. The only person with whom Harry Powell was entitled to be angry was Harry Powell. If he was half as bright as D. J. seemed to think he was, if he possessed any of the qualities that Ruth felt were essential to achieving success on the levels she expected the man she married some day to reach, Harry Powell would have met this simple test successfully. He would not have allowed sentimental embarrassment about cutting off An Older Person's flow of liquor to stop him from preventing a public spectacle that D. J. was bound to hear about. In short, if Harry Powell had acted like the experienced New Yorker that Ruth Sayre believed he had become, instead of the hick from Cleveland he so obviously was, he would not now have to walk back to the dugout with his head hanging. There was no point in postponing the humiliating journey. Harry Powell picked up the phone on Pierre's desk and dialed his office number. Then he waited.

"D. J. Crawford Associates, good afternoon."

"Hello, Miss Dunne," Harry Powell said to the switchboard operator. "Could I talk with Miss Sayre, please? This is Harry Powell."

"Just a moment." There was a series of clicks, a long pause, and then Miss Dunne came back on the wire. "Sorry, Mr. Powell. She stepped out for a few minutes. Can I have her call you back?"

"Well, I—" Powell turned with the phone to glance at the inert, white-haired figure on the couch. "Do you have any idea where Miss Sayre is? I mean, did she go out to lunch or something?"

"Oh, no," Miss Dunne said. "She's somewhere around the office. The little girls' room, maybe. I don't really know."

"Then she ought to be back at her desk soon?"

"Oh, yes. In a few minutes, I should think. If you'll give me a number, I'll have her call you?"

Powell drew a deep breath and blew it out slowly. There was nothing to be gained by trying to filter the bad news through a third party, even a sympathetic one like Ruth.

"No, that's all right," Harry Powell said. "Put me through to D. J., will you?"

"D. J.?"

"Yes, I'd like to talk to him right away, Miss Dunne. It's urgent."

"Mr. Powell, are you kidding?"

Powell wished he was.

"I know he's tied up in a meeting, but this is urgent," he said. "If you'll tell him I'm calling from Pierre's, I know he'll take the call."

"But Mr. Powell, D. J. is in Detroit."

"He's where?"

"In Detroit, Mr. Powell. He flew out last night for a conference with Coles Hartwell and Bruce Koch. He's not expected back until late tonight or tomorrow. Didn't you know that?"

Powell scarcely heard the question. He certainly made no effort to answer it. All at once the inside of his head felt like a jigsaw puzzle that had been tossed in the air. He was snatching busily at the slowly floating pieces as though it was tremendously important to fit them all back into place before any of them touched the ground.

"Mr. Powell?"

He brought his mind back to the voice at the other end of the phone.

"Yes?"

"I said do you want me to have Miss Sayre call you when she gets back?"

"Yes, please."

Long after he had read off to Miss Dunne the number on Pierre's telephone, Powell stood there beside the desk, snatching at those scraps of the puzzle. Taking the piece that covered Ruth's insistence that he postpone calling his father in Cleveland with the news of their engagement until after dinner that night; adding it to the piece that covered her neglect to warn him about Doc Hapfel's drinking; fitting them all against one persistent image: Ruth sitting at her desk outside D. J.'s door less than an hour ago, telling him irritably that his not knowing anything about Doc Hapfel was unimportant, answering the call box, going through the elaborate pretense that D. J., who was actually in Detroit, was tied up in a conference behind the door at her back.

"I'm—I'm terribly sorry."

Powell turned. The little old man on the couch had opened his eyes.

"I'm—I'm—" Doc Hapfel said again, his voice hoarse and low, the words coming with an effort "—terribly—sorry."

"That's all right," Powell said. "There's nothing to be sorry for."

Not for Doc Hapfel, at any rate. He was not a temporary employee, with three months in which to make good. He was D. J.'s good luck piece.

"I didn't mean to get so—so—" The little old man rolled his head helplessly from side to side, unable to utter the humiliating word. "It's just that every year, when I come to these lunches on my birthday, every year I hope that it—" He paused, as though gathering his strength. "I knew I shouldn't have so much to drink," he said finally, his eyes still closed. "You see," he said, "I don't know anybody else in New York. I have no family, and I'm too old to make new friends. Everybody is so busy. I came here sixteen years ago because I thought it would be nice to live near someone who—"

"When did you see D. J. last?" Harry Powell said.

The old man opened his eyes. A look of uneasiness, almost of fear, washed across his face.

"He can't help it," Doc Hapfel said, speaking too quickly. "He's a very important man. He's terribly busy. His time is valuable. He can't—"

"When did you see him last?" Harry Powell repeated.

The old man merely shook his head helplessly. The phone rang. Harry stepped across to Pierre's desk and picked up the instrument. "Hello?"

"Harry?"

"Yes," he said to Ruth Sayre.

"I'm sorry I wasn't at my desk when you called. Anything wrong?"

"No, everything's fine," Harry Powell said, and all at once he realized that it was. The pieces of the puzzle had fallen into place. "Doc Hapfel and I were just talking," he said. "And there was one small point he couldn't seem to remember, so I thought I'd call the office and check."

"What point?"

"He couldn't seem to remember when he saw D. J. last. Would you mind putting him on, Ruth?"

There was a pause at the other end of the wire.

"Ruth?"

"Yes?"

"I said would you mind putting him on?"

"Who?"

"D. J."

"I'm sorry," Ruth Sayre said. "He's still tied up with those men who—"

"Put him on, anyway," Harry insisted.

"I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Now, look, Harry." There was a familiar edge in Ruth's voice. "I never interrupt D. J. when he's in conference, and I'm not going to do it now."

"Even if I insist?"

"What does that remark mean?"

"If you didn't know what it means," Harry Powell said, "I don't think you'd be sitting at that desk right outside of D. J.'s door."

This time the pause at the other end of the wire was so long that a stranger might have thought Ruth Sayre had hung up. But Harry Powell was not a stranger. Not after eleven weeks. He could hear her breathing.

"Harry," she said finally, in the precise, carefully modulated voice that she considered consonant with her notions about office decorum. "I don't know what Doc Hapfel or anybody else has told you, and I'm not interested. I'm very interested, however, in making sure that you don't reach any foolish conclusions about what you've heard. Everything I've done has been for your own good. This is not Cleveland, Harry. I thought after eleven weeks you'd finally got that through your head. In this town the thing that counts—"

"I know," he said. For the first time since she had started to repay his guileless politeness, one of Ruth Sayre's helpful hints was totally unnecessary. Harry Powell did not have to be told what counted. It was merely that away from home, playing in a strange park, he had temporarily forgotten. "Sorry to have bothered you," he said to Ruth Sayre. "It won't happen again."

He hung up and walked back to the couch and looked down on the slender figure fighting for breath. Doc Hapfel didn't look too good, but he would probably be all right as soon as the ambulance arrived. Bending over to loosen the old man's tie, Harry Powell wondered if, after he saw D. J.'s old high school teacher safely to the hospital, he should call his father in Cleveland or just get on a plane and do all his talking when he got home. He preferred the latter, because it would give him time to work out an explanation that might save his face. But, as Harry Powell recalled the schedule, law school started in mid-October, and it was already the last week in September. If he expected to get in on such short notice, it might be wise to ask his father to start pulling strings at once. The old man probably couldn't get a table in Pierre's, but in and around Cleveland, where he had been practicing law for almost thirty years, his name meant something.

THE END



STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT

Every night he saw her on the turnpike, racing her little red sports car.... He wanted to touch her, reach her in the most desperate and hopeless way.

BY THOMAS J. FLEMING

Mile after mile in the deep night, the pale road swoops ahead of me, up long sloping hills and around architectured curves, while on the edges of this marvelous concrete country the voices shout: SPEED LIMIT SIXTY: SHORE POINTS NEXT EXIT: TELEPHONE ONE MILE to my prying headlights, and are gone into the past, the black meaningless night that recedes steadily behind my drumming wheels. A quarter laid on the dashboard for the next tollgate beats a little tattoo. The wind thunders at the window by my ear. As the white needle rides up the black dial like a messenger climbing a new Olympus, the motor begins a thrumming whine: a kind of music. And suddenly everything is smooth again, the way it used to be. The lovely inner mastery returns.

I made my discovery accidentally in the familiar mode of miracles revealed. If I were of another era, where faith explained all things as delivered by the hands of a benevolent providence, I might have made it the beginning of a new religion. I might have found it my esoteric reason for following the great turnpikes, one after another, through the states to the coasts of California, abandoning an old and empty life for a new and electric existence. But I am a modern American, and I knew that turnpikes were essentially the same, and if you drove on them long enough, you would only return to that hallowed place where the angel first descended. So I took it for what it was worth, which was a great deal. For a year it held my life together.

Or was it, all that time, subtly destroying it? I do not really know. I can only tell the story.

Little by little, the confident certainty with which I had fathered my children, loved my wife, built my law practice and cherished my lineage from revolutionary heroes began to dissolve. It began, strangely, at the very moment when the rest of my world considered me remarkably successful. I would lie awake in the night and listen to my wife's steady breathing in the bed beside me. Steady, steady, it seemed to say, I am the steady girl, neither pretty nor homely, that you married because I was the kind of life you wanted: reasonable stability, reasonable certainty, reasonable tenderness. Steady, the breathing said. But are you?

Then, out of the still suburban night would come a gigantic arrow of anxiety through my guts. Up it would go, reaming me clean of every solid feeling, leaving me an empty, sweating shell. Are you steady, are you steady, the breathing said, and a cricket would take it up in the back yard, thin and brittle now, *are you steady*, oh, oh, oh. Good-by to sleep for another twenty-four hours then. I would be up, walking in the kitchen, the den, the living room, the game room, on the patio, along the crooked streets with their pretty little names, Bellwether Road, Halfpenny Lane, tripping into potholes, cursing the town planners who had blandly eliminated the sidewalks. I tried drinking; a fifth of Scotch could not even dampen the flame growling in my belly. I tried tranquilizers and long rambling hours on couches in first floor rooms off Fifth Avenue, and none of them were able to stop the swelling, hotly tumorous sensation of my life tearing apart, like a man on a rack, simultaneously ripped north, south, east and west. What high treason had I committed to be drawn and quartered so barbarously? I still have no idea.

But one summer night, when it came on again, I ran to the car and began driving. I was on the road an hour when I hit the turnpike. It had been opened a short time before, and I had had no occasion to drive on it at night. I had no special desire to do so now. But I was a fugitive, and this was a road. I took it. From the first moment I liked it, largely because it permitted speed, and that night speed was what I needed. The needle soon rocked crazily between 90 and 100, all that the old car could take, the wind tore at the metal skin like an aroused, thundering god.

For several minutes, nothing happened; then I topped a hill and far ahead of me I could see the pale outline of the road, rising and dipping over more hills, to the edge of the black sky. Down the other side of the hill I plunged, and it began to happen—the shedding of my skin of flame—the peace flowing into me, as if the motor were digesting it from the humming concrete and pouring it up through the accelerator into my thighs, chest, temples.

This was my country. Not that silly little suburb with its neat neocolonial houses and its façade of permanence, vainly ignoring the puny little trees which the hurricanes regularly flattened. None of that was *true*. But *this* was true, this road stretching into distance that was never anything more than distance, this furious pounding speed, mile after empty mile, which neither questioned nor even wanted a destination. The fellow-

ship of the road, which was of course really no fellowship at all, but a supreme loneliness, this was our truth.

There are many truths—truth of the intellect, of the spirit, of the imagination. I suddenly knew I had been living in a world which had fabricated a lie for its imagination, which lived by images that never were and never would be true. Now, by accident, I had discovered a true world that mirrored my reality.

STOP PAY TOLL. NEXT EXIT TWO MILES. SPEEDERS LOSE LICENSES. They were echoes, symbols, of a new world of perpetual movement that was coming to birth all around us, while we still worried and wondered why the old salt had lost its savor and only served to poison our mysterious wounds. The truth shall make you free, our greatest prophet said, and it will, any one of our truths will free us from the terror that comes by night.

How I savored this world, and studied it. Extremely complex, its denizens. There were the sixties, who always stayed precisely on the speed limit, and the seventies, who always stayed precisely ten miles above it. They are the majority of the population. Then there are the speeders, who cannot resist a huge stretch of open highway ahead of them, and the weavers who cannot resist the need to pass. There are the crawlers, who either lack the courage or the ability to approach the speed limit. They soon discover they do not belong in this new world; usually they are old, and they quickly drop out, to choose the safer byroads. It takes endurance, skill and passion to truly live and remain living on my turnpike.

Those who lack these qualities might blanch at what I am saying. But to see it at night was to love it. I think it was the way the darkness cut off the rest of the world, leaving only this great arching flow of concrete alone in the darkness. I visited it often in the daylight, and the effect was never the same. But gaining the insight, sensing the poetry of this world was only the beginning of its power. The long monotonous hours were a kind of hypnosis, which let the mind flow out along unaccustomed memories, exploring the lost bywaters of truth.

I saw, little by little, what a lie my whole life had heen. I had accepted the prevailing ideas, the accepted folkways, while deep in my soul there was this secret dream of another country, where there was only time flowing, and no need to care, to worry, to hate or even to love. I began to answer that question in my wife's steady breathing with a terrible, anguished *no*. I am not steady, I want to ride the wind, not a commuter train, I want to go where the night goes, where the headlights loom. I want to choose my exit without caring, pay my tolls without worrying, take my distance in great greedy gulps.

All this was happening in my nights, while my days were filled with the routine of work and supper and a drink and bed. I was living on less than four hours' sleep a night, but I never felt it. I was filled with exaltation, and each night I would lay tense in my bed, waiting for my wife's asleep breathing to begin; then I'd be gone, down to the car and off to the turnpike. Each night I learned more and more, not the kind of learning that school or college gave, but the learning that filters down the nerves and blood.

Only one thing was wrong. I had no one to share my world. I tried to explain it once, to my oldest friend, but he had long since let his imagination expire in the catacombs of daily routine, and he only stared at me and said: "What the hell have you been drinking?" This began to gnaw at me. Soon I was pulling alongside the sixties and the seventies and studying their faces in the pale glow of my headlights. It is fascinating, how utterly different people look while driving on a turnpike. The face is returned to its primeval emptiness; the monotony strips away every pretense that liquor or guile or habit usually supplies. Almost always, there was nothing in these faces; they had no consciousness of where they were riding, or why. They were not in this or any other world. They were lost in that ultimate and most terrible way; they did not know it. I began, at considerable risk, to study the speeders and weavers. But I never found one who was not a child, playing with this world and its automobiles like they were overgrown toys. In some ways I found them more discouraging than the sixties and seventies.

Then I saw her. STOP PAY TOLL had intruded its dullness into the usual meaningless pause, the outstretched hand with the blank face above it and the blank name on the little plate beside the little fort from which the defensive pedestrian peered oddly. I never looked at other cars while this ritual was being performed. They might have been anywhere, on a parkway in Westchester, God forbid, or waiting to get into a drive-in movie. Only when in motion did my world have meaning. But this time I heard a voice saying: "Hey, there she goes again."

I looked up at the pedestrian face and heard the pedestrian voice say pedestrian words: "The dragon lady, we calla. Ev'ry night she comes tru. Drives that red Jaguar. Wearsa chink bathrobe. A kimono."

Looking ahead of me as he spoke, I saw a low-slung red sports car vanish beyond the glow of the tollgate's lights. I gave chase. For a while I thought I would never catch her. Not until the speedometer swung back and forth past 100 did I pull up to her. There, rocketing through the night side by side, I saw in the pale glow of her own dashboard, and my headlights, a face I will never forget. It was a beautiful face, delicately boned, terribly fine; it was also a broken face, a face that had lost some magnificent hope, and was now peering down the night in search of it, but at the same time a mysteriously wise face, the eyes looking and the mouth set and knowing that this hope was not to be found here, or anywhere. She was about forty, my age, but there were more years than age in her face, stripped, as all of us were, by the speed and the monotony.

Back and forth the speedometer swayed above 100. Still I clung there in the wildly buffeting wind, not quite able to believe that I had found someone else who lived in this world as intensely, perhaps more intensely, than I. But how do you speak, how do you reach out, when you are enclosed in a metal skin, and the merest touch means disaster? My Detroit car began to display alarming symptoms of strain. The temperature needle lunged far over toward H. A red light began flickering on the other side of the dashboard. For that night, I had to let her go. Abruptly I dropped back, and the Jaguar surged into the darkness.

The next night, I reached the tollgate at the same time, and pretended to have engine trouble just beyond it. Within the hour, she came through. This time she was not driving so fast. I pulled alongside at 80, and stayed there. But it was a windy night, and my more vulnerable car began tossing and rocking like a small boat in a gale. Still I stayed there, savoring the intensity of that face's disillusion, the delicious certainty with which she devoured distance. Suddenly, as we clung to each other in the separate lanes, I saw her slowly smile.

At me? No, at some memory, no doubt, as I often did when I first began my voyage of discovery. It is another gift of the distance, this power to strip away all the idiocies with which we clothe our daily lives, until we see the essential joke in the flesh. It was her smile, but it was also my smile. Then, then, I wanted to touch her, reach her in the most desperate and hopeless way. We had so much to tell each other, so much to share. But she never looked to the right or the left. I waited a half-hour, and once more let her go. But now I knew that it was only for a night.

For another week, I exhausted myself in my incredible pursuit. But never once did she turn her head to look at me. She was too deep in her own distance, in the engulfing past and engulfed future, to know anyone, even she herself, really existed. I began to wonder if the whole thing was not something I was imagining under the influence of pentothal or mescaline or marijuana. I lost all interest in my work, my wife, my children. Daylight was an empty interlude between the priceless hours of possibility, night and my dream of love. By now I knew

this was the woman I wanted to love; she herself might be incapable, indifferent to it now; but it was enough that she was in love with the imagination of our world. Stripped of pretense, habit, formula, of everything that destroyed and decayed, we would explore a new kind of love, where caring did not matter, where if it became caring, it was only after every effort had been made to banish it forever. If caring came then, it would be real, and too precious to describe.

I invented a name for her. Dolores. Woman of sorrow. STOP PAY TOLL. Pierced sorrow, of those who know too much and cannot explain what it is they know. The modern martyrs to faith in motion, movement, freedom, passion to transform everyday into notaday. NEXT EXIT TWO MILES. Somewhere there even became a country where the road ended, beyond night, a country of brilliant sunlight and deep blue water, silent mountains, lost America of the old ancestral dream, pierced now with the multiple spears of turnpikes, freeways, superhighways, concrete proof of a new dream, a new hope still without words. Dolores, here I am beside you, look at me.

It was on the thirteenth night, I was full of hope. The night before, we had repeated our old ritual, this time at a speed that was not on my speedometer. Still she refused to turn her head, refused to acknowledge my persistence, and I could not know whether it was a refusal or simply part of her continued indifference. But that night, for the first time, she gave a sign. As we rocketed down a long hill, I heard a new, more powerful whine from her motor, and the Jaguar surged ahead of me at a fantastic pace, totally beyond me. Why had she done it? Why but a desire to escape me, which was as serious as my desire to reach her. What else did it mean but a proof that she knew but preferred the loneliness?

Somehow I would change that. Tonight I was going to follow her, no matter what the speed. I would follow her until my rattling collection of Detroit bolts and nuts disintegrated under me. I waited at the usual place, and soon she was streaming past me. I followed her to 80, 90, 100, and she paused there, allowing me to pull alongside. I do not know how long I clung there, fighting the wind, the curves, the hopelessness. I knew, with a certainty, that I could never sound my horn, or cut her off, or do anything to attract her attention crudely. I knew that she had to turn and welcome me with a smile. Then everything would begin.

And it happened. She turned her head, slowly, carefully, and stared over at me. Slowly, carefully, her lips became that sorrowfully wise smile, a smile that seemed to forgive a whole world, and also pass beyond it. I clung to my wheel like a drowning man, trying to think of some way I could speak. Somehow I would have to persuade her to stop. But what was she doing?

Still smiling, she shook her head. Back and forth, once, twice, eternally no. It will never never be, the shaking said, but thank you so much, said the smile. I am not sure what happened next. Perhaps there was a curve that she ignored in the darkness and my distraction. I like to believe that it was accidental. But when you drive a road every night for a long time, it is very hard to miss a curve accidentally. I did not miss it. But she did. It ran above a ravine thick with heavy pine trees. The Jaguar went through the guard rail like a projectile, and through the tops of trees, its lights tipping to a crazy angle so they momentarily flung whiteness against the sky, and then there was the rocky earth and flame.

I did not stop. At the next tollgate, I notified the pedestrians, and they assured me that the police would have a man there in minutes. NEXT EXIT TWO MILES. I turned off it, and drove slowly home. By the time I reached my neocolonial on Bellwether Lane, I was able to bend over my sleeping wife and kiss her. In the morning I was able to accept without a murmur the long, derisive hoot of the 7:38. I was able to take the kids to a movie on Saturday, when it rained.

Never again has my old anxiety ridden out of the darkness at me. When a man knows exactly what it is that is haunting him, it is no longer anxiety, which is born from the unknown. I know now what I longed to do, but I also know what I must do. There is only one thing to which I cannot force myself. Driving at night on the turnpike. I think I am afraid that out of a billowing wind the red car would come with the tragic face welcoming and forbidding. That road leads to madness, now. THE END



A SOUND OF DISTANT MUSIC

She had been part of his life. But a sudden change had come about, and this golden-skinned girl became a stranger to him. Years later, he was able to understand what had happened to both of them that night in the forest.

BY ELIZABETH JONSSON

Leaning against the trunk of the half-grown baobab tree which still held some of the day's heat in its soft trunk, Fritz Von Wertheim watched the spring hares dancing with their shadows on the sandy river bed that often held no water for two or three years, except in the few pools lower down where the cattle and the wild animals drank. In the light of the full moon the sky was a bowl of silver polished to a high brilliance, under which the Kalahari Desert lay, mysterious and lonely. He could see more clearly than he could by day, when the blinding sun struck upward from the glittering sand and the hot dryness of the air dried up the sweat as it oozed from his body so that he walked in a skin too tight for him.

On his left, silhouetted against the sky, the turrets of Nauheim Castle stood fortresslike in their gaunt isolation. Nauheim, one of the many castles which still dot the sandy wastes of South-West Africa—heartbreak castles, his mother had called them—built by rich German settlers before the first World War, settlers who lived in a strange and grandiose isolation, with all the trappings and ceremony of the Fatherland. On the walls of Nauheim hung paintings of men and women in rich and old-fashioned clothes; one of a huge battlemented castle overlooking the Rhine, and another of a square-cut mansion with wide windows and paved terraces leading down to oak-shaded lawns.

Now after his long absence from South-West Africa, he felt at peace; the heartbreak and unhappiness of years was healed. As he looked at the brightly lighted windows of the drawing room, he thought of his father's happiness as he welcomed him back to Nauheim with his young wife. He knew that now, seated beside Joan at the long, ornately carved table, his father was living once again the years when he had sat beside his own wife, going through the pictures and manuscripts for the book that had never been published—that had been put away at her death, and now, tonight, had been so lovingly unwrapped. . . .

As a boy he had flown home for all his holidays, spending only an odd weekend with his mother's cousins in Johannesburg where he was at school, eating his heart out for the silence and the vast expanse of country and for the Bushman family who had been his companions since babyhood—Khaobob, his wife, Nxi, and Twikwe, their daughter who was two years younger than he. His parents had been both pleased and amused at his devotion to this family, some of the last surviving members of the tribes who had lived for centuries in South-West Africa, only to be almost exterminated by the early settlers. He spoke their language of strange clicks more easily than he spoke the cultured English and German of his parents. His mother and father were happy to know that he was in the care of Khaobob, who could protect him from the wild animals, and teach him the ancient laws and primitive craft which had enabled this tiny race to survive incredible hardships.

No one, except a priest or a cattle dealer, ever came to the ranch, but once a German traveler appeared, driving a Jeep on the rough road. He had seen the man glance at the picture of the castle as he came into the dining hall and heard him exclaim excitedly, "But that is Wertheim Castle on the Rhine—Von Wertheim is your name—you then are, of course, Prince Von Wertheim—" and he stepped back as though he were going to make obeisance. "Von Wertheim—I am *Herr* Otto Von Wertheim," his father had said coldly, and to change the subject his mother broke in gently, speaking German with her soft English accent. "Look at this picture," she said. "This is my home in England—in Worcestershire." Then she asked the bewildered man if he would care to join them in a cup of coffee.

Except for an occasional family of almost penniless "Trek Boers" wandering across the country with a donkey-wagon and a few scraggy sheep and cattle, he had seen no European children at all, but the Bushman family had been friends and playmates enough. Standing now under the baobab tree in the silver light, he thought of his last visit home when he had been only sixteen. The plane on which he had been a passenger

Much later he heard someone beside him. Half awake, he stirred and, opening his eyes, saw the figure of Twikwe standing there.

to Windhoek had seemed to fly on leaden wings, and he ran out to the waiting Jeep, driven by their Hottentot driver, only to feel content when they had left the town behind and he saw the familiar country unfold before them. The hundred miles of rough road wound over bare country, broken only by patches of grass and an occasional baobab tree, towering in its shade over stunted bushes which formed the greater part of the vegetation in the district.

Nauheim Castle stood against a scarlet sunset as they approached the big stone gateposts surmounted by carved eagles. He saw nothing strange in the magnificence of Nauheim in this vast and desolate country—it was home. He had hardly waited for Katje to stop the Jeep before jumping out and running up the stone steps where his parents, with the house servants grouped behind them, waited to welcome him.

They dined as usual in the big dining hall lighted by silver candelabra and furnished with the elaborately carved furniture that his grandparents had brought out from Germany before the 1914 war, when South-West Africa was one of the Kaiser's proud colonial possessions and the German Navy anchored in strength in Ludertizbucht harbor. As they ate their meal, attended by their dignified Herero servants, he answered his parents' questions about his school work and their relations in Johannesburg. Though he was avid for news of the ranch, the cattle and the sheep all the time he was answering and asking questions, he was half-conscious of listening, of waiting for the faint notes of distant music, the sound of the high, delicate, flutelike tones of Khaobob's pipes which would be audible to him alone. As the notes of a bat are pitched too high for human ears, so some of the tunes that Khaobob played reached the same high key of those strange nocturnal creatures, tunes that to him were signals, unheard by others, that his friends were near—waiting for him. They did not work on the ranch—Bushmen have never been amenable to discipline—and only lived there through the leniency of his father. Sometimes they disappeared for weeks on end, but though they were seldom seen and no one spoke to them or had any dealings with them, they were always there when he arrived home.

After dinner, as they drank their coffee, his mother had shown him the paintings and drawings she had done during his absence, exquisite pictures of the birds and insects and the strange succulents—flowers which bloomed briefly and beautifully after rains. His father had written the text, ornithology and botany being his chief interests in the long hours of leisure on the ranch where Karakul sheep and the cattle needed only seasonal attention. The book was about three-quarters finished, and he looked at each picture carefully: she had drawn the plants as they were in their brief glory, when the whole countryside is ablaze with color for a few weeks, and had made separate and exquisitely fine detailed drawings of the seed pods and leaves.

"It is nearly finished, Fritzie," she said. "In a year's time I will have completed it." She put the drawings together and leaned back as she spoke, and he thought how fragile she looked. Looking back, he thought that it was strange that he should have noticed this, boys of sixteen are usually unobservant, but he had been struck by the almost ethereal quality of her face in the lamp light, the golden hair curling round her face which seemed to have lost its luster. He looked at his father with a feeling of sudden anger that he should have kept anyone so young and beautiful all these years in the somber wastes of South-West Africa—an alien country to one brought up in the gentle sophistication of England—then he saw his father take her hand in his and, as she looked up at him, Fritz knew that he was forgotten. He sat for a moment, not knowing what to do in the presence of two people whose love was so complete—and then in the silence that followed he heard the faint, thin notes of Khaobob's pipes in the distance and knew that his friends were calling to him. He got up and kissed his mother and said good night to his father, but though they answered him affectionately they were lost in a world that held only the two of them, and he walked out quietly as an intruder would have walked. . . .

He ran down towards the banks of the river bed which had always been their meeting place, and sat down leaning against the trunk of the ancient baobab tree. The picture of his mother haunted him—it was as though the pattern of his life was threatened and so he gathered up the threads almost fearfully. This was where he always came—this was their meeting place—and he put his hand on the gnarled but strangely soft bark, feeling the garnered warmth of the day in the tree's trunk. This was as it had always been—the silver sand and the silver sky lighted by a silver moon were part of his life; surely the pattern could not change.

The high notes of the pipes were still, and suddenly the little family materialized before him: Khaobob, his wife Nxi, and his daughter Twikwe. He had always been tall for his age, but during the last few months he had grown considerably and now he towered above the small family as they stood before him, their bodies golden in the silver light. Khaobob and Nxi chattered unceasingly, but Twikwe, after her first exclamations of delight, drew back and sat quietly aloof, picking up the sand and letting it slide through her tiny fingers. They were such small people—their footprints in the sand were no bigger than a six-year-old European child's—and he had always marveled at the strength of Khaobob's hands and the tirelessness of his body which was built on such a miniature scale. It was always one of their mutual jokes to make Twikwe stand on his hand, her feet barely covering his palm as he lifted her up, but that night when he suggested it—to see if her feet had grown in proportion to his hands—she shook her head without looking at him and let the sand slide through her fingers. . . .

They talked of many things that night as they laid their plans for their usual hunting expedition, but when the day came for them to set out, his mother held him for a moment, her hands on his shoulders. "Do you really want to go with Khaobob and his family?" she asked gently. "You are growing up, Fritzie—do you really want to go on spending all your time with these simple people?"

Again he had felt a sudden fear—a fear of the pattern changing, and he kissed her hurriedly without answering and did not look back as he left. She had never questioned his long absences before, taking it for granted that he should spend nearly all his time with the Bushmen.

They took no food with them, and except for his blankets which he carried in a roll on his back, he traveled with nothing but his hunting knife and the bow and arrows which he had made. They always lived off the hard land, Nxi and Twikwe carrying precious water in ostrich shells which they did not use during the day, quenching their thirst by eating the juicy flesh of the *tsama* melons which grew in abundance, after they had broken open the shells and discarded the bitter rind as the wild buck did. Though the women of the tribe do not hunt or track game, Khaobob had taught Twikwe and him to take the honey from the wild bees' nests, and from the time that they were quite small they had followed the trail of the Honey-bird—the small brown bird which always calls for human help when she has found a wild bee's nest, fluttering ahead and calling impatiently, to wait with bright, expectant eyes from a safe distance when they had reached the goal and lit the smudge of

smoke to drive away the bees. The wild bees' combs were rich with the thick sweetness that Bushmen crave, but the two children always ate their fill, sharing with the Honey-bird, before they brought the rest of the honey home to Nxi.

But those holidays, when the Honey-bird called, it was Khaobob who had gone with him while Twikwe stayed behind with her mother to collect more of the ostrich shells filled with water which they had hidden on a previous expedition. "Twikwe is growing lazy," he said, turning round to wave his hand to her, but she was standing with her back to him and did not respond to his laughing farewell. "Twikwe is growing lazy," he said again, but Khaobob did not reply as he walked over the sand, shading his eyes from the blazing glare of the sun as he followed the flight of the bird. For the second time he felt an uneasiness, a strange sense almost of fear.

They were lucky on that trip, and sat contented, their bellies full of roast buck, round the fire of crackling twigs at night, watching the sparks fly upward to the sky as they listened to Khaobob's stories of the long hunt, the week of starvation and great thirst and of the strange mantis which is the god-figure in Bushman history. And always, before they slept, Khaobob would lift his pipe and play one of those tunes of haunting pathos played on a few notes in infinite variety.

Their last night was very cold. Wrapped in his blanket he lay on his back, watching the sparks entangled in the thin gray chiffon of fading smoke. Rolled in their antelope skins, the small figures of the Bushman family lay motionless on the other side of the fire. He was content—this was the pattern unchanged and unchanging. A star fell from the studded sky as the sparks from the fire died and the smoke wavered and sank; and turning on his side he pulled the blanket closer and slept.

Much later he heard someone beside him. Half awake he stirred, and opening his eyes saw the small figure of Twikwe kneeling beside him. "I am cold Frantchi," she whispered, giving his name the strange click that he loved to hear, and still half asleep he laughed and pulled the blanket aside for her to creep in and curl up beside him as she had done so often all through their childhood years. As he put his arm round her to hold her close, she took his hand and held it to the quick beating of her heart and he was suddenly aware of the small soft breast rounded under his hand and her gentle mouth seeking his. For a moment he was bewildered, startled at this sudden change in their companionship—Twikwe was part of his life at Nauheim, part of his world of freedom and space, part of his world of tracking and campfires, of animals and birds, of golden sunshine and silver moonlight: a child, a playmate. Now this sudden change had come about and this small golden-skinned girl with her slanted eyes and infinite grace, who smelled of sunshine and wood smoke as her body twined round his, was a stranger—infinitely desirable. He lifted his head to look down at her and felt her quiver against him and heard her quick breathing as her mouth found his, and then a force stronger than his passion made him turn his head. There, sitting by the fire which had leaped to sudden brightness, was Khaobob. He did not speak or move, but sat staring into the flames as though he were seeing pictures in that sudden awakening. . . .

He did not see Twikwe leave him, only feeling the chill where her body had been against his, but he watched Khaobob keep his lonely vigil until his own eyes shut with weariness and he slept.

When he woke, at the first birdcall of sunrise, the Bushman family had gone, leaving no trace behind them. It was evening before he reached Nauheim and as he stumbled wearily across the dry river he saw in the trunk of the old baobab tree an arrow, and knew it for what it was—a farewell. . . .

The servants were lighting the lamps in the great hall as he walked up the steps and flung his blanket roll and his bow and arrows down on the carved oak chest. His father looked at him strangely, and for a moment laid his arm across his son's shoulders, but neither of his parents questioned him about the expedition, nor did they mention Khaobob or his family or comment on their disappearance. During the days that followed he did not go down to the river bed but rode with his father over the ranch during the day, and at night sat reading and drawing with his mother in the library. His parents watched him anxiously, their own proud reserve making it impossible for them to ask for confidences.

He said good-by to his mother very early on the morning he left Nauheim to return to school, and thought again how frail she looked in the pale light of dawn as she stretched out her hands to take his and look anxiously into his eyes. "Don't be unhappy, Fritzie —don't be unhappy, darling—everything will be all right—you will forget in time." she said gently, and he kissed her quickly, knowing that in some way Khaobob had communicated with his father. And when, a few weeks later, his father came to the school to tell him of his mother's death, he was unsurprised—only stricken with a deep grief and sense of finality. The pattern was ended.

Until today he had never returned to Nauheim, spending his holidays traveling with his father or visiting relations in Germany and England. Later, when he went to Oxford, the same plans were made for his vacations, and afterwards he was sent round the world visiting cattle ranches in different countries. It was only when he wrote to his father telling him of his engagement to a distant cousin in England that he received a delighted cable telling him to bring his wife home to Nauheim directly they were married.

Now as he watched the spring hares dancing with their shadows on the dry river bed, he saw that the country he loved was unchanged. Tomorrow he would teach Joan to follow the Honey-bird as Khaobob had taught him—he would show her the wild game and the herds of cattle and Karakul sheep grazing on the rough expanse of country which would glow with a brilliant carpet of flowers after the first rain. Near the young baobab tree, a patch of soft gray mold was all that remained of the old tree which had been his meeting place. The baobab tree dies gently, dissolving quietly into a soft gray dust to blow over the sandy wastes which gave it birth. He bent down and picked up a little bit of the soft dust, blowing it into the air as he listened to the night sounds of the Kalahari—the ghostly flutter of a bat's wings, the cry of a hyena in the distance and the mournful hooting of owls.

The country was unchanged—it was only he who had changed. Khaobob would know that he had returned home, but he had lost the power to hear the high silvery notes of the song of welcome, even if at this moment Khaobob had the pipes to his lips and Twikwe listened as she sifted the sand through her slender fingers.

He turned and went quickly back up the path to Nauheim where the lighted windows welcomed him. THE END

THE DROWNER

Lucille had left her husband and found love with another man....Now, death had come to her—suddenly, cruelly. Yet only her pretty young sister was determined to investigate the suspicion of murder.

BY JOHN D. MAC DONALD

It starts with a hard, dark, restless man named Bart Breckenridge. It could start earlier, when the Phelps woman stopped struggling and drowned. But if Breckenridge hadn't been brought into it, it would have been just another accidental drowning. So the place to start is with Breckenridge, before he had ever heard of Lucille Phelps. He was standing at an office window, looking out at the dirty rain on Lexington Avenue.

It was a small office in a large building, and behind him, at an untidy desk, a fat man named Kippler was looking at the photographs Breckenridge had taken at a Catskill hotel.

Kippler whistled softly. "What a careless couple! You're getting real good with that little tiny camera, boy."

"I'm getting real good at a lot of nasty little tricks, Manny," Breckenridge said without turning. "Is that all you need?"

"It's enough," Kippler said. "All the client wants, she should lower her sights on the alimony and not shoot for custody of the kids. One look at these, her lawyer slows her way down, because there could be such a mess she gets nothing."

Breckenridge did not answer. Kippler stared at him for a moment and then got up and went over and stood beside him. "The money is good," Kippler said.

"The money is fine. Just fine."

"Now take the cops, Bart," Kippler said. "Is it a rose garden? Vice and stink. Blood all over the kitchen. Kids hooked. Rackets and grease and muscle. Should you miss it?"

Bart Breckenridge gave him a dark, troubled look. "I miss being part of something that was trying to make it a little cleaner here and there."

"Wearing your gold badge. Sure. Boy, we don't want to lose you. How often we get anybody with the training and background you've had?"

"You could lose me, Manny. I'm close."

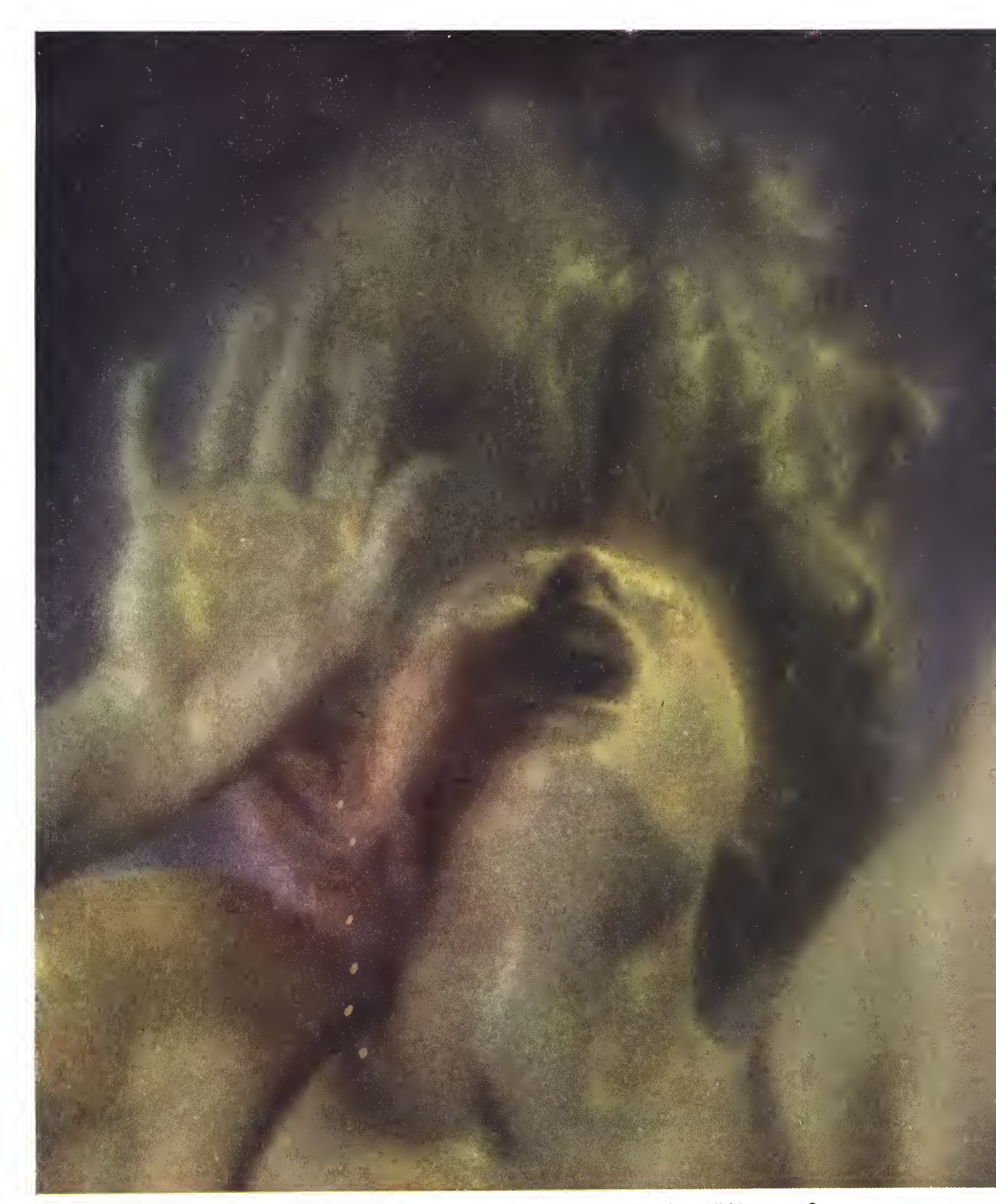
"You know how I've been promising something different? Maybe I've got one. I've got to clear it upstairs first. You take off the rest of the day, okay? Come in at ten tomorrow."

"Manny, if it's more of the same . . ."

"I can't make promises and you shouldn't make threats. Go out and have fun somehow."

So Bart Breckenridge went off to have fun somehow. He went out in his trenchcoat into the October rain and walked west to Fifth Avenue, and walked uptown, taking long, fast strides as though he had someplace to go. It almost gave him the feeling of having someplace to go. Up near Fifty-third he saw a girl in a rain cape and hood staring into a shop window. She was a splendid girl, tall and young and well-formed, nicely dressed, and of great clarity of profile.

He looked at her and his sudden spasm of loneliness emptied his lungs and cruelly twisted his heart. He walked on and did not glance back. He walked with his fists clenched. There were numbers he could call, but hers was not among them. He was, he realized with a wryness of self-appraisal, incurably old-timy. He yearned for a woman—sweetly and totally committed—a forever woman. And for work to be proud of. Once he had thought he had them both, but he was wrong about the woman. Now he had neither. So he walked swiftly in the rain, wondering what would become of him. He had to have more than they were giving him. They. The gods of triviality, of fate and circumstance and bad guesses.



He wondered about that final moment. Did she yell? Did she call his name?

It began a few days earlier for a married woman named Bonny Yates, and it began on the sun deck of a boathouse on a lake three hundred miles from Lexington Avenue, in the afternoon heat of Indian summer. She was a long-limbed, sleepy-faced blonde, and she lay drowsy on a towel spread on the gray plank floor of the walled deck, mildly examining the extent of her own guilt in this summer affair with Kelsey Phelps. She felt reasonably secure. Her little blue car could not be seen from the road or from the lake. Jason Yates was on a business trip and would be gone another three days. She would be home well before four o'clock, when the kids were due home on the school bus. Actually, she thought, she wasn't doing anyone any harm. And she had known Kelse all her life. And there had been another affair between them, a thousand years ago, before either of them had married. It wasn't as if they were strangers. You could almost say it was sort of a gesture of friendship. Poor Kelsey. He couldn't seem to get over the way Lucille had walked out on him. And he kept hoping that when the year was up she would come back to him. Funny that such a dismal little prig of a woman could have such a hold over a man like Kelsey Phelps. Such an extraordinarily proper lady from Boston, it had floored everyone when she had taken up with Skip Kimberton. And it had really hurt poor Kelsey to hear that. Hurt him so badly that it was practically a duty to give him comfort and distraction.

She turned her head and looked over at the sun cot where Kelse lay sleeping. He was a big brown powerful man. Perhaps he was getting a bit soft, but the deep tan disguised it. Certainly he was a lot more fit than Jason. More fit and considerably more eager. Kelsey Phelps snorted in his sleep. He moved and she watched the play of the big slabs of muscle on his upper arms and shoulders. They had had a little wine and a little swim and a little love, and she decided that in a little while she would wake him up.

The phone began to ring. At the fourth ring he opened his eyes, raised his head and said, "Answer it."

"Don't be an idiot, darling."

The phone kept ringing. He groaned, got up and padded into the living quarters to answer it.

Suddenly he called her, urgency in his voice. She was terrified. All she could think was that Jason had found out somehow. She rolled to her feet and hurried inside. He had hung up. He was dressing with great haste.

"It's Lucille," he said. "Something has happened to her."

"What happened?"

"Some kind of an accident." He looked greenish pale under his tan, and his lips were compressed. As he knotted his tie, he looked at her impatiently. "You better get dressed and get out of here, Bon."

"Will you . . . be here tomorrow?"

"I don't know. Give me a ring." He snatched his jacket and headed toward the door. "Lock up when you leave." She heard his running footsteps on the outside stairs.

"Thanks a lot," she muttered. She heard the roar of the engine and a spattering of gravel as he took off in his little black Mercedes.

She changed back to her gray suit, hung Lucille's old swimsuit in the shower, fixed her face and her hair and adjusted the door latch so it would lock. She walked out onto the sun deck and looked north up the length of Twelfth Lake. The autumn leaves were just past their peak of color, showing a first misty gray of empty branches against the tones of tan-orange and brown. On the hillsides the growths of pine and spruce stood out green-black against the pale hues of autumn. At the head of the lake, nine miles away, invisible beyond the afternoon haze, was the town of Portugal. Eleven thousand people. Where something had happened to Lucille Phelps. And where nothing much had happened to Bonny Yates in a long time.

She looked again for her guilt, needing the spice of it, but found only a vague disappointment at going home before she had expected to—and an exasperation at Kelsey for being so upset about Lucille and so indifferent to her.

It had ended for Skip Kimberton the day Lucille died. He knew it had ended, and he didn't know how to handle it. On the following day he sat slouched in a golden oak armchair in the office of Harvey Walmo, the county sheriff. Walmo shook his big head sadly and said in a complaining voice, "Skip, I know it's no joy for either of us, but I got to check back on her movements yesterday so I can make some kind of sense to that coroner's jury. Now don't tell me I wouldn't be sheriff here if it wasn't for you. I know that. But I am sheriff, and I do a good job of being sheriff. I work at it. I know there probably isn't any proof anywhere, but it is common talk you were keeping company with her."

"Common talk," Skip Kimberton said. "That's a good way to put it. You and I have been friends a long time, Harv. She was my woman. For keeps. Maybe she didn't know it was for keeps yet. But I did." Skip Kimberton was a long, gnarled, knuckly man with pale eyes, a seamed and sardonic face. He wore whipcord slacks, a khaki shirt, an old tweed jacket, a battered hat. In spite of the carelessness of his dress and the way he slumped in the chair, he had a look of importance, effortlessly achieved.

"It surprised me when I first heard the talk," the sheriff said.

Kimberton smiled a shark smile. Mirthless. "Surprised us, too, in a manner of speaking. I knew her before she walked out on her husband. But just to nod my head to. I had nothing to do with her walking out on him. To me she was just another one of those young wives in that crowd. That young married bunch that live it up. Phelps, Yates, the others . . . that bunch. A girl Phelps imported from Boston, a little prettier than most, maybe. But nothing for me."

"Why did she walk out?"

"Strange as it may seem to everybody, she couldn't stomach their habits. All that crowd, husbands and wives, have known each other since they were little kids. I won't say they exactly swap wives, Harv, but they do fool around. And Lucille just wasn't the fooling kind. No matter what folks may say about her now. Five couples flew down to Miami almost a year ago. She caught her husband with Lorna Keaver. And the rest of them gave her the general impression that if she was sore, the way to get over it was with Stu Keaver. She said it made her sick to her stomach. She flew back alone and moved out. It was all over for her. But Kelsey Phelps came whining around, pleading with her, so she agreed to a legal separation for one year. If she felt the same at the end of the year, then she was going to divorce him. The year was going to be up the end of next month. And she was going to divorce him."

"Did he know that?"

"I'd say he did. Whether or not he admitted it to himself. And it was going to mean big trouble between him and his daddy. Old John Phelps was giving Kelsey his last chance to shape up. From what Lucille told me, the old man gave Kelsey an ultimatum at the time the old man and Kelsey's mother took off last August on that cruise around the world. Patch it up, or get thrown out. Lucky the old man has good loyal people working for him. Kelsey is supposed to be running the plant. Since August I bet he hasn't averaged a ten-hour week."

"How did you meet her, Sam? After she'd moved out."

"She came to me. With the little money Phelps was giving her for support and what she was making working for Doc Nile, she could keep her head above water. But her mother was sick and she wanted to send money home, and she had a trust thing she could take some money out of. You know the reputation I got. I told her I wasn't in the investment business. I guess I was a little rough, or she was real shaky. Anyhow, she started crying. Hopeless, sort of. And mad at herself for crying. I got the idea there was more there than the pretty face and the light hair. Anyhow, I let her into a seven-

thousand-dollar piece of a warehouse arrangement over in Beech County, a piece of my syndicate share of it, and it started bringing in ninety a month right off. That was last January, Harv. Two months after she left Kelsey. We got to be friends. The talk started while we weren't anything but friends. I swear, neither of us had it in mind to be anything else. Me, forty-seven years old with grown kids married and gone, and her twenty-seven and more educated than I ever had hope to be. Harv, I'm telling you more than I planned on because I guess I want somebody to know how it was. We liked being with each other. We talked easy and laughed a lot. I told her things about me I'll never tell another soul. But even then, not everything. Last May was when my tax troubles all started, and I had to travel down and hang around for all that audit stuff and all those questions, day after day. It kept raining, and it was clear to me those boys wanted to pick me clean, and somehow I lost the heart to fight them. I felt empty and done, and I would call her long distance and try to make jokes of it, but they were weak jokes. Then one night I called her and tried to talk and all of a sudden I couldn't say a word and I had to hang up on her. I walked in the rain and had some drinks and couldn't get drunk and spent about twenty minutes apiece in two movies and went on back finally to that hotel room about midnight and there she was in my room, sitting scared on a straight chair, her overnight case on the floor beside her, face white as chalk, big-eyed, mouth trembling, tears running down her pretty face. I needed her as bad as I needed anything ever in my life. Something to hold onto. And she had known it. It should have been a mistake, Harv. More of a mistake for her than me. But somehow it wasn't. I don't know about love. It's a word I thought I was through with when Kitty died in fifty-four. It's a word gets kicked around too much. All I know, I was never going to be without that girl, and I'll miss her as long as I live."

After a long silence, Harvey Walmo cleared his throat and said, "How about yesterday, Skip?"

Skip Kimberton sighed. "Yesterday. Well, we spent the night before out at my shack at Beetle Creek. We had the two cars there on account of I had to go over to Stanton on business and she had to come in to work. I wanted her to quit working, but she said it would make her feel trampy. She'd take little presents and give me little presents, but that was all. I expected to be back here in town about three o'clock. I had work to do. She had the afternoon off, and no evening office hours yesterday, so I said I would pick her up about six, and we were going to go eat and then go to a movie. I got back about three. I parked and got out of the car and the first man I saw was Charlie Best. He told me. I made sure. I went where they had her and looked at her. I could walk and talk and look at things, but I couldn't make sense out of anything. Last night I got as drunk as I've ever been in all my life."

"Did she say she might go swimming after she left Doc's office at noon?"

"No. I'd say it was an impulse, on account of it being one of the last good days, and the lake still warm from summer. I went there with her a lot of times this summer. She'd fix picnics. I'm not much for swimming. She loved it and she was good at it. I liked watching her. She liked the idea of that stretch of lake shore belonging to me, and she would get sore at the way people would use it and litter it up. We would pick up the cans and burn the papers. We'd have the picnic. She would take a little nap in the sun and I would watch over her."

Harv Walmo yawned and stretched. "I guess that does it. Skip, I want to thank you for helping me out."

Skip Kimberton came slowly out of the chair, straightening himself to his full six and a half feet of bone and sinew. He nodded and started toward the door. He turned and said, "How do I go about getting something of mine I left in her place, Harv?"

"I told Martha Carey to lock the apartment and not let anybody in. What did you leave there, Skip? I'll see that you get it."

"I had her doing a little private book work for me. Some confidential records. I could just stop by and pick them up."

"Where are they?"

"I told her to keep them out of sight. Why don't you just phone Mrs. Carey and tell her it's okay to let me in?" Skip Kimberton hoped his tone was properly casual. The situation was delicate. A year ago Harv Walmo would have done anything Skip asked. But now all the rumors had it that Skip Kimberton was in bad trouble. They were trying to nail him for fraud and strip him clean of everything. As Skip waited with the patience of a poker player, he wondered how Harv would react if he knew that there wasn't any book work or any confidential records. Just a blue canvas flight bag packed tightly with one hundred and six thousand dollars in cash—one of the items that did not appear anywhere on his official personal balance sheet. Gus Hernandez was trying to work out a compromise settlement with the tax boys, based on that personal balance sheet. When they're out to starve you, you hide supplies here and there. Lucille had known it was money, but not how much. And she had accepted the story he made up about it. He told her it wasn't his, that it was syndicate money for a confidential deal, and if he left it where the tax boys could come across it, he would have to blow the deal. Funny, he thought, how having Lucille gone made the money so much less important.

"Go ahead," Harv said. "I'll phone her."

When Skip Kimberton was alone in Lucille's little apartment, he felt sick and weak. He sat on the couch and he could imagine that any minute he would hear the clink of dishes in the small kitchen and the happy tuneless little humming sound she made and the tock of her heels on the worn linoleum. At least the apartment held no sensual memories for him. She had firmly labeled it out of bounds. But there was an almost tangible presence of her there.

Because of her delicacy of feature, narrowness of waist, her small-breasted figure, she had given an impression of fragility. But she had been lithe and hearty and fit. She had disapproved of her own figure, deploring a disproportionate breadth of hip, heaviness of thigh and leg, but he would not have wished her changed in any dimension or degree. The loss of all that sweetness struck him anew and he groaned aloud in the silence, and then began his search.

After twenty minutes he knew the money was not in the apartment. It puzzled him. He wondered if she had worried too much about it and taken it somewhere else. But surely she would have asked him first. She had relished leaving decisions up to him. She had told him time and time again that he was the only man of any force and authority in her life, the only one who had ever made her feel like a girl.

The apartment was on the ground floor in the rear of the old brick Carey place on Franklin Street. It had its own entrance. He took the key back around to the front door and gave it to Martha Carey. She accepted it with a pinched, shrunken mask of moral disapproval.

"Get what you was after?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you. Has anyone else been in there since it happened?"

"If I kept track of the comings and goings back there, I couldn't get my work done."

"Was that her key?"

"This here is my key. You tell Harv I want her key back."

"Did you see her at all yesterday?"

"I saw her come walking down around the corner from Doc Nile's office some time after noon, then heard that car of hers go scooting out at maybe half past. She wasn't back here at all the night before, and came back in the early morning wearing something different than she left in, but I guess you'd know more about that than me."

He looked into her savage little eyes and felt the weary impossibility of ever explaining anything to anyone. He smiled. "Why don't you say all the rest of it, too? There's no fool like an old fool. I was old enough to be her daddy. She was a married woman."

THE DROWNER (continued)

As he turned and walked off the porch, he heard her gasp, and heard the slam of the heavy front door. He walked out and got into his big gray station wagon and drove slowly away. It was a heavy and powerful car, grimy with the caked mud and dust of back roads. It was a gray and windless day. The bright leaves of the maples and the yellow-brown leaves of the big elms drifted aimlessly down. He drove slowly through the narrow old streets of Portugal, crossed the stone bridge over the Outlet and, a mile beyond the city limits, turned south on the county road that paralleled the west shore of Twelfth Lake. Three miles from the turn he slowed and turned into the first of the narrow dirt roads that led down to the lake shore. He owned this five thousand feet of lake frontage. It averaged a thousand feet deep from road to lake shore. There were four primitive dirt tracks leading down the hill to the lake. The land was posted, but people ignored the signs.

If Lucille had left the apartment at twelve thirty, she would have reached the lake shore at about quarter to one. He parked where Lucille had probably parked, twenty-six hours ago. She would have put her blue swimsuit on in the apartment, worn the yellow wraparound skirt and gray cardigan over it. Got out of the car here. Tossed skirt and sweater into the car. Carried her stuff down to the narrow strip of coarse brown sandy beach. Big towel, beach bag, little radio. She'd have kicked her sandals off, spread the towel, turned on the radio, taken her white swim cap out of the beach bag, walked across the beach to the water, tucking her hair into the cap. Three steps into the water and it was up to her waist. Then deep.

He walked down onto the sand. Did she yell? Did she call his name?

He saw movement out of the corner of his eye. It startled him. He saw a red canoe coming down along the shore, a boy paddling, a girl sitting low in the middle. The lake and the day were so still, the canoe made a long, visible wake. The boy turned the canoe out and let it drift.

"Right about here," the boy said. "About fifty feet out."

The girl looked over the side. "How deep is it?"

"Twenty feet. Sandy bottom. A few weeds. They found her right away."

"If she was swimming alone, how did they . . ."

"Some other people came to swim and saw the towel and saw her footprints going down into the water. It rained the night before, so there weren't any other footprints. There was a radio playing that she'd left on the beach, and they couldn't see any boats anywhere and they got nervous and somebody drove back to a gas station and called the sheriff. There were a lot of people. You'd be surprised how many people showed up."

"What a terrible thing," the girl said.

"I guess she had a cramp," the boy said and began paddling again.

Skip Kimberton went back to his car, turned around in the small, cleared area and drove back up to the country road. Yes, it was a terrible thing. Yes indeed. And how do you tell anybody there's a hundred and six thousand dollars missing, when you're sworn to the accuracy of that personal balance sheet?

He drove back into the small city, parked the wagon in his personal slot behind his small office building, unlocked the back door and rode up to the fourth floor in the small private elevator. It was a four-story building he had put up five years ago when he had decided to move out of the house he had built for Kitty. He'd had Skip-Kim Construction put it up on Central Federal money, then lease the whole thing to Kimberland Enterprises on a long term lease, so he could turn around and sublease the first two floors. He had wangled a zoning exception so he could put his bachelor apartment and his private offices on the top floor. On the third floor was the working staff of Kimberland Enterprises, Skip-Kim Construction, S. K. Rock Products, Kimberton Lumber and the other odds and ends of interdependent and interlocking ventures.

He went up to his apartment and fixed a drink and carried it into the living room. The big windows looked south, and over the tops of the massed trees of the town he could see the misty shine of the lake. Old money along that lake, he thought. Solid old money. Phelps, Keaver, Yates, others. Civil War money, and even before that. Not my kind of money. My people were here as long as theirs, dying with them in all the wars, but betweentimes making a sorry living out of the scrabbly wore-out back-country farm lands. And so at just the right time, one of the Kimbertons came out of that back country with a claw hammer, an old truck, a keg of nails and the nerve of a pickpocket. So now they can resent me for having the big high windows to look out of over their heads. And having the money I made. And, maybe most of all, having one of their pretty young women.

He finished the drink and rinsed the glass, and then went back through the living room and pushed open the big soundproofed door which opened into the ante-office. The busy clatter of the typewriter stopped abruptly as Jezebel Jackman gave a great leap of surprise and put her hand to her throat. Mrs. Nimmitz was at a corner table, running a tabulator. She shook her head and said, "Mr. Kimberton, if you came through that door forty times a day, Jezzie would jump out of her skin every time."

"I didn't even know you were in there!" Jezzie said.

"Just got back," he said. He walked across and into his big corner office, Jezzie close at his heels, her hand full of notes. She closed the door behind her. He sat behind his desk and said, "How much bad news have you got today?"

As was her habit, she gave him the least important messages first, pausing for instructions after each one, making notes in her book. Jezebel Jackman was six feet tall in flats, a big, glowing, earnest girl in her early twenties. She had dark gold, curly hair, big lavender eyes, big white teeth, an abundance of energy. She was a superb athlete. And in all the glow of her boisterous health there seemed something almost oppressive and overpowering about her. She lived with a harridan mother and a father so tiny, so wispy as to be almost invisible. She was an only child. She had worked for Skip Kimberton for three years, the last two as his secretary. She was quick, diligent, bright and totally loyal. She spent her days at work and her evenings at games of skill and coordination.

One night, about six months after she had become his personal secretary, he had worked her late. He had gone to her desk to see how she was coming with a report she was typing. He had looked over her shoulder at the typewriter, and without any thought of making a pass, just in an absent-minded gesture of affection, he had put his hands on her strong shoulders. She seemed to shrink and dwindle under his touch, to become small and still and scared. He released her immediately and walked around to face her. Her face was very pale. She was shivering.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"I don't want you to be like that," she said in a small voice. "If you do things like that, I'll have to quit."

"I wasn't being like anything, damn it!"

"You touched me, Mr. Kimberton. Boys touch me and I smack them good. But with you I'd just have to quit."

"I didn't mean anything."

She studied his face and slowly her color came back. She squared her shoulders. "You didn't really?"

"No!"

"I guess I just don't like being touched."

"You won't be, not ever again, Jezzie."

"What are you sore at, Mr. Skip?"

"I'm not sore. I'm just surprised."

After that awkward incident he observed her more carefully and discovered that this big glowing creature was apparently the most implausible neuter in the county. She had hundreds of friends. She went off with swarms of



She went to sleep in the motel, thinking of Lucille, knowing that when she woke she could never tell her anything again.

friends to play games, but apparently she did not date. Though it seemed to him a waste of a considerable amount of vital forces, it pleased him to realize this was one girl he would not lose through marriage. She had settled herself completely into her work. Her career was Skip Kimherton, and she seemed marvelously content with it.

She came to the final note for his attention. "Gus Hernandez wants you to phone him. He said it was urgent. Maybe he's got some kind of word on . . ."

"Okay. Go get him on the line."

As Jezzie walked out of his office, Skip thought, with a bitter amusement, that he would have been better off had he given the blue bag to Jezzie. She would have hidden it, never opened it, never mentioned it, never questioned it. But it wasn't fair at this point to start thinking of Lucille as less trustworthy. Of the two of them, Lucille had been the brighter, less likely to be tripped up or trapped.

Gus was on the line when she buzzed him. He was very guarded. "Skip, I know you got a lot on your mind today, but I've heen in touch with some of our friends. I think I can safely say now that it looks as if it is going to go our way, and the figure they are trying to clear right now is just ten thousand over my final compromise offer. The field men are making a strong presentation tomorrow, and it is going to go across the right desk this time, and I think we should give them a yes on that basis."

"Whatever you say."

"And we'll have ninety days to come up with the cash. As I have been telling them, if they force you into total liquidation of everything, they are taking the golden egg and the goose as well. You are a good source of future tax monies."

"You work it out. I'll go along with it."

"Skip, I want to express my regret and sorrow about Lucille. She was a lovely lady. I extend my sympathy all the way down the line."

"Thank you, Gus."

"When we get this tax thing ironed out, maybe you should get away. A cruise or something. Rest assured, I'll let you know the minute I have word."

Sheriff Harvey Walmo walked slowly back to his office from the church after the Episcopal funeral service. It was early afternoon. The air was cool and there was a hazy sun. This was the time of year he liked best. It was the end of his busiest season. All of Twelfth Lake was in the county area, under his jurisdiction. And it was a summertime lake, the area crammed with summer people and the businesses that catered to them. After Labor Day it began to settle down quickly, the lake emptied of the power boats, the skiers, the sailing regattas. The loons and ducks came back. And it meant an end to the thefts and violence and accidents, drownings and drunks and beatings. The summer people went away. The camps were boarded up. And Portugal County could settle down to the manageable and predictable crimes of the winter season.

He told himself that attending the funeral had been a gesture of friendship, but as he strolled along he admitted there had been some curiosity involved. The Phelps group had turned out in force. All the young marrieds, names that were the tradition and backbone of the old town, though the blood had thinned out lately. Banking and law and real estate, and the old money tucked safely away, cautiously bequeathed, carefully invested. And then the Doc Nile group, the doctor and his wife and his nurse and the patients who had become fond of Lucille. And, finally, in staunch confirmation of rumor, Skip Kimberton and a whole batch of his employees. There would be a lot of cars going out to the old cemetery.

A man was waiting to see him when he got back to the office. Harvey made him wait another ten minutes and then had him sent in. He was a big man, carrying so much hard meat through the shoulders and neck he looked shorter than he was. He looked like an ex-athlete and he had that way of moving, that tidy balanced way. His hair was black and his brows were dense and wiry and black, and the deepset eyes were a clear, inquisitive blue. As he moved toward the desk, Walmo saw the practiced immobility of the face, the flavor of competence. The man was quietly dressed, very dark and neat and inconspicuous. When this man wanted you to know something, he would tell you. And he didn't leave you anything to read.

"Federal?" Walmo asked mildly.

The man's smile was wry. "Way off. My name is Bart Breckenridge. I'll be working in your area, with your permission. I've cleared with the state police and city people. Here are my credentials."

Walmo looked at them. They stated, that one Bart Breckenridge was licensed as a private investigator by all the necessary bureaus and agencies, and was employed by a firm of a solid national reputation well known to Walmo.

"Seems in order. If it's a civil action, I appreciate the courtesy call, Breckenridge. If it's any kind of criminal action, our policy is to work close, so there's no confusion. Sit down."

"Thanks. We've been retained to conduct a quiet investigation to determine if any criminal act has taken place. If I turn up anything to indicate it has, I'll turn that information over to you."

"Hate to think we could have missed anything. What's supposed to have happened?"

"The client wishes to be assured that the death of Mrs. Kelsey Phelps was accidental."

Walmo stared at him. "Accidental! By God, she drowned!"

"Without any help. That's what I have to establish."

"Now you listen. There wasn't a mark on her. I can't stand for anybody coming in here and getting people all stirred up over . . ."

"This will be handled very quietly, Sheriff." Breckenridge opened a black zipper case and handed some papers across the desk to the sheriff. "This is the cover I'm using."

The papers identified Breckenridge as a claims adjustor for the North Atlantic Mutual Insurance Association, and included a form request for an investigation and report on the death of Lucille Horne Phelps in connection with policy number so and so in the amount of $25,000, calling attention to the double indemnity provision for accidental death which would be voided by suicide.

"Suicide?" Walmo asked blankly and then his face cleared. "Sure. You can ask a lot of questions. But it wasn't murder and it wasn't suicide."

"That's probably just what we'll have to tell the client after we finish the investigation. But we've been retained to look into it."

"Somebody is throwing money down a hole. Who?"

Breckenridge hesitated. "I'm giving you all of this information voluntarily, Sheriff. The courts have held that I do not have to disclose it. We've been hired by Miss Barbara Horne, the younger sister of the deceased."

"Guess I saw her at the service. Where did she get such a fool idea?"

"I wouldn't know."

"You working alone on this?"

"Yes."

"Can you recognize legal evidence if you find any?"

Breckenridge's look was so bleak, it startled Walmo. "Sheriff, I had graduate training, CIC work, and six years as a police officer."

"Why'd you quit?"

"Is it important?"

"Just a friendly question."

"I was on a metropolitan force with a top proficiency rating, excellent on the FBI scale. So the voters changed the city charter and the politicians cleaned out the top ranks of professional cops, filled the jobs with courthouse slobs, and ran the whole thing into the ground in just about one year. I've been in this work two years. I'd rather have a badge. But they were so annoyed at my quitting, they smeared me when I left. I know the rules of evidence. I know procedure."

"It was just a friendly question."

Suddenly Breckenridge smiled. The smile was as startling as the bleakness of a moment before. It was unexpectedly warm and likable. "I'll try to wrap this up fast. If you could let me see the file and give me a little background . . . if you're not too busy."

"Glad to help you any way I can," Walmo said cheerfully.

Barbara Horne was back at the Fireside Motel by three thirty. She hoped she had not offended Jason and Bonny Yates. They had wanted to wait and help her pack and take her out to their lakeside home at the east edge of town, promising her a whole guest wing to herself. And Kelsey Phelps had seemed anxious to have her accept. Finally she had to be almost rude before they gave up and went away. Had it not been for Lucille's savage comments about Kelsey's group of friends, it would have been more difficult to refuse. She remembered the statement: "After you get to know them all well enough, you finally realize they are just very clean and handsome and witty animals."

The whole situation had seemed so unreal. All Kelsey Phelps's friends acted as if there had never been any separation. They acted as though Lucille had died of an accident while on a short trip, a reluctant separation from her adoring husband. And Kelsey's grief had been genuine. He seemed stunned. His eyes were dazed, his movements uncertain.

According to the long and stilted cable of sympathy, Kelsey's parents were somewhere in the middle of the Indian Ocean, en route to Bombay. And now Lucille was buried in the Phelps plot, certainly the last place she had ever expected to be.

In a little while, when she felt up to it, she phoned her Aunt Jen in Boston and told her the details of the funeral and the service and the flowers, so Aunt Jen could report it all to Barbara's mother when she awakened. Aunt Jen said that Barbara's mother had had a pretty good day, considering. She hadn't been as confused as usual. Confusion was one of the inescapable symptoms of the congestive heart failure which, week by week, month by month, was slowly killing her. Aunt Jen asked her to hurry on back home.

"I might have to stay a few days. There are some legal things."

"Then have her lawyer handle the legal things. Certainly she had one, child."

"There'll be decisions to make, I think."

"Then he can write us, can't he?"

"Aunt Jen, I am handling this as well as I know how. I'm not a child or an idiot. I'm twenty-five years old."

"Don't sound like a snip!"

"If I think I should stay a few days, I probably have good reasons, Aunt Jen. I'll be home as soon as I can."

"I'm sorry, child. I didn't mean to be grouchy. This isn't easy on any of us."

After she hung up, she stretched out on the bed. She hoped she had sounded more assured than she felt. The lie about the legal things was clumsy. But it was impossible to let them know the real reason she wanted to stay. She could not inflict that on them. It was horrid enough, losing Lu, without having to wonder if someone had killed her. If it was proven, then they would have to know, of course.

When the knock came at the door, she stood up swiftly and patted the bed smooth and asked who it was. "Breckenridge," the voice said. She went to the door and let him in. She did not know exactly what she had expected, but this man looked so ordinary, so matter-of-fact, her suspicions about Lucille seemed frail and ridiculous. He looked durable and remote and uninvolved, like the people who come to get something signed, or to make an estimate.

"Won't you sit down," she said. There were two chairs. She turned the straight chair away from the desk and they sat by the window, facing each other across the table. She did not know how to begin.

"This place is handy if you have no car," he said. "Practically downtown."

"I don't have a car."

"I'm staying in the other wing. Number eighteen."

"It . . . it might be nothing at all. It might be just . . ."

"Miss Horne, every year hundreds of cranks try to employ us. We evaluate each situation. When you took the newspaper accounts and that letter to our Boston office, they decided it was worth a try. Maybe it is nothing at all. We'll find out, one way or the other."

"Thank you," she said. "Do you have the letter?"

He gave it to her, saying, "I have a photocopy."

"Excuse me. I want to read that strange part again. I want to see if it is as . . ."

"Go ahead."

She turned to the second page of the letter. It read, "Problems, problems, problems. This is a strange one all tangled up with emotions and ethics and a couple of kinds of secrecy. I'm trying to sort it out and decide what to do. You seem to be my only outlet on some things, kid sister, so bear with me. The details later. I was very slickly trapped into betraying a confidence, and too much of a coward—as yet—to tell the person who trusted me that the secret is out. Not all the way, but enough to make me uneasy. Now a third person has entered the picture, acting so strangely that for the first time I can believe I might actually be in some sort of danger. Nothing specific. Just a crinkly feeling at the back of the neck. Something of value is involved, of course. What else makes people sly and dangerous? I might take some sly little steps of my own to put B and C off the scent, or just tell A the whole thing, or do both in that order which might make me look less of a gullible idiot. Sorry to sound like somebody on a Hitchcock show, Barb, but at least I'll write you the whole thing after it's settled."

Barbara looked defiantly at Bart Breckenridge. "You have to add this letter to another thing. The way she was in the water. Completely at home. Cramps drown people when they panic. Lu wouldn't get alarmed."

"Her lungs were full of water and there wasn't a mark on her."

"Are you going to be satisfied with that, Mr. Breckenridge?"

He looked at her in a silence that made her uncomfortable. She was aware of the penetrating and slightly mocking look of bright blue eyes, deeply set.

"When I'm satisfied, Miss Horne, I'll tell you. I was relating a fact. I checked that fact out today. I'll accumulate more facts. When I have enough facts, we'll see if there is any meaningful pattern. It isn't drama, you know. Just digging and checking and asking questions, and most of the time you never find a pattern that makes any sense. Motive, method, opportunity. The facts will relate to those three factors, or they won't."

"I'm sorry. I just want to be sure you'll . . ."

"Be diligent? I will be. It's my business. Now I need some background on you and your sister."

She accepted the offered cigarette, leaned to take the light. She exhaled and said with a trace of bitterness, "Ah, the Horne girls. Objective analysis? Their father died long ago, right in the midst of a business gamble that would have worked out if he'd lived. Fine social standing. Genteel poverty. An old apartment on the wrong end of a good street. Their mother collapsed shortly after she became a widow. The father's maiden sister moved in with them, and has been there ever since. Mother now dying, by inches. Reluctant charity from both sides of family, but always called something else. Barely enough for college for the girls, with both of them scrambling with might and main. Trying to maintain standards. Keep memberships in the right things. Break a good cup and it's a disaster. Very Henry James. Always changing necklines and hem lines and dyeing things new colors. Four females in an apartment. A stale life, Mr. Breckenridge. Lu was the pretty one. She was the chance of escape. I guess there was pressure on her. Gentle pressure. Kelsey Phelps was very acceptable. Handsome, polite and reasonably rich. The wedding just about wiped us out, but we made it. I guess we pushed her into a lousy marriage. I work in a brokerage office. I go to work and I come home. I could be twenty-five or fifty-five and it wouldn't seem to make much . . ." She heard her

voice break and she put her hand to her throat and stopped abruptly. "I didn't mean to sound so . . ." Tears were shockingly close. She crushed her cigarette out in the shallow motel ashtray, got up quickly and roamed to the other side of the room, fighting for control.

"I don't expect you to be as cold as ice about this."

"Please don't patronize me!"

"You're keeping your guard too high. I'm on your side. Don't try to make a certain kind of impression on me, Barbara. We'll be together on this. Let's make it Bart and Barbara."

She moved closer. "So I'll talk more freely?"

"That's part of it."

"Don't try to be clever with me. I was working myself into a nice case of self-pity. It's a crummy emotion. When I do cry, I want it to be for Lu, not for me."

"Sit down. Here, look at this stuff. My cover story."

She sat down and examined the insurance papers. "This is very clever!" she said.

"Not really. Standard procedure. People will talk if you present them with a situation they understand. We try to keep things as ordinary as possible."

She tilted her head to the side and her smile was shy. "And you try to look and act as ordinary as possible . . . Bart?"

"It comes easy when you're ordinary to start."

"You manage it, sort of. But not all the way. At first you seem ordinary, and then you don't."

For a moment she saw another man, a look of dark and bitter force just below the surface, a fragment of wretchedness and potential fury. And she saw him force his way back to a practiced blandness. But the momentary vision left her with a feeling of wonder and curiosity.

"You're aware of the rate schedule?" he asked.

"They explained it to me. I guess I can't really afford . . . very much of this. I sneaked some money out of a trust thing. I can stay here a few days. I would like to stay if I won't be in your way."

"You won't be. You might help."

"You're looking at me in a funny way."

"I'm sorry. I was wondering about you, Barbara. I think you're steady enough to know something in advance. Something not too pretty. This is an old town. All the power is pretty well concentrated."

"What are you trying to say?"

"There aren't any fearless officials around here, or brave newspapers. Maybe your sister was killed. Maybe we get enough so we can turn your hunch into a certainty—in *our* minds. But it might not be enough to go on, all the way. I don't want you to be . . . too idealistic. It's a long chain, Barbara. Accumulating a file, getting it approved, arrest, interrogation, indictment, trial, conviction, sentence, appeal, denial, punishment. Power is like a big pair of nippers. It can cut any link of the chain."

She stared at him. "I would shout it from the housetops. . . ."

"And be charged with criminal slander or get slapped into a mental institution. Barbara, we play this as cold as ice and go as far as we can, and if we can't go the whole way, we walk away."

"Do you know what you're asking?"

"I'm asking you to be realistic."

She made a wan face. "The education of Barbara Horne."

"Something like that."

"I'll try. But . . . if it's going to be like that, I'd rather we . . . didn't find out anything."

"You can call it off right now."

"No!"

He looked at his watch. "I've got an appointment to see the man she worked for. Doctor Nile. Why don't you take a nap? I'll pick you up about six thirty and we'll drive down the valley and eat in some other town. We eat here and you'll be stared at. Sound okay?"

"Yes. Thank you, Bart."

He got up and went over to the small brick fireplace. He sat on his heels and opened a valve and ignited the imitation birch logs with his lighter. The gas hissed blue. "The Fireside Motel," he said wonderingly. "I haven't seen these things since I was a little kid."

Doctor Rufus Nile was in his fifties, a short, plump, rubbery, bouncing little man, pink and white, starched, with unkempt gray hair, thick corrective lenses and a bewildering arsenal of nervous mannerisms. His office hours were over, his waiting room empty, his nurse just leaving. He looked at Breckenridge's insurance credentials, then took him into his office and fixed them both some bourbon over ice.

"Suicide? And save your company a wad of money if you can prove it? Not much of a chance of that. Was she troubled lately? Do you want me to say depressed, boy? Not a chance. I was fond of Lucille. I keep a close watch on my personnel. I knew I'd probably lose her when the year was up."

"Maybe the failure of her marriage bothered her, Doctor."

"Certainly it bothered her. She made a mistake. It was a bad marriage. She tried to live with it and make it work. But she was a woman grown, and Kelsey Phelps will be seventeen years old as long as he lives. But she wasn't going to kill herself with remorse."

"How about remorse over the affair with Skip Kimberton?"

Nile peered at him. "Well now," he said, "been digging, haven't you? You won't get any moral judgments out of me, Breckenridge."

"I'm not asking you to make any."

"It was an unlikely match, if you didn't look close. They didn't flaunt it. But they had people smirking and nudging each other. I don't think Lucille ever expected to get into a situation like that. She was a quiet woman, pretty and cool and careful-looking. But alone. That's the key. Alone like Skip has been, ever since Kitty died. Lucille was beginning to get a little too brittle and precise. But a good healthy female creature. Complex. And Skip Kimberton isn't exactly an easy man to understand.

"I won't moralize. It got to be a very intense physical relationship with them. God knows how it started. I could tell how it was from the change in her. She'd come in all soft and misty and floating, smiling to herself, dark circles around her eyes. She wasn't brittle any more. *Certainly* she felt guilt. But along with it was the contentment and fulfilment, stronger than guilt. They were going to marry. Maybe they didn't know it yet, but I did. I grant you maybe she was uneasy about it, but they were making each other happy. She was about to trade a boy for a man."

"Doctor Nile, did she seem particularly uneasy the last few weeks?"

Nile sat on the corner of his desk. He looked petulantly at Breckenridge. "You keep pushing, don't you?"

"You dodged me the first time I asked that."

"All right. Something was bothering her. But damn if she was suicidal."

"Can you make any guesses?"

"I made a few. She wasn't a neurotic. She was a sound steady woman, healthy as a horse. Rule out money. Skip had gotten her some kind of investment so she was sending money home for her mother's care. Maybe Phelps was heckling her, but I don't think that would have meant much. She had written him off. Rule out Skip having another woman. There's only one guess left. Maybe she idealized Skip a little too much, and then found out more about him. Skip started with nothing and made a lot. He's been tough and crafty and merciless. He's busted people who got in his way. He's cut a lot of corners here and there. Some people call him crooked. Others say he just operates very close to the law. He bids road work and he has politicians in his pocket. A woman like Lucille would want her man to be straight. Maybe she found out how tricky Skip Kimberton can be. That would have bothered her. But she wouldn't have killed herself over it."

"Or killed herself that way?"

"I'm no specialist on suicide, Breckenridge, but I have the idea good swimmers don't drown themselves. There's been some intestinal virus around. Cold springs feed into the lake. My guess is

she swam into a patch of cold water and got an abdominal cramp that doubled her right up, maybe giving her enough pain so she passed out. No matter how good you are, you shouldn't swim alone."

Breckenridge said in a casual tone, "Maybe I'd be better off if there was a murder clause, too."

"It would make much more sense than suicide."

"Would it?"

"Don't jump me like that, boy. I'm merely saying that suicide is so unlikely, *anything* else is more likely. Hell, who would want to kill Lucille?"

Breckenridge sipped his drink and smiled disarmingly at Doctor Nile. "Let's see. Phelps killed her because she said she wouldn't come back to him. Skip Kimberton killed her because she learned he was a thief and was going to turn him in. Or some woman who was afraid she was going back to Phelps. Or some other woman who wanted Skip back. Or some bum who happened along."

Nile shook his head wonderingly. "You've got an acute inflammation of the imagination, Breckenridge."

"It's a game anybody can play."

"Sure. I killed her because she was going to denounce me to the County Medical Association for malpractice because I go easy on antibiotics. Or it was her landlady, striking a blow for chastity." He stopped suddenly. "This isn't very funny. She's dead and I miss her."

"I'm sorry. Did you examine the body?"

"No. That was Bert Dell. He's the coroner. He's a good man. Checked the lungs and the degree of cyanosis. It was a drowning, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Do you have to go around asking a lot of people these damn fool questions?"

"The company likes diligence, Doctor."

"Walk easy with Skip. He may try to throw you out a window."

"That's been tried before."

"Skip might make it. But from the look of you, it might take him longer than he'd expect. You can both come to me for medical attention. Come on back one day and tell me how you're making out. You haven't called me Doc and you haven't asked for any free medical advice, so you can join me at bourbon time any day."

It was almost dark when he picked Barbara Horne up. Her eyes were puffy and red. As they drove away from the motel in his rental sedan, he asked her if she'd had a nap. She seemed very subdued.

"A little one. And then I woke up and I found myself thinking of something I had to tell Lucille. And suddenly I knew . . . I really *knew* for the first time I can't tell her anything ever again."

"It happens that way. It's when you don't expect it. Little things. And then it seems unreal again. It keeps coming back, but after a while it begins to get a little bit less every time."

"You've lost people . . . who were that close to you."

"An older brother. In a war. A tremendous guy. I was always trying to live up to him and get him to approve of me. It was a long time ago, but even now when I do something well, there's that little flash in my mind, like saying, 'How was that, Joe?' I guess I'm still looking for his approval. And I lost a wife, but not the same way. I loved her and we spent a few years trying to convince each other that she loved me. But she was so rare and lovely and precious and unique, she couldn't stop loving and admiring herself. She's married to a Texan now, and I understand she has two or three kids. It's the right frame of reference for her. The Texan has a show-place ranch, a show-off boat, and the enviable Janey. When they fly anyplace, her maid and her hairdresser go along. They've settled down nicely to both admire Janey. She was wasted on a working cop. As her parents kept telling her. When she was little they had her take lessons in everything, except how to love somebody."

"Holding a grudge?"

"A little one, maybe."

He found a small restaurant in a town twenty miles from Portugal. As they had a drink in the lounge, he found himself reappraising her. At their first meeting he had thought her habitual expression one of petulance, of a kind of permanent sulkiness. But now it seemed to him that the set of her mouth and the small frown lines indicated more of a resolute endurance, combined with shyness. She had said that Lucille was the pretty sister. At first he had found Barbara rather neutral, without sensual impact. But now he found her more attractive. Her hair was a glossy brown with reddish highlights, her forehead high, her eyes gray-green, her face a long oval, slightly plump, her mouth softened and reserved and steady. She was a sizable girl, and her long round arms and legs and a kind of placidity of her body in repose gave an impression of vitality. They talked of many things, and he made her smile often, and liked her smile. By the time dinner was over and they went back to the lounge for coffee, he had begun to sense his own increasing physical awareness of her, to see in the placement of an ear, hinge of wrist, roundness of knee, velvet of strong throat, those understated perfections which had escaped a hastier scrutiny.

Over dinner and in the lounge he told her about Doctor Nile's guess as to why Lucille had seemed troubled.

"That would sort of fit the letter, wouldn't it, Bart? Mr. Kimberton would be A. and he trusted her with some secret . . . and then she found out from B or C that it was different than the way Mr. Kimberton had explained it to her . . ."

"There are more people to talk to."

"And we are going to find out she was . . ." He saw the grief take her again, saw the look of astonishment on her face. She got up quickly and went to the women's room and was gone ten minutes. She looked pale and uncertain when she came back. "I'm sorry," she said.

"It's getting late. We had better be getting back."

On the drive back through the night on the winding road, she sat silently beside him. He stopped in front of her motel unit and went around and let her out.

She said, "Bart, I know what you've been trying to do, and I appreciate it. You make it a little bit easier."

"I'll see you tomorrow morning."

"Can you give me something to do, to help you?"

"I don't know yet."

She turned and looked at the night sky. She was silhouetted against the car lights, her profile clear and sad and very young. She sighed and held her hand out to him. "Thank you for taking me out."

After her door closed and the inside lights went on, he drove over to the other side of the motel. After he was in bed he found himself thinking of what Doctor Nile had said about loneliness. It could form a strange and powerful bond between unlikely people. Barbara was vulnerable. He began to think of her too explicitly and too unprofessionally, and then spoke harshly and chidingly to himself and pushed the unlikely fantasies out of his mind.

On the morning after the funeral of Lucille Phelps, Gus Hernandez, the town of Portugal's most successful C.P.A. and tax attorney, awoke in his shabby little bachelor apartment, feeling grainy and sour and jumpy. He had slept badly, and his dreams had been tortured and exhausting. He was a pale, stocky, flabby man with weak eyes, thin dark hair and a hoarse, fast, asthmatic voice. It upset him to realize that this taking of a major risk—the first in his life—should make him sleep so badly and feel so wretched. He had hoped he could handle it with more aplomb. It seemed unfair to spend your life aiming at the big money and then have it so upsetting when the big chance came along.

He had supported himself as a bookkeeper while going after the law degree. After finally passing the bar exams, he had stayed with the bookkeeping and gone after the C.P.A. Soon after he opened his first small office, he had begun to prove that the years of preparation had not been wasted. He was a qualified guide through the swamps and jungles of Federal and state taxation. He established excellent working relationships with the tax boys. Find a way to save a client a legitimate five hundred on his tax bill, and he will praise you to the

skies. Get Gus Hernandez to do your tax work for you.

He had not lied or deceived or concealed. He had dealt fairly. As his business expanded, he had hired people, trained them well, worked them hard. He was not married and had no dependents. He lived small. He paid his own taxes scrupulously and put the overage into solid securities. Chain store suits and chain store shirts, and a new Chevy every four years. Saving the money so he would have it at exactly the right time and in the right quantity.

In the past several years he had smelled out situations which looked promising, but there was always a flaw. But now he had it in his hand. The fat client in a bad squeeze. Skip Kimberton. Skip Kimberton had narrowly escaped indictment for fraud, and a possible prison term. Skip had been too cute too long. But Gus Hernandez had talked the tax people into a settlement. It was going to be a big bite. So big that Skip was going to have to unload some very interesting asset values. Gus had been over Skip's records a hundred times, and the only thing that made any sense was for Skip to unload the Weston tract for cash, pay the capital gains and turn over the balance in settlement of the tax deficiency. It was a large, unimproved tract which included the lake shore where the woman had drowned.

Gus Hernandez had set himself up to buy it. It would take all his savings plus everything he could borrow. He could do it very quietly through a dummy setup, meanwhile advising Skip Kimberton to take the offer. And he had a purchaser lined up for it, and he would sell it again, six months and a day after taking title. Skip would eventually find out what had happened. And he would be furious. But by then it would be too late. Gus Hernandez would be free and clear, with enough money in hand to last him the rest of his life.

He found it difficult to think beyond the actual fact of the money. The images beyond the money were vague. Somehow the money would turn pallor to bronze and flatten the belly. Somehow it would provide a Golden Girl, cars and boats and far warm places and laughter. Everything would be fine forever after the money came in.

He drove down and parked behind the Kimberland Building, walked a half block and had breakfast, and then went up to his offices on the second floor of Skip's building. The call he had been awaiting came in at a quarter after ten. It was an informal notification of the size of the settlement the tax people would accept.

He thanked his friend and hung up. Beyond the closed doors of his private office, the accounting machines whirred and clucked. Gus Hernandez dried the palms of his hands on a handkerchief. All that remained was to convince Skip that the only way to raise the large piece of cash was to sell the Weston tract, which he had held for so many years. A straightforward deal. Nothing cute or devious like trying to sell it to himself. Gus took a breath so deep it made him dizzy. The Golden Girl was waiting in the wings. He phoned Skip Kimberton.

Jezzie Jackman answered and said, "We don't know where he is, Gus. He was in the office before I got in this morning because he signed some letters I left for him, but I guess he went out. The last few days he . . . he hasn't been very good about letting the office know where he'll be."

"Jezzie, as soon as you get in touch with him, give him a confidential message. Tell him the final figure on the settlement is six thousand three over my last estimate."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"Jezzie, compared with what could have happened, it's marvelous. I'll be here all day getting another account in shape for audit, so you tell him to get in touch with me. If it's okay with him, five o'clock today would be a good time for us to go over future planning."

"I can't promise I'll even see him before then, Gus."

Bart Breckenridge sat in the waiting area of the big office, in one of the armchairs against the wall. While the big girl had been talking on the phone, the older woman had left with an armful of file folders.

The big girl interested him. When he had first come into the office, he had thought her an ornament, an office playmate built to proper scale to Skip Kimberton's reputed six foot six. Even in low heels she was a good inch taller than Breckenridge's five eleven. And all of her was in perfect sturdy proportion. She looked like a cute little girl projected to one and a half times life size. And in that dimension the word cute was lost. She inspired awe. Early twenties, he decided. Dark gold hair fashioned into lively curls which bounced as she walked. Gray wool skirt, long-sleeved pleated white blouse. At least one hundred and sixty lithe and solid pounds of her, swift-moving. No rings, no jewelry, a sparing use of lipstick, a fresh scent of soap and flowers when she was nearby. In spite of the force and maturity of her figure, she gave an impression of childishness. He decided it was because of the bodiless clarity of her voice and the look of solemnity and devoted attention when she was occupied with some office task.

As he watched her at work, he realized she was far more than an ornament. She handled the incoming calls with swiftness and decision. She typed with dazzling speed. At her office chores, no move was wasted or unnecessary. The office setup was not what Breckenridge had expected. In décor and automation and flavor of efficiency it was what he would have expected to find in a big city rather than in the town of Portugal.

When the girl hung up, he said, "Mr. Kimberton must have a lot of business interests."

She looked over at him. "We use a lot of letterheads. Different corporations for different kinds of things. But it's a slack time right now."

"Is Mr. Kimberton cutting down on his operations?"

Her change of expression told him he had gone too far. "I might be able to save you a lot of waiting around, Mr. Breckenridge. I checked our master index. We've never had any business with North Atlantic Mutual. If you have any idea of trying to sell him anything, you won't last ten seconds."

"I guess I should have told you, Miss Jackman. This is just a routine insurance investigation."

She stared with calm appraisal. "If it's routine, somebody else ought to be able to help you."

"Well . . . it's a personal matter."

She got up and came over to him and stood looking down at him, one fist against the round strength of her hip. "About that Mrs. Phelps?"

"I'll have to talk to Mr. Kimberton."

"I don't think he'll want to talk."

"Then I turn in a negative report."

Her expression was thoughtful and slightly sour. "Well, it should be pretty negative. She was nothing to him."

"That isn't what I've heard."

"You can hear a lot of foolish things around town, Mr. Breckenridge. Maybe she thought she meant something to him. But all she was was something handy."

"You sound as if you resented her."

"I know right from wrong. But it didn't mean anything to me. And it's over now. He'll grieve for her a little. But it won't last long. He won't want to talk about her to strangers though."

Paul stood up. "I'd better phone you later on. I've got other people to see."

"Like her husband? Maybe you won't have to bother Mr. Kimberton at all."

"It might just turn out that way, Miss Jackman."

It was eleven o'clock when Breckenridge parked by the Phelps boathouse at the south end of Twelfth Lake. The sun was out and as he got out of his car he could feel the warmth of it. He went over to a window and cupped his hands and looked in and saw, in the gloom, a big mahogany runabout moored inside the boathouse. It looked fast enough to travel to the place where Lucille had drowned in fifteen minutes

or less. He could not see the houses on either side. The lakefront property was too extensive, and there were too many October leaves still on the trees. A flagstone path led around to the outside staircase cantilevered to the side of the structure, leading up to the sun deck overlooking the lake and to the roomy living quarters. It was very quiet. He could hear the wind in the dry leaves, the tick of his cooling motor, a lisp of the ripples against the shoreline rocks.

As he started up the stairs, a man appeared at the head of the stairs, belligerent in posture and expression. He wore brief blue swim trunks and a heavy gray sweatshirt. He was a massive brute, his thick legs muscular and sun darkened. His hair, brows and lashes were bleached almost white by the sun. His face was fleshy but reasonably handsome. The tan disguised the bloat of hard living. He was scowling.

"You phoned me, pal?" Phelps asked.

"That's right."

"Before you hung up on me, pal, I told you not to come around."

Breckenridge continued up the stairs. "I want to talk to you about your wife's insurance. I want to ask you a number of questions."

"Write me a letter. Stop right where you are. Turn around and go back down my stairs, pal, and get off my property."

Breckenridge stopped three steps from the top. He stared up at Phelps. "Don't be such a silly bastard," he said quietly. "I'm cleared with the police. I'm not a brush salesman, Phelps. I'm investigating your wife's suicide. And I'm coming up. So get out of my way."

He walked up the last three steps. Phelps backed away. The old theories always seemed to work out. Never try to bluff the quiet little ones. The big noisy ones will back away.

"Suicide?" Phelps said. "Lucille didn't kill herself!"

"What makes you so sure? You know what a swimmer she was."

"Now wait a minute!"

"Did you make her so happy she couldn't have gotten depressed?"

"What kind of a question is that?"

Breckenridge shrugged and walked over to the solid railing of heavy redwood planking and looked north up the length of the lake. He stood there, his back to Phelps. He wanted to give Phelps a chance to compose himself, because he wanted to see what kind of a story Phelps would have.

After a few minutes Phelps said, "I don't know who you've been talking to or what they've told you. Lu and I were separated. I got out of line and she took it the wrong way. But when the year was up, she was going to come back to me."

Breckenridge turned and smiled at him. "So what was she doing with Kimberton? Trying to punish you?"

Phelps licked his lips. He turned a sick color under his tan. "They were just friends. That's all. He helped her on some kind of investment. Lu wouldn't . . . get mixed up with a man like Skip Kimberton. She . . . she had better taste."

"Did she say she was going to come back to you?"

"Yes!"

"And if you found out the Kimherton thing was true, you'd take her back?"

"I'm not exactly perfect. People can forgive and forget."

"Maybe she wanted to come back to you and figured that because of Kimberton you wouldn't take her back, so she killed herself."

"Oh no! She knew I'd take her back."

"Because if you didn't, your father was going to throw you out?"

Phelps was visibly startled. "Who told you that?"

"It's common knowledge. Would you say Lucille was emotionally unstable?"

"No. Not at all."

"If she *wasn't* going to come back to you, Phelps, and if your father was going to toss you out if she didn't, then it all worked out very nicely for you."

"Who are you? What has this got to do with insurance?"

"Where were you when she drowned?"

"Right here."

"Alone?"

Phelps started to answer and then pulled himself together with an effort. "What is your name? Breckenridge? Mr. Breckenridge, I loved Lucille very much. Maybe she wasn't going to come back to me. I don't really know. I'm going to keep on thinking she would have come back to me. Sheriff Walmo asked me some questions, the kind you're asking me. I don't think I have to answer them again."

"If I can establish a reasonable assumption of suicide, the company will fight against paying off on a double indemnity provision in the policy. Her sister and her mother are the beneficiaries."

"Oh. Is much involved?"

"Enough."

Phelps sat on a redwood chair and looked at his clasped hands. "It doesn't make sense, but accidents seldom do, do they? Lu was a husky woman. She didn't look it, but she was. And the people who wanted to needle me kept telling me how fine she was looking lately. Cramps, food poisoning, maybe some reaction to some kind of medicine. We won't ever know, Breckenridge. She went swimming alone and drowned."

"Or somebody drowned her?"

Phelps's glance was unexpectedly shrewd. "Not me, pal. I wasn't alone and I can prove it if I ever have to. But I don't think I'll have to. Then who? Skip Kimberton? That's an idiotic idea. Besides, if somebody drowned her, your company would have to pay off anyway. If I thought anybody drowned her, I'd be out looking myself. It meant that much to me."

Breckenridge studied him for a moment. The cop instinct told him that Phelps could be taken off the list. This was a dull, decorative fellow, bone lazy and probably good at games, at holding his liquor, at wenching. Insofar as he was capable of loving any object but himself, he had probably loved Lucille.

"If I think of anything else, I'll be back," Breckenridge said.

"I can hardly wait. If you turn up anything, will you let me know?"

"Somebody will."

He left him sitting there and went back down the stairs. He stopped at a gas station at the edge of town. It was a little after twelve. Miss Jackman told him that Skip Kimberton had not arrived or phoned in. He called Sheriff Walmo.

"Just checking one small item, Sheriff. Where was the husband at the time she drowned?"

"You can forget him, Breckenridge."

"Thanks. But if he had somebody with him, there's always the possibility it was an accomplice, you know."

"For Godsake, Breckenridge!"

"Let's cross them off completely, Sheriff, every one."

"He was down the lake at that boathouse where he lives, and he had a woman with him and he wouldn't say who. You come up with something more and I'll shake it out of him and call her in here. But not until."

"Fair enough."

He drove back to the motel. Barbara wasn't in her room. He left the car there and walked toward the center of town and found her in a small lunchroom, sitting alone at the counter. After her start of surprise as he sat beside her and spoke her name, her smile for him was quick and warm.

After he ordered and the counter girl had moved out of range, he said in a low voice, "I can give you a little chore." He told her about Phelps. He said, "I'm almost willing to write him off without taking it any further. I know you don't care much for those people. But maybe you could phone one of the women you met, tell her you're blue, wangle some kind of invitation and see what you can find out. Think you could do that?" She held her hand out, palm up. "What do you want?"

"A dime to phone with."

She came back to the counter five minutes later. "No answer at the Yateses', so I tried Mrs. Keaver. It worked beautifully. They're having a little cheer-up dinner party for Kelse tonight. Delighted to have me. Just a few close friends. Stu Keaver will pick me up at the motel and bring me back. I said I was staying because a tiresome insurance person was trying to prove it had been suicide. She was horrified. Was that all right?"

"Perfect! I hope you don't mind too much."

Suddenly she looked uneasy. "I don't really mind that at all. What I really dread is going through Lucille's things. I have to do that this afternoon. I've talked with Mr. Ennis. He was Lu's lawyer. He explained about her checking account and the car and all. I have to separate out the things to take back and the things to give away. It's arranged so I can get the key from Mrs. Carey."

"Would you mind if I went there with you?"

"I hoped you'd say that."

"I might have to leave you there and come back later."

"Once I get started I'll be all right."

Breckenridge had a two-thirty appointment with the man who had turned in the alarm about the drowning. The man and his family lived in a tract house in a small development west of town. His name was Bill Maple, and he worked a night shift for the power company. He was raking the leaves in his small front yard when Breckenridge parked in his driveway. He came over and they leaned against the car while Maple told his story.

"We been over there for picnics and swimming a hundred times. The best beach is at the first road heading south. The nearest I can come is to say it was twenty minutes before two o'clock when we got there, me and Peg and the two kids. We had lunch here at the house first. It looked as if it would be the last swim of the year. I can tell you, I was surprised to see a car parked there. We had suits on under our clothes the way we do. The kids went racing off to look in a hollow tree where they'd hid some stuff from the last time. Peg and me, we walked down to the beach. It had rained the night before and the beach was clean. It wasn't all scuffed up with footprints. I was going to go right on into the water, but Peg grabbed me by the arm. She looked funny. When I looked, I saw how funny it was. Spooky, sort of. The towel and sandals and beach bag and the little radio there playing music, and bare footprints going down to the water, and nobody in sight out there. It was one of those sunny days that are sort of misty, so you can't see as far as you think you ought to be able to. The car had local plates. We waited around. I yelled a couple of times. I went over to one side and waded out where I could look along the shore pretty good. I couldn't see anybody. I blew the horn on her car. Peg wanted me to report it right away, but I was afraid a boat had picked her up and taken her for a ride, and I'd look like a damn fool. But finally I left her there with the kids and went to the main road and drove down to that first gas station and phoned. The law people took it serious. They came quick. And the word got around and a lot of other people came down to the lake, too. They had a job getting the boat down there to launch it. And getting the ambulance with the respirator down there. One of the deputies had a skin-diving rig, and he found her in the first five minutes or so. Peg had the good sense to herd our kids out of the way and shut them up in our car. But I got a look at her when they brought her ashore, and wished ever since I hadn't. I can still hear that little radio playing away and see how she'd turned all funny blue colored."

"You saw the footprints she left. Would you say that she ran right into the water?"

"No, I'd say she set her stuff down and walked in, not fast and not slow. The footprints were about so far apart. Five prints and then a sort of rubbed out one right at the edge where the water washed into it."

"Did you notice anybody turning out of that road or any of the others when you were first approaching?"

"No, and I would have noticed if there had been. Because when you're going to a place like that, you're wondering if it's going to be crowded. I . . . I don't think we'll do any more of our swimming from that beach."

"It it in any sense a dangerous beach?"

"It's the best little beach around, Mr. Breckenridge."

"Had you ever seen her there before?"

"Maybe four times this past summer. I remember once she was alone and the other times she was with Mr. Skip Kimberton. But he wasn't swimming."

"Mr. Maple, thank you very much. You're very observant."

When he called Kimberton's office again, Miss Jackman said that if he could stop by the office at six o'clock, Mr. Kimberton would be able to see him. He might have a short wait, but that would be the most convenient time. He got back to Lucille's apartment at three thirty. Barbara was at the kitchen table, going through a metal lock box and a jewelry case. She was being resolutely casual, but Bart could sense the strain she was under.

"There's more to do than I realized," she said. "I guess I'll have to finish up tomorrow. I've had enough for one day. Let me put these things away and then we can get out of here. I have to lock up and take this key back to Mrs. Carey."

"Didn't the sheriff send your sister's things back here?"

"Yes. They were here."

"No apartment key?"

He followed her into the living room. She took a key ring from the table and handed it to him. It was a split ring with a red leather tab, four keys. "Just those," she said. "None of them are like this key Mrs. Carey loaned me."

"These two are car keys. And these look like door keys."

"One is probably to Doctor Nile's office, Bart."

"Good guess. Maybe the other is to Kimberton's shack or lodge or whatever it is."

"She wrote me about meeting him there. I guess it could be. She wrote . . . things like that to me at the office. Private letters. The others went home."

He went to the phone and picked it up. It was dead.

"What's the matter, Bart?"

"You went through the things that came back here from the sheriff's office? Could you have missed seeing a key?"

"No. I'm pretty sure. But I'll look again."

While she looked, he examined the lock. It had to be locked with the key. Barbara did not find the key. And she said that Lucille had always been careful about locking up. He drove Barbara back to the motel and phoned Sheriff Walmo from there.

"Breckenridge, everything she had on her or with her got taken back to the apartment and left there. I got an inventory list here. Complete, down to the lipstick and postage stamps. It says key ring and four keys. If you say none of them fit the apartment, then none of them do."

"Doesn't it seem strange to you?"

"Maybe she wasn't in the habit of locking up. Some folks aren't."

"She was. Her sister and Mrs. Carey are both positive about that."

"Are you sure you aren't trying to make something out of nothing?"

"Apparently the apartment wasn't sealed or guarded the night after she died, Sheriff. And the entrance is in the back, and Mrs. Carey is a television fan. Maybe somebody wanted something in that apartment."

"If you have to have every little thing explained, you can keep this going a long time, Breckenridge. You sure you know the rules of evidence?"

"I didn't call you to say I had anything positive, Sheriff. I just called to ask about the key."

"I know somebody hasn't got a key. That would be Skip Kimberton. The day after Mrs. Phelps died, I had Mrs. Carey let him in to pick up some bookkeeping work Mrs. Phelps was doing for him."

"Maybe he was trying to prove he didn't have a key."

"Is business slow out of your office this time of year?"

"When I do have something to go on, Sheriff, I'll contact you."

He hung up and stretched out on his motel bed and examined the fragility of the structure of supposition he was erect-

ing. The missing key indicated something of value in the apartment. From the tone of Lucille's strange letter to Barbara, it could well have been something belonging to Kimberton. Assuming somebody could drown Lucille without leaving a mark on her, they then had to go to her car and know which key was the right key, take it, and then get in and out of the apartment without being seen. And Skip Kimberton had come after his property the next day. Too late? If so, it was something he couldn't report missing. And he wouldn't know who had taken it, who had tricked Lucille into betraying the fact she had it. But Lucille had to die because she knew who had tricked her. It was either carefully planned all the way, or it was murder on impulse and the rest of it improvised.

He told himself it was all too frail, yet somehow it felt right. It made the back of his neck tingle. And that, he thought, is a remarkable investigative tool, the back of the neck.

He pictured the woman walking across the sand and into the water, but suddenly the image was all too vivid, and he was seeing Barbara instead of Lucille, all pleasant details of her precise and memorable, from the way her hair curled against the gentle configuration of her throat below her ear to the tall and graceful elegance of her walk.

He sat up quickly and shrugged the spell away. This was no time for distraction. The Horne girl seemed younger than her years, yet strangely withdrawn and complex. Not a happy girl, even before this happened. He sensed that she could too readily become emotionally dependent. She would play no games.

He looked at his watch. Instead of foolish fantasies about Miss Barbara, he would be better off to spend the free time planning a careful approach to Skip Kimberton.

Gus Hernandez, at Skip Kimberton's request, went into the kitchen of Skip's bachelor apartment atop the Kimberland Building and fixed two drinks. He carried them back into the living room and handed one to Skip. It was a spacious room, paneled in pale wood. Skip sat in a deep leather chair, his feet on a big hassock. There were burrs on his trousers and caked mud on his hunting boots. His face was grooved and drawn with exhaustion.

As he sipped his drink, Gus said, "The important thing right now, Skip, is to get the money up, and we have to consider the possible . . ."

"The important thing right now is to relax, Gussy. Don't you fret. We'll get the money to them."

"But I want to strongly recommend that you . . ."

"Do the recommending tomorrow."

Gus sighed. "Where have you been all day long?"

Skip got out of the chair slowly and stretched. "Way over back of Burgentown, back to the home place. Haven't been back since I picked up the deed to it twenty years ago. A chimney standing, and a pile of timbers where the wind pushed the barn over. All grown over with scrub and alders and berry bushes. Left the car and walked that country the whole day long, Gus."

He walked slowly into the big bedroom with Gus at his heels. He put his glass on the bureau and began to unbutton his wool shirt. "Five kids, and I was the middle one, and now I'm the only one left."

"Skip, when we talk tomorrow, I want you to understand that those tax boys are like a tree full of hawks watching one chicken. We can't afford to try anything the least bit . . ."

"Summertimes up there, you could take a bar of yellow soap and go down to the creek to a pool black as ink under a big willow tree. It was icy cold the whole summer long. There was a hand pump in the kitchen, and winters the water got heated in buckets on the wood stove and poured into a tin tub. Too much trouble to do it often that way, so near the end of winter the smell in that little house of kerosene, bacon fat and people was so thick you could have sliced it into strips and fried it. In the winter in school, if I got to liking a girl, I had the sense to stay down wind from her." He slowly took his clothes off and tossed them onto a pigskin hamper in an alcove off the bedroom. "One time in the winter I had an abscessed tooth and I sat in the dentist's office and I was reading one of those homemaking magazines, and they had a two-page color picture of the biggest, shiniest bathroom I ever saw. Right then I told myself that one day I would have one even better than that one, with stacks of soft white towels and big soft brushes with long handles and big bars of good-smelling soap, and I would soak and scrub myself right down to the tender hide every evening the whole winter long." He finished his drink and put the glass down. He frowned at Gus. "It's funny to think that maybe everything I've done all my life was just so I could have the best bathroom in three counties. Fix us another, Gussy."

When Gus took the fresh drink into the bathroom, Skip Kimberton was behind the opaque door of the huge shower stall, and the steamy water was roaring out of the adjustable shower heads. The shower and the tub and the height of the long countertop with its oversized stainless steel lavatory were all built to scale for Skip Kimberton. The room made Gus Hernandez feel dwarfed and pulpy.

A few minutes after the shower had stopped, Gus went back to the bathroom door. Skip stood at the sink, shaving, a big towel knotted around his waist.

"I was going to take Lu back there and show her that place," Skip said. "She wanted to see it." He fingered his long hard jaw and rinsed the razor under the hot water. "Walked fifteen or twenty miles today. She liked walking. So did Kitty. In a lot of ways, they were alike."

Gus moved out of the way. Skip went into the dressing room off the bedroom and put on fresh clothing, white shirt, dark blue tie, a dark suit. In spite of the superb tailoring of the suit, Gus thought Kimberton always looked strange in such clothing. Rough clothes suited him, suited the weathered face and the big, useful hands.

Kimberton fixed himself another drink and looked at Gus Hernandez with a small smile that was like a grimace of pain. "All dressed up and no place to go. You know, when we get cleared away here, I might take off for a while. Maybe a slow boat around the world."

Gus followed him back into the living room. Skip slumped into a big leather couch and hung a long leg over the padded arm. Gus said, "Before you take off, we do have to get cleared away. Can I tell you what I have in mind?"

"You keep trying, don't you? Make it short and interesting."

"It's a big bite they're after. If you try to come up with it by whittling down your liquid position, you'll be in no shape to come up with performance bonds on the jobs you'll want to bid. You have to get the money in some very obvious way. The best way is to unload the Weston tract."

"Maybe I want to hang onto that."

"Skip, this is no time to be cute. They'll be monitoring every move. I get along with them because I think the way they do. I use their methods. You've never been entirely frank with me, Skip. It worries me."

Kimberton's face tightened. "Now you're being interesting."

"I computed your net worth in one of the ways they use, Skip. I went back a lot of years. I dug through all the old records. I took your income after taxes, and I deducted all your expenses and added a fat estimate of cash expenditures, and I came up with a different net worth than we show on that balance sheet, Skip."

Kimberton came smoothly to his feet. "How much different?"

"Enough to make me sure you've stashed an emergency fund, Skip. Cash. Somewhere between seventy-five thousand and a hundred and fifty thousand. A concealed asset. One we didn't report. What I'm trying to tell you, you can't touch that money now. You can't feed it back into your operations and use it to pay a portion of this tax bill. If you try that, we could both be in very bad trouble."

Skip Kimberton took two long strides, wrapped his big hands around Gus Hernandez's upper arms and plucked him up

off the chair. The glass fell from Gus's numbed hand and he gave a small squeak of pain and astonishment. Skip held him suspended in the air, his face on a level with Skip's and about six inches away. Skip's shoulder muscles creaked with the strain and the cords in his neck stood out. With a mild smile and in a very soft voice, Skip said, "Now where would I keep money like that?"

"In . . . in a safe place. My God, Skip! Put me down!"

"Like where?"

"I . . . I don't know!"

With a very cold and deadly precision, Skip Kimberton said, "I don't give a damn what happens to me any more, Gussy. I know you are lying to me. You have one chance to tell me where that money was hidden. And if you tell me the wrong place, I am going to start ripping the fat meat off your bones with my bare hands, and nobody will hear the noise you make."

"Skip! Please! We've known each other for . . ."

The iron fingers sank more deeply into the softness of his arms. "You better be right the very first time."

"For God's sake! You . . . You gave it to Lucille to keep!"

He looked into Kimberton's narrowed eyes and saw death. Suddenly Skip dropped him. He landed on his heels and nipped the tip of his tongue painfully. He sighed and slumped to the floor like a fat, tired child. His hands were bone white and numbed. As he worked his fingers, a painful tingling began. He sobbed once, a sound like a small hiccup.

Skip squatted on his heels, grasped Gus's face in a big hand and wrenched it around to meet his granite stare. "You're close to dead, so talk while you can." Gus hoped it was a joke. But he met that terrible stare, saw the sweat and the grayness and knew unconditional terror for the first time in his life.

"I didn't do anything! Honest to God! Please! When I knew you had the cash, I tried to figure out where it would be. Maybe here. Maybe at the Beetle Creek place. Not in a lock box. Writs and warrants. It's just that . . . I start wondering about something and I have to find out. You were after me every day, asking if there was the slightest chance you might get convicted of fraud and sent to federal prison. You couldn't stand prison. You'd run first. So the money had to be with somebody who'd bring it to you, meet you someplace if things went sour. I wondered if Lucille was holding it for you . . . and I . . . wanted to make sure."

"When?"

"A month ago. You were out of town. I . . . I just happened to run into her on the street. I had a cup of coffee with her. Saturday afternoon. I just casually asked her if . . . she had it in a safe place. It caught her off guard. The way she reacted, I knew she had it and she knew I knew. It made her very upset and nervous. And then it began to make me nervous, too, thinking she might tell you how I trapped her and you'd be sore. I got her talking about it and found out what you'd told her it was. So I went along with it. And I made her promise not to mention our little talk to you. It was an uncertain kind of promise. I told her I was just looking out for your best interests. I told her you hadn't told me about it. I'd just added two and two."

A blue-white flash seemed to originate inside Gus Hernandez's head. There was a painful ringing in his left ear, a taste of blood in his mouth. He realized Skip had struck him, but he had not seen the slightest movement before the blow landed.

"Then you bragged to somebody how smart you are, Gussy. You told somebody how you figured it all out."

"I didn't say a word to anybody! I swear!"

Kimberton stared at him, then stood up and moved away from him. Hernandez got to his feet. He worked his arms in a gingerly way and said, "I don't know why you got so . . ."

Kimberton whirled toward him. "Are you so stupid you can't see the rest of it? Lu is dead and the money is gone."

Hernandez's mouth sagged. He wiped his face. "Gone?"

"One hundred and six thousand dollars—cash."

"Maybe . . . maybe she hid it better than you thought."

"It's gone. And she's gone. Because you had to let somebody know how cute you are."

"I swear to you on my heart and soul I haven't told anybody. Skip, maybe she told somebody . . ."

"Because you got her so upset."

"Skip, believe me, haven't I always tried to do my best for you?"

Kimberton stared at him. "You didn't go after the money. You haven't the guts. You went behind my back and tricked my woman and worried her. You pull every last paper that has anything to do with me out of your files and have them in my office before the close of business tomorrow."

"Skip!"

"Your lease is up at the end of the year. You won't be happy here."

"You need me, Skip! I can do more for you taxwise than anybody you can get. I know how you should raise the money you need right now. I've even got a buyer for the Weston tract and . . ."

"Let me walk you out, Gussy."

"You'll think about it?"

"I'm thinking about it right now."

"Don't do anything hasty, Skip. I . . . I could tell the tax people maybe that balance sheet isn't entirely accurate."

Kimberton pushed the big door open and they went into the ante-office. Jezzie was typing. A dark-haired man was sitting and waiting. Gus flinched as Skip's big hand closed on the nape of his neck. Jezzie wore a startled look.

"Hold the corridor door open for me," Skip said. "Jump, Jezzie!"

She hurried to the door and held it open. Gus knew it couldn't be happening. Not to him. Not like this. But then Skip Kimberton was running him toward the open door. Gus had to run to keep from being pushed onto his face. At the doorway he was released. He went sliding and scuttling across the elevator foyer and came up against the far wall, slapping at it for balance, stinging his hands. Behind him he heard the hiss as the office door closed. The chance was gone, the future endless and flat. He snuffled and wiped his nose on the back of his hand. His vision was misted. He pressed the button to summon the elevator.

Skip noticed that Jezzie didn't take her eyes off him as she went slowly back to her desk. He felt a remote amusement. "We need some new tax people," he said.

"I guess so, Mister Skip."

"We'll try Bruner and McCabe. They seem anxious for the work. Get them over here tomorrow afternoon." She made a note. "Who is that fellow?"

"That's Mr. Breckenridge about the insurance."

"Send him in," Skip said and went into his office. Breckenridge got up and followed him in. The door swung shut. Kimberton sat behind a big pale desk, motioned Breckenridge into the chair facing him across the desk. "I don't usually end business relationships the way I ended that one. What have you got on your mind?"

Bart went through his insurance routine, the presentation of credentials. He was uncomfortably aware of Kimberton's stare, the eyes under the sallow brows as meaningless as two bits of glass in a taxidermy shop.

"As a company man you want to keep the suicide possibility open. Why are you coming to me?"

"It's common knowledge you were a very close friend."

"And people talk free to you because of these papers you showed me."

"It's my job."

"Give me that policy number. I want to phone North Atlantic Mutual and tell them what a good man they've got."

"That's nice of you. Here's the number."

"Remind me not to play poker with you. Your eyes didn't change a bit."

"I don't know what it is that you mean, Mr. Kimberton."

"Come off it, Breckenridge! Unless you want to leave the way Hernandez did. Lucille had one little two thousand dollar policy with Connecticut General, straight life, and she was trying to hang onto it. I knew her personal affairs. So your story is faked. Who are you?"

Breckenridge hesitated, then shrugged and took his legitimate identification out of his wallet and slid it across the desk. Kimberton studied it and flipped it back.

"Who hired you?"

"The sister."

"Why?"

"She thinks Lucille was murdered."

Kimberton closed his eyes for a moment. He said, "Has she got a reason?"

Breckenridge opened his zipper case, took the photocopy of Lucille's letter to Barbara out of it and handed it over. Kimberton swiveled his chair around. Breckenridge could not see his face as he read it. He turned back and said, "I'm the one she calls A. You saw B when he left in a big hurry. He tricked her a month ago. She should have told me about it. I don't know who C is."

"Do you think she was murdered, Mr. Kimberton? I've stopped playing games. Maybe we can hoth stop."

"Wouldn't I be a suspect?"

"I've got you placed seventy miles from here at the estimated time of death. It doesn't rule out hiring somebody to do it. But murder for hire isn't done that way. And I don't think you'd enter into a contract so foolish and dangerous."

"I've felt gutted since the moment I heard she was dead. I've had a wild feeling in my head. I could just as easy have run Gus Hernandez out one of those big windows as out that door. I don't give much of a damn what I do. Nothing seems important any more. I don't trust myself to even think that she might have been murdered."

"I've gone this far in making guesses, Mr. Kimberton. She was keeping something for you. That was the position of trust. You went to her place to get it the next day. You told Mrs. Carey you got it. I think it was already gone. She had her apartment key with her when she went to the lake to swim. It was on her key ring, with two car keys and two other door keys. It was taken at the lake, apparently. It was a risk to take it, because she was probably dead by then. So it was used. It was probably used the same night."

"So you want to know what she had of mine."

"It might be a help."

"Just about the most foolish thing I could do would be to tell you. I just squeaked out of a bad jam. This could put me right back in the sling, Breckenridge. She was holding most of my getaway money. If I had to run, I could have sent for her and she would bring it. One hundred and six thousand dollars in cash in a beat-up blue airline bag. I lied to her about what it was. I wanted her thinking better of me than she should have. Funny thing. By today I could have taken it back from her, because the pressure is off. It was undeclared money. Unaccounted-for. It didn't show up in the audits they made on me."

"I don't want to cause trouble."

"I don't think you do. Gus Hernandez does. And he can. But the hell with him. The hell with anything, except finding out who killed Lu."

"Now you admit that you think somebody did."

Kimberton watched him carefully for a few moments. "Your name is Bart? I'm Skip. We're working the same side of this street. The letter she wrote. The money gone. It all adds up, Bart."

"Some little things bother me. Killing someone at a public place in broad daylight. Knowing which key to take. And how would they know you didn't have a key and might get to the apartment first?"

There was a knock at the door and Jezzie Jackman came in, bearing a sheaf of letters. "Mister Skip, could I interrupt and get you to sign these so they'll be picked up?"

"Sure. It's after seven, girl. I told you to take off."

"The bowling league doesn't start until eight. I've got time."

He scrawled his name on the last letter and handed them back to her. She told him she had gotten hold of Bruner and McCabe and they would arrive at three o'clock the next day.

Kimberton looked up at her, standing there at the corner of his desk, and said, "You've got that look, Jezzie. You think I made a mistake, heaving Gus out."

"It isn't for me to say, Mister Skip. I think he probably did some good work for you."

"One little thing canceled it all out, Jezzie."

She pursed her lips, nodded. "I guess if you want me to know what it was, you'll tell me about it. But this whole tax thing isn't really settled, is it? Couldn't he find a way to mess you up now?"

"I guess so. I guess he'll try."

She glanced sidelong, wary, at Breckenridge. "Doesn't it worry you, Mister Skip?"

"I just don't give a damn any more."

She hesitated and then said good night to them and turned and strode out, silent except for a whisper of fabric, tick of the door latch, a monumental girl leaving behind her the faintest drift of a flower perfume on the office air.

"Where do we go from here?" Kimberton asked.

"Who knew about that money?"

"Lucille, Gus, me and somebody else."

"Somebody who'd want to harm you?"

"A list of those people would give you five years' work, Bart."

Breckenridge thought it over. "I'd like people to start thinking about murder, talking about it. Then maybe somebody will remember something. And it will put pressure on somebody who thought he was home free."

"Gus swears he told no one. But maybe he let somebody in on it without knowing he was doing it. I'm going to put some more pressure on him. I'm going to see if I can improve his memory."

A sudden change of the wind slapped cold rain against the big office windows.

"Uneasy weather this time of year," Skip Kimberton said. "How are you getting along with Harv Walmo?"

"I can get along with him."

"I'll give him a ring. You'll get along fine with him. He'd like to keep on being sheriff."

"Thanks for your help, Skip."

"Don't go unless you have to. Come on over to my place and have a drink. We can talk about it some more. You can listen to me talk about Lucille. I haven't had anybody I could talk to about her. She was ten times too good for me. I couldn't believe my luck. But it ran out It ran all the way out all of a sudden."

By ten fifteen, the three-game series was over and the girls' Kimberland team, with Jezzie Jackman as anchor man, had regained the league lead by sweeping all three games. Linda had to hurry home, so the rest of them—Jezzie, Alma, Jeanie and Stephanie—went into the restaurant that was a part of the bowling lanes to have hamburgers and shakes and rehash the match. Jezzie had a sparkling evening, with a two eleven in the middle game, giving her a one eighty-four average for the night. She'd felt tall and trim and firm and fleet. It irritated her when they started questioning her about what had happened between Mister Skip and Gus Hernandez. They were all third floor girls. It was just a job to them. They didn't understand what true loyalty was. They just wanted something to gossip about. The story had certainly gotten around quickly.

Jezzie was glad when they left. Alma's boyfriend came after her. Stephanie and Jeanie left together. Jezzie Jackman sat alone and had two chocolate cupcakes. She ate them slowly. She wore a white pleated tennis skirt, white wool ankle socks, a white blouse with Kimberland embroidered diagonally across the back in red, and her name embroidered over her heart in the same color. She wore a white cardigan over the blouse, and she wished it said Kimberland on the back of the cardigan.

After they were gone she put everything else out of her mind and thought about Gus Hernandez. She thought about him for a long time, and about the harm he could do. Mister Skip was not himself. After she thought about Gus long enough, she began to feel tall and taut and fleet,

just as she had when she had put all those strikes together in the middle game. She phoned Gus's apartment from one of the booths, and when there was no answer, she phoned his office. It rang a long time before Gus answered.

"It's Jezzie, Gus. You're working pretty late."

"I guess you know why. Tell him I'll have his stuff there by five tomorrow. Who's taking over?"

"I guess I shouldn't tell you that."

"You saw it. He acted crazy!"

"Gus, he isn't himself. He's taking it real hard."

"He didn't have to take it out on me."

"He'll get over it, Gus."

"It'll be too late to do me any good."

"That depends."

After a moment of silence he asked in a wary voice, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"I shouldn't be talking to you, Gus."

"We're friends, aren't we? We always got along."

"The thing is, Skip really needs you."

"Try to tell him that now."

"Gus, if he wanted you to come back to work for him, would you? I mean after what he did today?"

"I can't afford hurt feelings, Jezzie. He's a big account. But I can't see him wanting me back. I honestly can't."

"Well . . . I think I have a way it could be worked, Gus."

"You do?" he said eagerly.

"I don't want to go into it over the phone. And . . ."

"Come on over to my office, Jezzie."

"No. Somebody might see me. It would look strange. If Mister Skip heard about it, he might not understand. I don't give a darn about your losing a client. I want Mister Skip to have the best possible help in the tax trouble he's in."

"He phoned me and snarled at me a little while ago. He hasn't cooled off at all. Truthfully, if you can think of some way to handle this, Jezzie, I would appreciate it with all my heart. Can I meet you someplace?"

"Let me think a minute. I have to go home now because Mom waits up, but I can sneak out again. Gus, maybe I could meet you over on Tyler Street, sort of right behind my house on the next street over. By that burned down furniture place. You could park there, and I could see you there, oh, a little after midnight."

"I know where you mean. Jezzie, I appreciate this."

"Don't get your hopes too high. Maybe my idea won't work."

"The way I feel about all this, anything is worth a try. I'll see you then."

Jezzie drove home in her little old Renault, a gray, noisy, battered sedan, and parked it in its accustomed place in the back yard and went into the kitchen, carrying her bowling kit. Mrs. Jackman was in her reinforced chair at the kitchen table, pasting trading stamps into booklets. She was as tall as Jezzie and grotesquely fat. Her bitter little mouth was tucked back behind pendulous cheeks. She had the same oddly beautiful eyes as her daughter.

She stared at Jezzie from head to toe with vivid animosity. "Try to raise a decent girl in these times and she's out prancing around in the night time in a little tight skirt, showing herself off to every man."

"Mom, I told you a hundred times, it's the uniform for our team."

"Don't you get sassy with me! What are you so late for? You out squirming around in the bushes with somebody?"

"Oh, Mom! I had something to eat with the girls and we talked awhile."

"Dirty talk?"

Jezzie shrugged and sighed. She went to her mother and embraced that huge soft bulk, kissed the massive slab of cheek. "Now you know I'll never in my whole life do anything to shame you."

"I'm sorry, dear. You're a good girl. But you don't understand the evil and the temptations of the world. Men got just one thing on their minds, and don't you ever forget it."

"I know. You don't have to worry. I'd rather be dead."

Jezzie showered, and then, in her pajamas, did her strenuous exercises, flexing, reaching, twisting, gasping with the effort. She went to bed and lay in the dark with her eyes wide open, listening to the sounds of the house and the night. When it was time, she got up and went silently to her mother's room and listened outside the closed door to the rumbling cadence of her snores. She listened at her father's door and heard no sound. Back in her own room, in the dark, she changed swiftly into her gray twill coveralls, blue sneakers. She tied her hair in a dark green scarf. She put cotton gloves in the coverall pocket, locked her bedroom door on the inside and went out the window and lowered herself to the wet grass. To get over to Tyler Street she crossed the playground of Eastside School. She kept to the shadows. As she was passing the swings for the little kids, she had a sudden husky impulse, turned, leaped, grasped the cold pipe that supported the swings and slowly chinned herself, let herself down just as slowly, dropped lightly. She stood for a little while breathing deeply of the night air. She felt exactly the way she wanted to feel, tall, vibrant and swift.

Gus was parked in the cinder drive near the blackened shell of the furniture store. There were vacant lots behind it and on each side of it. He was smoking a cigar. She circled him in complete silence and came up behind him where he leaned against the car and laid her hand on his shoulder. He started violently.

"Jesus!" he gasped.

"That's blasphemy, Gus."

"You could give me a heart attack."

"Come on around in back, Gus. We can talk there." He followed her back, shoes crunching the cinders. There was a pile of lumber stacked five feet high against the rear wall of the blackened cinder-block building. It was covered with building paper. She touched the stack with her fingertips and leaped lightly up. She gave Gus her hand. He puffed as he struggled up to sit beside her. She felt contempt for the fat little man. She could see, across the empty fields, the moving lights of infrequent traffic on the state road.

"Jezzie, that really hit me hard today. He treated me like an animal."

"Gus, what will you do if it can't be patched up?"

"I don't know, Jezzie. I've got to protect myself. I should protect myself with the tax boys. I wouldn't do it to hurt Skip. But he could get hurt. That's something he should realize."

"Maybe I can patch it up, but I have to know what you quarreled about, Gus."

Gus bit the tip off a fresh cigar and spat it into the darkness. "It was his own fault. He should have told me everything. I can protect him better if I know everything. And when he hides things, I have to find them out my own way."

"But didn't he get sore because he thought that, after you found out, you told somebody else?"

"But I didn't! I swear I never . . ." He stopped and peered toward her. "So you do know what it was about, eh?"

"You find out things your way. I find them out my way. Whenever he was out of town, Gus, you used to spend a lot of time going over his old records going way back. You should have taken them down to your own office to work on them. It struck me funny you didn't. I wondered about that. It seemed sneaky, Gus. You made notes and wadded them up and threw them in his wastebasket. And you ran tapes and threw them in his wastebasket. After you'd leave, I'd dig them out and try to figure them out. Finally I figured out what you were doing. You were taking everything that had come in for years and years, and everything that had gone out, and you were seeing if there was anything left you didn't know about."

"I'll be damned! You are a very bright girl, Jezzie!"

"You helped me figure it out, you know. Something you said to me a month ago. You said it like a joke and then looked at me very closely, so I knew it wasn't really a joke."

"What did I say to you?"

"Something about me getting a bank-

ing license and asking if I was paying interest. I figured that out, too. You'd decided there was money somewhere. You thought I might be keeping it for him. I would have been proud to keep it for him, Gus. I went looking for it in his place when he was away. I found a strange thing."

"What?"

"A suitcase all packed with everything he would need. A passport with his picture in it, but a different name. Thirty-five thousand dollars in bearer bonds and a skinny green bank book with no name on it, just a number, with French printing on it from a bank in Zurich, showing twelve thousand pounds on deposit. And the next day I asked you what would happen to him if they took him to court on the tax thing. You said it was a fifty-fifty chance they might convict him of fraud and put him in prison, but it looked as if they were going to agree to a settlement instead."

"So it was about a hundred and seventy-five total," Gus said absently.

"Mister Skip would run before he would take a fifty-fifty chance on prison. Jail would kill him, Gus. Now if you tell them he's been concealing assets, they'll come down on him harder than ever."

"He should have thought of that."

"I didn't find any cash, though, and you seemed to think there was some. The more I thought about it, the more sure I was that he'd given it to that woman. Mister Skip is not really evil. They lead him on. They're after the money. He could have let me have it. I would have brought it to him when he needed it. But he gave it to her. I went to see her in the night."

"You talked to her!"

"She had the money. She tried to lie, but it didn't work. I told her that Mister Skip was in terrible trouble. She thought you'd told me about the money. You tricked her, she said. I told her not to mention my visit to Mister Skip, because he might do some wild, crazy thing. I told her I was trying to protect him from you. I told her you were thinking of turning him in, for the reward. I told her that she might be able to help me stop you from doing it, Gus. I told her I would let her know what she could do to help me."

She looked at Gus. He was staring toward her. "I . . . I don't think you should have told her anything like that, Jezzie."

"I protect that man with all my heart and soul. I'm not going to have him running off alone. I didn't want him having that money to run with. I'm not going to let anything else hurt him, all the rest of his life." She realized that Gus was edging forward in a stealthy way. She leaned closer to him and said in a murky whisper, "She'd be alive today if you hadn't gotten so sneaky. And you'd be alive tomorrow."

As Gus dropped from the lumber pile, she swiveled and snapped her long legs out and caught him between them. She locked toe and ankle. Her legs were diagonally across his chest, pinning one arm. His fingers scrabbled at the rough twill. His feet were on the ground and his struggles threatened to pull her off the lumber pile. She rolled onto her face and caught her fingers around the back edge of the pile. She could hear his gaspy breathing. She took a deep breath and then slammed the pressure on, feeling the thews and tendons of her long round legs turn to marble.

He slumped abruptly. She held his weight for a few more moments, then let him drop. She eased herself down and put on the cotton gloves. She lifted him and held him pinned against the lumber, then dug her right shoulder into the pit of his stomach and let him fall forward against her strong back. When she was braced and balanced, she stood up with a single effort. She walked with her knees locked, taking short steps, her right arm around his legs. When she reached the car, she opened the door on the driver's side with her left hand and, with another quick and violent effort, deposited him on the edge of the seat. She turned him, lifted his heavy legs inside. He sat inert behind the wheel, chin on his chest, making a snoring sound with each breath. The car door was open. A car came down Tyler Street. She crouched behind the open door of Gus's car.

She looked at the bulk of him in the darkness. Her upper lip lifted away from her large white teeth at the prospect of having to touch him again. She moved closer and unbuttoned his coat, unbuttoned his shirt. She knelt upright and reached across him and held him upright with her left hand against the side of his neck. Then she drove the gloved fingers of her right hand, rigid, up into the distasteful flaccidity of his diaphragm, up under the padded edge of the rib cage. She felt something give, some tearing of inner tissues. Gus Hernandez moaned and stirred. She drove her hand more deeply and felt something that pulsed directly against her fingertips, just out of reach. She waited. The great surge of feeling came, of tallness and hardness and being fleet and fine, a gathering feeling, prickling along her skin. And with a savage strength she gave the pulsing thing a savage, twisting, merciless prod. It leaped against her fingers and fluttered and she pressed it into silence. Gus gave a long tremor, and made a remote, gagging, rattling sound, then seemed to slump smaller than before, utterly silent. The deep socket in the flesh disappeared as she took her hand away. She waited, her eyes closed, and suddenly she had the same feeling she had experienced the first time, a blinded roaring in her ears, and great hot gasping waves of deliciousness. She sat back on her haunches, relishing it until it had faded entirely away. She shivered then, and quickly buttoned his shirt and his jacket. She closed the door and got in on the other side. She hitched close to him and started the car. She put it in low and it crept out of the drive. She turned it north, away from the school. There were no lights coming in either direction. She put on the car lights. She shifted to drive. The car moved at a fast walk. She aimed it down the middle of Tyler, stepped out and slammed the car door and raced at full speed to the shelter of the shadows beside the school.

She crouched and looked back. The car had angled toward the curb on the right. It bumped the curb and the angle of impact turned the wheels the other way. It went diagonally across the street and struck the far curb at a more acute angle. It went across the curb and across the sidewalk and into the overgrown lot, out of sight. She heard it crunching through the wet brush. There was a solid thump as it struck a tree, and then the clarion brassy prolonged sound of the horn. Three minutes later she wormed over her windowsill. She stood in the darkness of her room and listened. She could hear the horn, far away. She put the coveralls, scarf, sneakers and gloves in the closet. She put her pajamas on and got into bed. She heard the siren coming. Soon the horn stopped.

She knew she had to pray. Not the ordinary way, but the deep prayer, the deep dark black prayer. She knew how to get to that dark place. She took the shallow box of wooden beads out of her dresser drawer and put it on the floor by the window. She rolled her pajama legs up and knelt on the wooden beads, lowering herself carefully. She straightened up slowly, her face twisting with the pain of it, her breath coming fast. The pain was excruciating, and it was getting worse by the moment. She had found the way to the darkness when she had learned how St. Joan had endured the flames. She held her arms out at her sides. When she thought she could not endure it longer, the blackness started to come. The pain faded and her breathing became very quiet. Her eyelids trembled. Her body became rigid. She felt as if she knelt upon the softest pillow. As the darkness began to take her, she willed that it might last for fifteen minutes. . . .

As she came out of darkness she felt the simultaneous softening of all her muscles. Her arms drifted down to her sides, and at the first warning of discomfort she stood up. She felt dazed and soft and refreshed. She put the beads away and got into bed. The flesh of her knees was dimpled by the long cruel pressure, but there was no pain. She rolled the pajama legs down. The beads worked as well as the flame, and left no scars, and

made no stink of flesh burning. There had been some sort of vision in the darkness. Some kind of shining thing. She tried to capture it with words. "I am the sword of God." she whispered. It was like that, but not exactly that. It was not a feeling you could put into words. Something told you when to be a sword. Something told you who the next one would be. And then they rewarded you with that vast deliciousness.

Bart Breckenridge found the lakeshore home of the Keavers. He parked across the street from the mouth of the drive with its stone pillars. As he stopped the car, Barbara Horne came out of the shadow of one of the pillars and walked slowly across the road toward him. He got out and held the door for her.

"I am a little bit drunk," she said.

He got behind the wheel. "Home?"

"I don't think so, if you don't mind. Just sort of drive around."

"Okay."

"I'm so glad you were there when I phoned."

"The phone was ringing as I walked into my room."

He headed west. She sat close to the door and rolled the window down to let the night air blow in against her face.

"This is so stupid," she said.

"Are you going to be sick?"

"I don't know yet. If I ask you to stop . . . please stop quickly, Bart."

"Learn anything?"

"Yes. I'll tell you in a little while."

When he came to a diner on the state road, he parked and went in and brought her out a container of black coffee. She sipped it gratefully. When it was half gone she said, "I'll be all right now. I didn't really have very much to drink. Probably less than any of them. It hit me harder than I thought it would."

"A good party?"

"Bart, it was a wretched party. Not many people. Kelsey, of course. The host and hostess. Bonny Yates. Three other couples, all belonging to that same group. Eleven counting me. They've all known each other forever. Some were tight when I got there. The others caught up. They have a lot of inside jokes and references. And little quarrels and competitions. They say horrible things to each other and laugh at each other, and maybe they think it's amusing, but a lot of it is damned vulgar. I can see why Lu didn't care much for that group."

"More coffee?"

"Please. It's very good coffee."

When he brought it back to her, she said, "Bonny Yates was with him at the boathouse when he heard about Lucille. Her husband Jason was out of town then, and he's out of town now. She came alone. I watched them all very carefully and I saw sort of a byplay going on between Kelsey and Bonny Yates. They were clowning, but it was a little bit more than clowning."

"That isn't enough."

"Wait for all of it. Kelsey was drinking water tumblers full of Martinis, and he got very drunk very quickly. and he passed out and the other men carried him off and put him to bed. I'd spent some time with him before he got too bad. Then I finally got Bonny Yates alone in a little room with a fireplace off the main hall. She was just drunk enough. I gave her my most innocent look and said it was probably a good thing she'd been with Kelsey when he got the news about Lucille. She admitted it, and then she got very upset and nervous. She denied it and I said Kelsey had told me she was with him. Then she cussed him out and said he talked too damn much, and then she cried. She talked about her sweet babies and her husband who was too busy for her and how Kelsey needed someone so badly. She felt like baring her soul, I guess. They've been carrying on all summer. She drove out to the boathouse before noon that day. She was with Kelsey every moment from the time she arrived until the call came in."

"Good work, Barbara."

She sighed. "I should have let well enough alone. After the steak, I went skulking around, hinting murder. They acted as if I was making some horrible social error. I thought I might find out something. I was getting a little tight by then, I guess. Only one of the men seemed to take me seriously. He hinted that he might know something. So he took me off to talk about it. All very mysterious. But he wanted to kiss me while we discussed it. In my condition, it seemed fair enough. After about twenty minutes I suddenly realized that not only did he know nothing about murder—he'd managed to get me into a sort of disorderly condition. I had to fight my way loose, and then he laughed at me and told me I was just as much a priss as Lu was. That's when I phoned you, Bart. He'd made such a fool of me."

"Not as much as he wanted to make. Did anyone take the murder idea seriously?"

"I don't think so."

"Skip Kimberton takes it seriously."

She gave him her total attention as he reported exactly what had happened and what he had learned. When he was through she said, in a small voice, "Then . . . it's all probably true."

"I guess so."

"I'm scared, Bart."

"Tomorrow I'm going to concentrate on Gus Hernandez."

"With that much money . . . if anybody heard about it . . ."

"People have been killed for one per cent of that amount. Do you want to go home now?"

She hesitated and said, "Would it seem too strange if I asked you to . . . take me to where it happened? Have you been there?"

"Yes. I can find it at night. Are you sure you want to go there?"

"Quite sure. Yes."

He turned into the narrow mouth of the obscure dirt road and went slowly down the hill. The car lights shone on the trees near the beach and on the black water of the lake. He parked and turned the lights off. When their eyes were accustomed to the darkness, she got out and walked out onto the narrow beach. She stood and looked at the water for a little while and then came slowly back. There was a log on the grassy bank above the beach. She sat on the log and asked him for a cigarette.

She broke a long silence by saying, "In one letter she apologized to me."

"What about?"

"Can you listen to a confession? It's easy to confess in the dark. After you've been drinking."

"I'll listen and make soothing sounds and forget what I heard."

"That's exactly the right attitude, Bart. You're good at attitudes. The year after she married Kelsey, I got myself into one of those very ordinary and ugly office affairs. A married man. No possibility of divorce. A pretty decent man, actually. We thought we were very special. But it turned from a very romancy thing into . . . a very intensely physical affair. I wrote my heart out to Lucille. She came to Boston on a visit when Mother was particularly bad. I tried to explain my crummy little affair to her. She did not comprehend. The more I tried to explain, the worse it got. She could not accept the fact that little sister could want a man so badly she went around in a goofy hypnotic condition. Finally, out of pride, or self-respect, or a sense of survival or something, I tore myself free of Roger. It wasn't easy. Three months ago she wrote me at the office. She reminded me of the talk we'd had. She apologized for having been so darn stuffy about it. Until she'd met Skip Kimberton she hadn't known, all her life, what wanting meant. I'm glad she found out before she died. And now that it's a long time past, I'm beginning to be glad I found out, too. End of confession, Bart. A funny place to confess to a stranger, isn't it? The very last place on this earth where she breathed and walked. Bart?"

"Yes, Barbara."

"She must have known someone was killing her."

"I guess so."

At the motel he took her to her door, unlocked it for her, pushed it open. A misty rain was beginning. The lights

were haloed, the street shiny. She looked at him and bit her lip and then turned very humbly and directly into his arms and said, "Hold me a little bit."

He held her. She felt warm, gentle and needful. She trembled and then was still. He tilted her head and found her mouth. There was a sweet response, but without challenge or urgency. It had the same flavor of trust as had her confession. He ended it and held her a little away, his hands on her arms.

"Can you sleep now?" he asked her.

"Now I can. Yes. Good night, Bart."

He gave her a little shake, a gruffness of affection. He said good night and walked back out to the car to move it over to the other wing. After he was in his own room, he thought it remarkable that they should each have so clearly understood the kiss and the embrace. There had been no awkwardness, no confusion of motives. The day had cast her adrift. The kiss was direction, a guide to safe mooring, an awareness of not being alone. As he turned out his light, his phone began to ring.

Sheriff Harvey Walmo and Bart Breckenridge stood on the hroken weedy sidewalk of Tyler Street, looking at the tire marks in the soft earth. It was an overcast morning.

"I can't go on how you feel," Walmo said patiently. "He left the office at quarter to midnight, and left papers all over his desk as if he was coming back. This isn't on his way home. Mayhe his heart felt funny and he was riding around in the fresh air. He had a bad day. He got thrown out of Skip's office. The coroner says it looks like a heart attack. So it hit him and he died and the car kept going until it hit a tree. I haven't got a closed mind on this thing. But just what else could it have been, Breckenridge?"

"I don't know. I just don't like the flavor of it."

"If he was poisoned, we'll know it soon enough. I got to get back to work."

Breckenridge walked into Kimberton's outer office a little before noon. Jezzie Jackman looked fresh and lively in a pale green wool skirt and yellow sweater. She gave him the smile of welcome he imagined she saved for those Mister Skip had found agreeable. "Go right on in, Mr. Breckenridge," she said.

Kimberton was slouched behind his desk, his expression gloomy. "What have you got?"

"Maybe something, maybe nothing. It took a lot of effort to get any cooperation out of that dragon downstairs. It's a Verifax of the top sheet of Hernandez's scratch pad."

Breckenridge walked around Kimberton's desk with it and placed it on the desk blotter where they could both study it. After a moment Kimberton stared up at him. "Are you serious, Bart?"

"I know. Doodling, scribbling, nonsense. But here is a hlock twelve, all fancied up and underlined, and he left the office at quarter to twelve. Walmo established that, with the help of the city people. So mayhe he made a twelve o'clock appointment over the phone. And over there, see this word? Tyler. He died on Tyler Street. Those two things got me interested in this sheet."

Kimberton smiled thinly. "This drawing of the buxom broad. Does that give you a message?"

"No more than the little picture of a burning box. That's supposed to be smoke and flames, isn't it?"

"And a little chair and a table, also burning. Bart, are you trying to drive me out of my mind?"

"Hernandez was a doodler. He talks on the phone. His hand draws things. So we look for a connection."

"It doesn't have to be a burning box," Kimberton said. "It could be a burning building."

"I saw a burned building on Tyler," Breckenridge said quickly.

"And it used to be a furniture store!" Skip said. "Where does that get us?"

"Let's go take a look at it."

Skip Kimberton found the unwrapped cigar at the base of the pile of covered lumber. He called Breckenridge over. He rolled it between his fingers. "A little bit damp, so it got here after the heavy rain was over. End bitten off. It never was lighted, though."

"Gus Hernandez's brand?" Breckenridge asked.

"It's the right size and shape. Let's see if we can find the wrapper."

Breckenridge found it in a tuft of grass. It was Hernandez's hrand.

"Now where are we?" Skip asked.

"Ahead, maybe. He had a twelve o'clock date. He waited here. Maybe he felt sick, dropped the cigar and tried to drive away. Maybe there was a scuffle and his heart quit and they put him in his car and got it rolling. These cinders don't take a track. It isn't much to go on.

They walked slowly back out to Skip's big station wagon. Skip leaned against it and said, "I wish I'd had a chance to shake more information out of him."

"Maybe somebody didn't want you to."

Skip frowned. "And that somebody could have heard I'd thrown Gus out. It was all over town ten minutes after it happened. I wonder if they knew they were doing me a favor. Gus was going to get even by messing me up with the tax people all over again."

"You realize, Skip, we're talking as if Gus was murdered, too."

"You've got me doing it now, Bart. Maybe I want to think he was. Maybe I don't like the idea that the shaking up I gave him affected his heart. Now that he's dead, I'm not as sore at him as I was."

"Let's go on back, Skip. We have to wait on the autopsy anyway."

As Kimberton turned the car around, he stopped it and pointed. "Jezzie lives on the next street over. Gray house with white trim." He drove down the street toward the center of town.

"Gus drew a picture of a girl on that scratch pad, Skip."

"What do you mean?"

"You told Jezzie Jackman that Gus was going to make trouble for you. She looked upset about it."

"Jezzie! You mean maybe Gus met Jezzie in back of that place?"

"It would have been handy for her."

"Bart, please try not to be a total damn fool, will you? Jezzie couldn't . . ."

"I'm not saying she killed him. I'm saying she had reason to want a private talk with him, to get him not to do anything to get even with you. I'm saying she's a very loyal girl. And I think she's a strange girl."

"What's strange about her?"

"She gave me the impression she has . . . a very narrow outlook on life."

"Her mother has been strict with her. Jezzie is a very religious girl. She's a very healthy, clean-living girl."

"Does she date at all?"

"No."

"Isn't that a little strange?"

"You might think so. She's attractive."

"I don't imagine she approved of your relationship with Lucille."

"She got a little tight-mouthed about it now and then. But it wasn't exactly any of her business."

"Isn't anything that happens to you her business? Isn't it that kind of loyalty? And isn't she in a position to know a great deal about your personal affairs? Even about the money, maybe?"

"Bart, you're talking nonsense!"

"So why are you shouting at me instead of laughing at me? She's a big, powerful creature. And she swims like a fish, doesn't she?"

"Everybody likes Jezzie. Everyhody!"

"But nobody as bright as she is can be as transparent as the impression she gives. That wonderful open smile. That flavor of childishness. And there's a sort of . . . sexlessness about her. She could be a very disturbed person, Skip."

"Now you wait a minute!"

"She was going to lunch when we got back. Tell her to go to lunch with me. I can talk to her and get her to talk without upsetting her, I think. And then I can either write her off or do some more checking."

"She's just a sweet wholesome kid."

"I'll buy her a nice wholesome lunch."

The hostess led them back to a table for two. Bart noticed the attention Jezzie got from every man in the dining room. The green skirt swayed to her sturdy walk. She carried her dark blonde head high. Many of them spoke to her. She nodded and smiled and waved and called them by name.

THE DROWNER (continued)

After they were seated and had ordered, Jezzie looked across the table at him with a questioning candor in her eyes. "Mister Skip has never ordered me to have lunch with anybody before, Mr. Breckenridge. It's very mysterious."

"Let's be Bart and Jezzie."

"Sure, Bart."

"How did the bowling go?"

"Wonderful! I got back on my game again. I was throwing too hard, you know? I slowed it down a little, and I was close to the pocket all night. We won all three. Bart, why did he tell me to have lunch with you?"

He lowered his voice and leaned toward her. "I'm not really in the insurance business. I'm investigating the murder of Lucille Phelps."

She looked genuinely shocked. "The *what?* But if it was a murder, the whole town would be talking about it."

"Are you saying that unless people talk ahout it, there's no murder?"

"No. I guess it *could* be possible. Are you kidding me or anything?"

"I'm completely serious. I talked to Gus last night. He was going to give me some useful information today."

"What would Gus know about anything like that?"

"I thought he might have mentioned it to you last night."

If the fork hesitated on the way to the healthy mouth, it was a faltering so minor he was unable to detect anything. She stared at him in an unfriendly fashion. "What makes you think I talked to Gus last night?"

"He said he was going to see you."

He watched her closely. She did not look alarmed. She looked thoughtful and annoyed. "I didn't see him last night."

"Then I wonder why he said that."

"He could have thought I'd show up. I guess he hoped I'd show up. He phoned me at the bowling alley. He was practically in tears. He wanted me to put in a good word for him with Skip, to try to patch it up. He hinted he'd make it worth my while. He said he would drive over and park by that burned furniture place about midnight, and I could come there where nobody would see us and talk it over with him. I said I didn't want to. He said to think it over, and he'd be there. Seeing as how he had his attack right there on Tyler, I guess he did go over there. I heard a siren in the night stopping pretty close by, but I didn't know it was because of him."

"I would have thought you would have gone to see him, Jezzie."

"Why?"

"You're loyal to Skip. Gus could make trouble for Skip. I'd think you'd want to try to patch it up."

"Of course, but for goodness' sake, not in the middle of the night in a spooky place like that!"

She sat looking at him with just the right amount of indignation and righteousness on her big bland handsome face, entirely plausible.

"A spooky place, in sight of your house practically?"

"I didn't meet him, Bart. Maybe I should have. But I didn't."

"Somebody killed him."

There was a small change in her eyes, something that came and went quickly, too elusive to grasp. "Why should they say that?"

"Jezzie, when too many people die, and there is a connection between them, between the lives they were leading, then people will say almost anything."

She patted away the mark of the milk with her napkin. "Maybe people die when it's time for them to die."

"Who says when that time is?"

"God."

He watched her for a few moments. The adversary was there, hiding behind blandness, peering out from time to time. But he could not guess which way it would move.

"What a weird conversation this is," she said.

He thought to try a different route. "Skip is broken up. You seem to like him well enough. Why don't you get his mind off it? You're a big girl. There's no boyfriend to raise objections, is there?"

He watched her face change. The mouth narrowed and the cheeks seemed to flatten. He saw the whites of her eyes all the way around the iris. "Are you saying I should sin? Damage his immortal soul? That's filthy talk!"

"If Skip is so black with sin, why do you keep working for him?"

"He'll have time to repent. Anyway, it's none of your business." She gave a little shudder of effort and the fanatic mask faded quickly. She smiled at him. "Hey, I've got to get back to work. Where's the waitress?" She turned to look for the one who had served them. The right sleeve of her sweater was pushed up above her wrist. When she turned he saw, in the slant of light, odd shiny scars on the underside of her right forearm above the wrist, little dime-sized discs of white against the tawn and honey of her skin. As she was looking over her shoulder he reached and ran his fingers along the scars, saying, "What are these marks?"

She snapped her head around, yanked her arm away and gave a hissing inhalation between clenched teeth. He saw a third Jezzie Jackman. This one was an animal, lip curled up in a snarl, throat corded, shoulders hunched, eyes like something in a cage. "Don't . . . ever . . . touch . . . me," she said in a slow whisper.

"I just wondered about those marks on your arm. That's all."

She changed slowly back to Jezzie, everybody's friend. Her smile was sweet and slightly wry. "Gosh, I'm sorry I'm so jumpy, Bart. You startled me. These marks? Little burns that I got when I was a kid. Fireworks. Really, I *do* have to get back."

He walked her back to the Kimberland building. She strode proud and tall and chattered all the way, and half the people they met spoke to her. He said goodby to her at the entrance to the building. After fifteen minutes had passed, he phoned Skip and told him where he was parked. Jezzie seemed cordial enough as she put the call through to Kimberton.

Skip came diagonally across the street in his hard lounging stride. He clambered into the sedan and said, "Well?"

"How did she act when she got back?"

"The same as always. She pretended to be annoyed at me for not telling her you were a detective. She said you asked funny questions. She said you were probably used to dealing with criminals and you didn't really know how to talk to normal people."

"Skip, she's the one."

Kimberton stared emptily at him. "Do you know what the hell you're saying?"

"I spent long years as a cop. I saw them all. I saw and remember one category, and she's right at the top of it. You can't scare it out of her or choke it out of her. She doesn't even have any real grasp of what she's done, but she did it. I couldn't fake her out of position. But I got enough. I know. Believe me."

Skip Kimberton's hard, lined face was very still and then it crumpled and he looked ten years older. "Jezzie . . . killed Lucille? But how?"

"I don't know how. But I know why,

I think. She was saving you from sin."

"Sin! But . . ."

"She needed help and she didn't get it soon enough."

"You and Doc Nile," Skip muttered.

"What?"

"Doc Nile told me that once. But what was I supposed to do? You can't make anybody go ask for that kind of help."

"You believe me, don't you?"

Skip gave him a helpless look. "As if I somehow knew it all the time. I can't go back up there."

"Then don't. She's holding the fort. She's good at it. I'm going to go see Doctor Nile. Want to come along?"

Skip shook his head. "I don't think so. I think I'll walk around for a while."

It took Doctor Nile forty minutes to take care of the people in his waiting room. Then they drove to a downtown tavern which served large steins of dark draught beer. They sat in a dark, scarred booth, and after the beer was served Bart said, "I'm probably asking you to violate professional ethics, Doctor. Some time ago you told Skip Kimberton that Jezebel Jackman needed help. Why?"

Nile jiggled and jittered and coughed and fingered his chin and peered through the heavy lenses at Breckenridge. "Jezzie. Jezzie and Lucille? It isn't insurance, is it? No. After five minutes I doubted it. Too much of the look of the hunter."

"Investigation of possible murder."

"Of course. Jezzie? I like her because I think I understand her. Second delivery I made after going into practice here. Difficult. A few ounces under nine pounds. Mother grossly overweight. Starting stuffing herself as soon as she learned she was pregnant. Couldn't stop her. Defense reaction possibly. Get too fat to ever have it happen again."

"A normal childhood for Jezzie?"

"A happier childhood than you would expect. The mother is a monster. Righteous, savage, quarrelsome, virtuous. Vicious tongue. Paranoid suspicions. People wondered how she could have such a wonderful kid. When Jezzie was seven a bad thing happened. Kids have the same kind of curiosity in all times and places the world over. It's either a kind of innocence or it's because Eve liked the apple, depending on how you look at it. One afternoon Mary Jackman lumbered around the corner of the garage and saw Jezzie and a little neighbor boy thoughtfully inspecting each other. Mary Jackman moved fast for a mountain of a woman. She snatched a stake out of the garden, gave the boy a swipe with it that broke his little jaw and then started beating her daughter. They stopped her before she'd killed her. But she came close. Broken ribs, ruptured kidney, broken wrist, internal bleeding, concussion. I had the case, and if she hadn't been superbly healthy I would have lost her. Mary should have been jailed. The church got behind her. The neighbors got scared out of their suit and moved away. Jezzie was seven weeks in the hospital. Little hollow-eyed ghost when she got out. Pale, scared, jumpy. Aware of sin. Lost that year of school. Spent two years huddled in on herself, big-eyed, silent, running like a rabbit if you spoke to her. Then suddenly she blossomed again. Bright, warm, happy-acting, talking to everybody, making friends. But I expected some trouble in adolescence, and I wasn't wrong."

"Why did you expect it?"

Wise eyes stared at Breckenridge through the distorting lenses. "You and I, my friend, have the diseases they gave us in our childhood. We have the anxieties. Jezzie took an extra load, and it was compensation, not adjustment. They brought her in at night when she was fifteen, temperature of one ought four point three, raving, right arm swollen with infection like a huge red sausage. I fought for that arm and she kept it. The infection ate her down to a skeleton. There were old burns, too, beside the one that started the infection. When she began to get her strength back, I questioned her about it. She wouldn't tell me a thing. She resisted hypnosis until I pumped a little sodium pentothal into her. Then I had a classic case on my hands. Total muscular rigidity, dreams and visions, marble pallor. Hysteria with religious overtones. She'd been holding her arm over a candle flame, using pain to induce a trance state, mortifying the flesh, driving out the devil. Enough of the true hysteric so she couldn't feel the pain. I tried to talk to Mary Jackman about it. Talk to a wall!"

"Did Jezzie get over it?"

"What do you think? Here we have one of the most vital and healthy mature female creatures I have ever seen, with any hope of normal function or release beaten out of it long ago with a garden stake. An emotional cripple. The organism at war with itself—all in the name of virtue. A precarious balance established. Presenting such a normal, natural, likable face to the world, then retreating alone into the dreams and visions. Schizo. A balance that made me uneasy whenever I thought of it."

"Could she be held responsible for murder?"

"She'd think of it as execution."

"And she would be clever?"

"With all that experience leading a double life, boy, she's as tricky as a snake."

"Execution of Lucille and execution of Hernandez?"

"Three months ago some indigestion scared Gus and I gave him an EKG, and all the rest of the routine. Apparently a healthy heart. By now our coroner has had a look. Let me give him a ring."

Nile was a long time on the phone. He came back carrying two fresh steins of the dark beer. "Not much sense to it, Breckenridge. Deeply bruised and ruptured diaphragm. Base of the heart bruised. Pericardium ripped. That's thin, tough tissue. No sign of congenital defect. Bruised and ripped along bottom sector of the right ventricle. Bert said it was like somebody had dropped Gus onto a fence post and it hit him at just the right angle."

"Could it be done with a fist?"

"Nobody could hit that hard. Nothing in the car to hit him that way. And he couldn't have done any driving after something like that happened. If I'd knocked Gus out, braced him in a flexed condition, I might be able to depress the diaphragm deeply enough to press against the heart and stop it."

"Does Jezzie know anatomy?"

"She studied nursing for a few months. She could have been a fine nurse, I'd imagine. She quit, they say, because she couldn't stand the loose morals of the rest of the trainees. Last year I told Skip Kimberton that Jezzie needed help. I had her at the office, working after hours to straighten my books out. I had a girl fell in love and by the time she got married my books were in terrible shape. Jezzie was perfect. Happy and efficient. She had that absolute blandness which can be a key to extreme tension."

"Did she have a key to your office?"

"Yes. What difference does that . . ."

"Never mind. What were you saying?"

"One night I was giving a young fellow a complete physical. Fine specimen. Had him stripped. Jezzie didn't know I had a patient in there. Came walking in. Excused herself calm as could be, backed out and closed the door. I would have expected a more violent reaction from her and found out that she saw a young fellow in a white hospital gown that came below his knees. That's what she *saw*. The next time I saw Skip I told him Jezzie was a sick girl. I wish to God I'd kept after the situation. You see? I believe all this. Lucille, Gus, the whole thing. She isn't a monster. She carried the load too long and it slipped."

"Now what?"

"Sodium pentothal. Hypnosis. It would work again. But it has to be at her request, or her mother's request, or at the direction of the court. Fat chance, hah?"

"She'd tell what she's done?"

"I'm sure of it."

"So, for a court order we have to get her to make some kind of violent or irrational act in front of witnesses."

Nile frowned. "Be careful. Be very careful, my friend."

At eight o'clock the next morning, Bart Breckenridge and Skip Kimberton sat in the big living room of Kimberton's fourth floor quarters. Skip wore a flannel robe,

slippers, and had a stubble of gray beard on his long jaw.

He said, shaking his head, "I look at her and it doesn't make any sense. I talk to you and it does. Why do we have to try to do a thing like this? Can't you take the whole thing to Harv Walmo and let him check it out?"

"I haven't got a shred of legal evidence, and I don't think he could find any. Believe me, Skip, this is worth a try."

Skip sighed, pointed a thumb toward the big door. "She's out there in the office right now, working away. She comes in about eight. What do you think this is going to do to her? Maybe she won't give a damn one way or the other."

"It's a chance worth taking. She's gotten away with it twice. She'll be full of confidence. I just want to give her more motive. I just want to push her off balance. I want to give her another holy mission."

"I'm not much at acting," Skip said.

Barbara came out of the bedroom where she had changed. She had rumpled her hair and put on a bright and crooked smear of lipstick. She wore a robe over a frilly nightgown. She looked vastly uncomfortable as they both stared at her. "Do I look the part?" she asked acidly.

Skip shook his head in wonder. "You could damn near convince me."

Bart turned to Skip. "I've gotten Barbara moved to a room that connects with mine, numbers twenty and twenty-one, so that I can be nearby to protect her if this thing works out. All we can do now is plant the idea and wait."

"Will she believe a thing like this, though?" Barbara asked.

Bart said, "I think she's prepared to see evil wherever she looks."

"Let's get it over with," Skip said. Bart went to the big closet and fixed the door at the precise angle where he could see the most without being seen. Barbara curled up in the corner of the big leather couch and picked up her prop drink. Skip went and pushed the big door open and said, "Jezzie? Morning. Come on in here a minute."

"Good morning, Mister Skip," she said warmly and came through the door, big and hearty and smiling. The instant she saw Barbara, the smile disappeared.

Skip said easily, "Honey, this is Jezzie Jackman who keeps things humming around here. Jezzie, this is Miss Barbara Horne, Lucille's kid sister."

"Hi," Barbara said indifferently. She sipped her drink. Jezzie nodded, her face absolutely rigid.

Skip continued, saying, "Jezzie, I wanted you to know that Barbie decided to stay around for a while. Maybe a long while. She's Lucille's kid sister. She'll be staying at the Fireside Motel until we can find her a better place. Maybe the apartment Lucille had. I don't know yet. I wanted you to meet her and know about her, Jezzie, because I've told her that anything she wants or needs and I'm not around, she can call on you for help, and you'll hop to it just as if the orders came from me."

"My drink is gone, lover," Barbara said petulantly.

"You understand the procedure, Jezzie?" Skip asked.

"Yessir."

"Then you get on back to work. Maybe I'll be in the office later on. Maybe not. You take care of things."

Jezzie turned around quite slowly and pulled the door open and went through it. It hissed shut and the lock-latch clicked. Bart came out of the closet. There was an awkward silence.

Barbara said, "Are you really sure, Bart? Really? She looks so sweet and decent. And she looked as if somebody had put a knife into her heart."

"I'm ninety-eight per cent certain, and if it turns out we're wrong, Skip and I will explain to her exactly why we did this to her."

Barbara went off to change back to her street clothes. As soon as she had walked out, Breckenridge said, "You be careful, too, Skip."

"Are you serious?"

"You're a sinner, too. Maybe you just lost your immunity."

Skip smiled in a strained way. "I've lost just about everything else. Now how long do we have to wait?"

"I don't think it will be long. I think she'll move quickly. Tonight probably."

"Take good care of that girl."

"I'll stick close."

"You know the way she looks at you? Like Lu looked at me sometimes. If she's anything like Lu, you've got a hundred per cent woman there."

"I've got a client, Skip."

Barbara came out carrying her overnight case. After some aimless and uneasy talk, Bart and Barbara went down in the private elevator and out the rear exit and walked close to the building until they were where Jezzie could not possibly see them. He drove her back to the motel. They went into her room.

"Even with a clear conscience," she said, "the way that girl looked at me, I felt cheap and sleazy."

"You handled it beautifully. Just exactly right. Whining for a fresh drink was perfect. She'll hear voices, Barbara. She'll get some instructions about you. She feels invincible. She's the avenger. And she'll come at you very cleverly, very plausibly."

"You seem so certain."

"She didn't waste any time over Gus."

"What if nothing happens?"

"Then we'll have to think of something else, some other way to prod her."

At ten thirty, after Skip had been in his office a few minutes, Jezzie Jackman walked slowly in and closed the door and sat in the chair beside his desk and looked at him with a sweet, sad despair.

"Something wrong, Jezzie?"

"I guess everything has gone wrong for me, Mister Skip. Everything."

"Want to tell me about it?"

She closed her eyes for a moment and pushed her dark gold hair back from her forehead with the back of her hand.

"I can't make any more excuses for you, Mister Skip. I tried, but I can't make any excuses. Not with that girl you had in there. Not with that cheap painted woman."

"It isn't any of your business, is it?" he asked quietly.

She sighed. "It's just more than I can do. It keeps piling up. You think you get it straightened out and then there's more. You've been good to me. But I just have to get away from here before I punish you, too."

As he understood the significance of what she had said, he felt a coldness along his spine. He stared at her. He could not see guilt. Merely a tired resignation.

"Did you punish Lucille?" he asked in a husky whisper.

"Lucille and Gus. They were black with sin. They were both trying to hurt you. I thought you were just weak. I didn't know you were wicked. I had to take temptations out of your path, the woman and the money."

He stared at her. "You don't even understand what you've done! Jezzie, I should want to tear you to pieces for what you've done to me. You're going to have to . . . have some help. Do you want to come with me now and tell Sheriff Walmo about Lucille and Gus?"

"I don't mind. I can't seem to care much about anything since . . . I saw that woman in there. But I guess you should get that money back."

"Where is it?"

"Out by the pond behind your place out at Beetle Creek. I could show you. That Mr. Breckenridge guessed about me. I don't want to tell the sheriff just yet. If Mr. Breckenridge could meet us out there, I could show you where the money is and then I could tell you and Mr. Breckenridge everything, and maybe you could tell the sheriff."

"I think Harv ought to meet us out there, too."

"If you say so. But could he come along later . . . so he wouldn't have to listen to all of it? Please."

"You want to go right now?"

"In a little while. You could tell Mr. Breckenridge to meet us out there at . . . noon. And tell the sheriff to be there at half past."

He phoned Breckenridge at the motel. As the phone was ringing, he looked at Jezzie. She had a faraway look. He watched her as he spoke to Breckenridge. He did not believe she was hearing what he said. "It's all over, Bart. She wants to talk about it. She wants to tell you and me all about it. Out where she hid the money. At the pond behind my place at Beetle Creek. You meet us out there at noon. It's a thirty-minute drive. Go straight out state road nine twenty, right through the town of Garner. One mile past Garner you'll see my sign on the left. A dirt road. Turn in there. The sheriff will meet us out there, too."

"She just walked in and told you?"

"Just like that, Bart."

"I'm glad it was so easy."

"That isn't the word I'd use," he said. He hung up and stared at Jezzie. "They didn't do anything to you."

"Oh, it wasn't a *personal* matter, Mister Skip! Some of the money wouldn't fit in the hiding place. So . . . I didn't want it to seem like stealing. I hid it in your place. I could show you. I don't think you could find it alone."

He knew it would make the whole thing more credible when he could hold some of that money in his hands. Then maybe he could believe the horror of it. "Come show me," he said. They went across the ante-office. She took her purse from her desk as they went through.

"In the bathroom," she said.

They went to the big bathroom. He turned on the white dazzle of fluorescence and said, "There's no place to hide money in here, girl."

"Yes there is," she said. She pointed at the wall above the sink. "Behind that panel up there."

"Panel?" he said, staring up. She took a quick step back and slammed the narrow purse against the side of his head. In the weighted end of the purse was one of the lead weights she had slipped out of the pocket of the quick-release belt she used for skin diving. When she had gone down to the parking lot at nine o'clock, she had opened the trunk of her car and removed the weight and put it in her purse. Skip took a tottering step and made a harsh sound and went down onto his hands and knees. She struck him again, with more force and precision, and he folded down against the floor. She laid her purse aside, stepped around him and turned on both faucets in the tub. As the tub filled, she took Skip's keys out of his pocket and put them in her purse. Her mouth felt starchy with indignation. The water roared into the tub.

When there was enough water in the tub, she shoved her sleeves up above her elbows, turned the water off, straddled Skip Kimberton, hoisted him and worked him over the low rim and into the warm water, face down. She put her hands on the corded nape of his neck and held his head under. Bubbles tickled past her fingers. Suddenly he began to spasm, and it took all her strength to hold him. And as he ceased to struggle, she was suffused in her own hot rush of blindness which left her weak and trembling when it had ended. She stood up and dried her hands and arms. The water had stopped moving. It was as though he was imbedded in crystal. She saw the second hand on his wrist watch, still moving under the water.

She pushed her sleeves down, picked up her purse and went through the living room and pushed the door open. Mrs. Nimitz was there. She turned and called back through the door, before letting it shut, "I'll tell her now, Mister Skip."

She went over to Mrs. Nimitz. "He's not feeling well and wants to get some sleep. He doesn't want anybody to bother him. He told me to go to the shack and get some papers he left there, so you hold the fort. I'm taking his car."

"Okay, Jezzie. Sure."

"Just tell people he's out."

She went down the front elevator and to the parking lot. She moved the station wagon over beside her car, took a quick look around, then wrestled the heavy bag of skin diving gear from the back of her car into the station wagon. She looked at her watch. She had ample time to leave town by the route where she would be least likely to be seen. The day was windless and reasonably warm.

A mile past Garner she turned into Skip's road and drove a half mile to the house. She swung around it and parked beside his ten-acre pond. She pulled the gear bag out of the station wagon and unpacked it. She stripped and pulled on her black nylon tank suit. She stowed her clothing in the gear bag and put it back into the station wagon. She checked the freshly filled twin tanks, hooked them to the harness, shouldered into it and buckled it. She snapped the quick release belt around her waist. The weathered dock was ten feet long, two feet wide, with about a ten-inch clearance between it and the surface of the dark water. An old skiff with a couple of inches of water in it was moored to the dock. She sat at the end of the dock and put her swim fins on. She spat into the mask, swirled it clean in the quiet water. Bright October leaves floated on the quiet surface. She put the mask on, adjusted the regulator, bit down on the mouthpiece and lowered herself into the water. She cruised the pond in a big slow circle, fins pumping rhythmically. It was about twelve feet deep in the middle. The water was not as murky as she had feared. She could see reasonably well in a saffron world. She saw chub and perch dart away from her. She went back to the dock. It was six feet deep off the end of it. Half-

way to shore she found a place where she could stand comfortably under the dock, the water barely covering her smooth shoulders. She pushed the mask up onto her forehead, released the mouthpiece, and stood holding onto a small piling, the green rubber fins supporting her on the soft black slime of the bottom. She waited with a mild patience, thinking about how Lucille's sister could be managed as soon as she had taken care of Breckenridge—who had talked so dirty and looked at her so knowingly. In the dead of night she could get Mr. Skip down the back way and into his car. The sister would come if she thought that Mister Skip wanted her. Skip had the suitcase all packed. It could go along with him, in the car, with the girl, right into Twelfth Lake at a place where it was very deep near a lakeside road. He'd been so anxious to go on a trip with a woman.

Five minutes after Bart Breckenridge left the motel, Barbara decided to ignore his instructions to sit and wait and answer neither the door nor the phone. She called Sheriff Walmo. "This is Barbara Horne," she said. "I'm glad I caught you before you left."

"For lunch?"

"No. Mr. Breckenridge is working for me. I wonder if I could ride out there with you."

"Ride out where?"

"Where? Why, out to that place in the woods that Mr. Kimberton owns."

"Skip's shack? Why should I be going out there?"

"You're supposed to meet them out there, Sheriff. Mr. Kimberton and Mr. Breckenridge and Jezzie Jackman. She's going to confess how she killed my sister and Mr. Hernandez. Mr. Kimberton told Mr. Breckenridge you were going to meet them out there. Don't you know anything about it? Something is terribly wrong, Sheriff. Sheriff?"

"Jezzie? Jezzie Jackman? Is this a joke?"

"Sheriff, please. Mr. Breckenridge says she's some kind of a fanatic, and very dangerous. Don't bother about me now. Please hurry out there, Sheriff."

After a silence Walmo said, "Now you sit tight and I'll have a deputy pick you up while I try to get in touch with Skip."

"Please don't waste time!"

She was waiting out by the curb when the county car arrived. The square, solemn man behind the wheel knew nothing. He drove to the courthouse. Sheriff Walmo came out, moving with an exasperating lack of haste. He got into the front seat with the driver and Barbara. "Might as well go out to Skip's place, Pete. You know where it is?"

"Hunted out there with you and Skip, didn't I?"

"Did you get in touch with Mr. Kimberton?" Barbara asked.

"Mrs. Nimitz in his office said Skip is lying down, not feeling so good, and doesn't want to be disturbed. She said Jezzie took off in Skip's car quite a time back, heading out to the shack to get some papers Sam wants. I sent a deputy over to wake Skip up and ask him about all this."

"Can't we go faster, Sheriff?"

"Miss, we could go a lot faster, but if we do we'll get out of the reach of this sorry little radio hookup, and I want to hear what Skip has to say about this. You're all upset, but you have to realize that a man like Breckenridge has to look and sound as if he's earning his money. Those boys like to make a job last. They imagine things."

"Did he just imagine the autopsy on Mr. Hernandez showed something very strange?"

The sheriff turned his big face toward her and glowered. "Somebody is doing too damned much talking. Settle back, Miss. They'll get Skip onto a phone link right to the car here."

"Doctor Nile told Bart . . . Mr. Breckenridge . . . that Miss Jackman might be dangerous."

The radio made a buzzing sound. Walmo lifted the speaker off the hook. A faint metallic voice said, "County control to car three. Come in car three."

"Car three. Walmo speaking, Henry. Over."

"Sheriff, I got Billy on here, coming in from Skip Kimberton's office. Emergency. I'm putting him right on. Go ahead, Billy."

A fainter voice, agitated, said, ". . . and couldn't raise him and broke in, Sheriff. Skip is stone dead drowned in his big bathtub, face down with his clothes on. You better get here soon as you can."

Walmo hung the receiver up. "Unwind this thing, Pete." The sudden acceleration snapped Barbara's head back.

Bart Breckenridge saw Skip's station wagon parked beyond the cottage. He drove down and parked beside it. He got out and listened to the stillness. He called Skip Kimberton. He blew the car horn. He walked to the cottage and hammered on the locked door. He walked back to the car and blew the horn again. A jay scolded. A small gust of wind blew some red leaves from a nearby maple and some floated out to land on the dark water. Weeds grew tall around the shoreline. A frog grunted. The silence seemed curiously ominous. He looked at the skiff and walked out onto the narrow dock. He stood there, staring at the pond. Suddenly there was a great wallowing swashing sound near his feet, and as he looked down his ankles were grabbed and yanked out from under him. He fell heavily, striking his shoulder and the side of his head against the edge of the dock as he went into the water. The smash of cold water cleared his head and he tried to kick himself free of the thing holding him and swim toward the dock, but as he stroked he could see he was being pulled out toward the center of the pond. He twisted and saw half the face mask above water, soaked cap of dark gold hair, lavender eyes narrow and intent. He doubled his legs suddenly to pull himself close and he tried to reach her. She released him. The moment he tried to swim to the dock, the fingers closed around his ankles and began pulling him further from shore.

Three times he tried to reach her. Three times she released him and grabbed him again. The third time she grabbed him, she pulled him under instead of back. He doubled himself, reaching for her. She let go. He bobbed to the surface, took a breath and was pulled under immediately. He knew how Lucille Phelps had drowned without a mark on her. There could be but one end to this. Exhaustion, panic, death. Skip Kimberton had probably gone the same route and lay on the bottom somewhere under him. The next time she yanked him under, he doubled, spun and drove down at her as powerfully as he could. His fingertips brushed smooth skin; then she was gone. He opened his eyes in the murk and strained to reach her, only to see her, sleek and golden, turn beyond his grasp to cruise in a half circle, graceful, watchful, as immune and merciless as a shark, the flippers propelling her faster than he could have swum even without the weight and hindrance of his soaked clothing. He headed up, but she caught him before he could reach the surface. He wrenched one foot free and kicked down at her, missed her. She caught the ankle again, and pulled him down. His starved lungs began to convulse. He kept his throat closed through an intense effort of will. He reached down for her wrists and was freed and was grasped again before he could surface. It was too long. His throat opened and the air burst out of him in noisy metallic explosion and he supped deep of the yellow water, and went into a languid and drifting dream, a place of music and yellow bands of satin and not caring.

As he felt himself fading, like a light being slowly turned off, he sensed that she was much closer, had in fact wrapped herself around him. Through a gathering darkness he felt her fingers digging into his back, saw her head craned back, thought he could detect a look of horrid ecstasy on the masked face. Her eyes were closed. He brought his right hand up in front of his face, turned the edge of it toward her throat and then chopped at that straining throat as hard as he could. In his half dream

she fell drifting away, turning, erupting a bloat of bubbles. She touched his leg. He put his foot on her and gave a great kick and drifted up and burst into a blackened world, spewing, choking, coughing, gagging, returning suddenly to pain and panic. He saw the dock at the other end of the world and began to paddle slowly toward it with an earnest, dogged instinct, like a crippled dog trying to crawl off the highway. She came thrashing to the surface a yard in front of him, foaming, rolling like a great wounded fish, emptied of all reason and mercy. She tucked the mouthpiece between her teeth, lunged at him, caught his wrist and took him down. He struck at her with his fist. He yanked the breathing tube out of her mouth. They burst into the air again, entwined and thrashing. He felt her teeth in the meat of his shoulder through his clothing and she took him down into darkness. . . .

He was vastly annoyed. They were bothering him. They were making him cough and gag and vomit and he wanted to sleep. The iron pressure kept coming down on his back, forcing the air out of him. He caught the edge of weathered boards and tried to pull himself away from the pressure. That made it stop. He groaned and rolled onto his side and looked into a blurred distortion of Barbara's face. They tried to hold him down, but he pushed them away and sat up. "Are you all right, darling?" he asked in a torn and rasping voice, reaching to touch her cheek.

She began to laugh and cry at the same time. It puzzled him. It seemed a strange response to a perfectly normal question. He heard a funny sound, like the grunting of an animal. There was Jezzie Jackman, her arms held behind her by a stocky uniformed stranger. Her twin tanks lay on the grass. The soaked suit clung to her body, and her powerful muscles writhed as she tried to free herself, her struggles almost too violent for the man to withstand. Walmo trotted to the rescue. When he tried to help, she snapped at him, her teeth clicking sharply. Barbara hid her face. Walmo carefully timed her struggles and then hit her solidly on the jaw with a short, efficient punch. She sagged. They put her in the caged rear of the county sedan and tucked a blanket around her.

On the way to the hospital at high speed, Walmo driving Skip's car, Barbara sitting between them, Walmo told Breckenridge what had happened to Skip Kimberton. It saddened him. And then he told about Barbara. "Saw you thrashing out there as we stopped. I got out fast. This girl went by me like a rocket, right out and off the end of that dock, smacked the water, went out there like a windmill. You and Jezzie had gone under. Me and Pete ran to the skiff and poled it out. By the time we got there, you were floating face down and she was all tangled up with Jezzie. We got close and had to bang Jezzie on the head with the pole before she let loose. Got the three of you aboard, poled back, with this girl starting artificial respiration on you right in the boat. You saw how Jezzie was when she woke up from being hit on the head. Like nobody I ever . . ."

Breckenridge began a fit of uncontrollable wheezing and coughing. Barbara held his hand tightly. Walmo pushed the big car up to ninety and held the horn ring down.

When Breckenridge could speak, he said, "She . . . she was hiding under the dock. . . ."

"Don't try to talk, dear," Barbara said. "It was horrible. It's over now. Don't try to talk."

He had a private room. He was given medication orally and by injection. He saw Doctor Nile briefly. He slept. When he awoke again, it was night. Nile was listening to his chest. "Why the big production?" Breckenridge asked querulously.

"Miraculous rescue. Then the patient doesn't survive the pneumonia. Weakened by shock, then your lungs full of stagnant water. Shut up and be peaceful. Miss Barbara phoned your man in New York and told him all about what you've gone through. I think they want her to do a singing commercial for the agency."

"Jezzie?"

Nile put a thermometer under his tongue. "We got her quiet by late afternoon. The county attorney imported an honest to God psychiatrist. And a stenographer. And a tape recorder. And affidavits from everybody. The whole mess. She made a date with Lucille at the lake. Left early for her lunch hour. Parked in the next road down. Was out in the lake in her gear, waiting for Lucille to swim out to her. And she did. Took the key. Took the money. Burned it all, every dollar. It was sinful money, she said. Met Gus and knocked him out, dug up under his ribs and squeezed his heart still, set him rolling in his car. Slammed Skip behind the ear with a piece of lead and drowned him in his own tub. Was going to tie stones on you and leave you in the pond, run your car off into the woods. Skip and Barbara were going to end up in the station wagon on the bottom of Twelfth Lake. Said it all in a quiet, wistful little voice. Apologetic that she couldn't finish the job." He took the thermometer out. "Hair over normal," he said. "Town is full of reporters from all over the place."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven. I want you watched close. Private nurse. Couldn't get one. First sign of infection. I want to pump you full of antibiotics. Have to use amateur talent. Do you mind, boy? If nothing shows by tomorrow noon, I'll sign you out."

"I don't mind at all. How is Barbara holding up?"

Nile gave him an inverted smile. "She came all to pieces, Breckenridge. Total collapse. What do you think she'd do under the circumstances?"

Breckenridge sat up. "Where is she? Who's looking after her?"

Barbara came out of the shadows by the door, smiling shyly. "I'm that amateur talent Dr. Nile was just talking about, Bart."

"But I don't want you to have to stay up all . . ."

"Shut up," Nile said amiably. "Patients have no rights. Just keep checking him the way I explained, Miss Horne. Any change, contact the floor nurse and they'll give him the medication I set up just in case. Got to run."

When they were alone, she adjusted the light, turned it away from him. She tugged at his pillow, felt his forehead with the back of her hand, moved a chair close and sat by him, her face grave and serious and pretty in the faint reflected glow of the light.

"I'm not really sick," he said.

"We don't want you to get sick."

"The hospital pronoun. We. How are we feeling today?"

"All right. It's just that I don't want you to get sick."

"This was rough on you, Barbara. Rough all the way. They say you saved my life. Thanks."

"Rough. Yes. I couldn't let my aunt and my mother just . . . hear it on television or something. I had to phone them. They don't understand. And . . . if you were gone, too . . . it would have been more than I could bear."

He reached for her hand. "You shouldn't have to do this for me."

"It's better to have something to do. Something important. That poor girl. I keep thinking about her. Bart?"

"Yes, Barbara?"

"If you're all right, could you come to Boston with me? Could you help me explain it all to them . . . so they'll understand it better?"

"Of course."

"And could you stay . . . just a little while?"

He released her hand and ran his hand up to her shoulder. He tugged at her and moved toward her, pulled her to him, pulled her mouth down to his. After the long kiss she buried her face in his throat and gave a long, shuddering sigh. A coming-home sigh, after having been a long way alone. He smiled at the dark ceiling. "For a little while. A few years. Give you a chance to get used to me."

His rounded and quiet and wonderful brown-haired girl kissed his throat and sighed once more and said, "I've known you all my life. I just didn't know where you were." He held her close, and smiled, and smiled, and smiled. THE END

COSMOPOLITAN

DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

"If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest." — B. Franklin

BOYS' SCHOOLS

THOROUGH PREPARATION TO **ENTER COLLEGE** WITH LESS DIFFICULTY

Carteret Est. 1901 Accredited Preparatory School

CLASSES . . . PLUS TUTORING

Effective college preparatory course, with additional tutors to assist boys obtain a complete command of the subjects required for College Entrance. HOW TO STUDY is stressed. Each boy's needs recognized and served. Sports program. Homelike dormitories. Request book "Royal Roads" on good study habits and catalog. ENTER NOW! Guidance Director, Dept. 4-A

CARTERET SCHOOL • WEST ORANGE, N. J.

Cornwall Academy For Boys Grades 9-12 & PG

College preparation with special emphasis on learning to study intelligently. Remedial instruction in English, reading, math. Daily counseling. Small classes. Full sports program, hobbies. 50 acres. Also Summer Session. **John C. Moran, Headmaster, Great Barrington, Mass.**

Bordentown Military Institute

New term Jan. 28. Fully accredited. College preparatory and general courses. Grades 8-12. Outstanding record of college entrance. ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes. Sports for all. New dorm. 82nd yr. Summer session. Write for catalog. **Registrar, Box 291, Bordentown, N. J.**



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

Individualized Plan—Each Student a Class

For those with educational problems—successful college preparation and general education. Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and science of study. *Faculty 14; Enrollment 38; 55 years' experience.*

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box J-95 Pleasantville, N. J.

Nyack Boys School 28th Year

Excellent preparation for secondary schools. Supervised study. Developmental and Remedial Reading. All sports. Beautiful campuses. SUMMER SESSION. Catalog.
Grades 1-8: 39 No. Broadway, Upper Nyack, New York
Grades 3-9: 39 Hill St., Southampton, Long Island, N.Y.

New York Military Academy

Develops to-day's Youth for tomorrow's world by building mind, body, character, leadership. R.O.T.C. Graduates all colleges. Sports, swimming, bowling, golf, tennis. Band scholarships. Grades 6-12. P.G. Est. 1889. Catalog. **60 Academy Ave., Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.**

Perkiomen

New term starts February 1. Graduates attend leading colleges, universities. Homelike atmosphere. Grades 9-12. Sports, activities for all. Modern dormitories. Near New York City, Philadelphia. 89th year. Summer School. Catalog. **Dr. Stephen C. Roberts, Hdm., Pennsburg, Pennsylvania.**

FARRAGUT

College Preparatory—Naval Training

Fully accredited. Grades 8-12. Preparation for all colleges, government academies. Testing, guidance for college and career. Sports, boats, bands. Summer camp and approved summer school. Please specify catalog desired.

Admiral Farragut Academy
Box F, Toms River, New Jersey

Valley Forge Military Academy

"At the Nation's Shrine." Prep School, grades 9 thru 12 & Jr. Coll. fully accredited. 73 modern fireproof buildings. Small personalized classes. All sports. Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry, Sr. Div. ROTC, Band. Catalogue **Box E, Wayne, Pa.**

Milford College Preparatory School for Boys. Famous for its teaching since 1916.

Grades 8-12. Homogeneous grouping in small classes helps develop good study habits, assures maximum achievement. Full athletic program and extra-curricular activities. Spacious campus. Also summer school. **Catalog.**
Ernest A. Wedge, Hdm., Milford School, Milford 12, Conn.

Charlotte Hall Military Academy

189th year. 33 miles from Washington, 65 miles from Baltimore. Nonsectarian. Supervised study. Emphasis on fundamentals; how to study. Grades 7-12. All sports. Band, orchestra. 320-acre campus. Limited enrollment. Accredited. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 402, Charlotte Hall, Md.**

THE BULLIS SCHOOL

6 miles from the White House

Wm. F. Bullis, U.S.N.A. '24, Pres.

At Silver Spring, Md. Box C.

Address: Registrar



ANNAPOLIS — WEST POINT

COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Accredited. Outstanding success. Complete athletic program. Grades 7-12. Summer term—June 17. Write for catalog.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Develops a desire to succeed. Stimulates interest, self-confidence, self-direction. How-to-study training. Small classes, guidance. Grades 7-12. Carefully integrated program prepares for all colleges. Career analysis. BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U.S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS. Athletics, riding, pool, boating. 85th year. Enroll now for January entrance. For "CADET LIFE" and catalog write:
Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box C-1, Alton, Illinois (near St. Louis)

Roosevelt Military Academy "Builders of Men"

Outstanding for college entrance. More fundamentals. Fully accredited: Career Guidance; small classes; teaches how-to-study; free tutoring; sports; band, riding; aviation. Brick buildings. Moderate rate. Grades 7-12. Catalog: **Col. Glen C. Millikan, Box , Aledo, Ill.**

Northwestern Military and Naval Academy Episcopal-related college prep, military school. Lake shore campus. Est. 1888. Accredited. Small classes. College Board center. Expert guidance toward proper college choice. ROTC. Sports. New gym. Catalogs. **21 S. Lake Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wis.**

Howe Military School Thorough academic training in spiritual environment. Accredited college preparatory, business. Potential Achievement Rating gives each boy individual goal. Small classes. Jr. School. Senior ROTC. Sports. Activities. New dorms, pool. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. **Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., 413 Academy Pl., Howe, Indiana.**

Wentworth Military Academy

Preparation for the rigors of business or higher education. Accred. 4-yr. High School, separate 2-yr. College. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Sports for all; pool. Modern bldgs., country club. Summer school; younger boys' camp. 84th yr. Catalog. **Col. J. M. Sellers, 213 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.**

St. John's MILITARY ACADEMY

Where boys become self-confident men. Accredited college preparation under the famous St. John's System. Grades 8-12. Inspired teaching. Small classes, individual attention. Reading Clinic. ROTC. Fireproof dorms, hospital, chapel. All sports, including crew. Summer Camp. 79th year. Catalog.
Director of Admissions, Box 213, Delafield, Wisconsin

Fork Union MILITARY ACADEMY

A School with Planned Study

Fork Union's One Subject Plan used in the Upper School has increased Honor Roll students 50%. Develops concentration. Strengthens foundation for College. Fully accredited. ROTC Highest Rating. 16 Modern Bldgs., 2 gyms & 2 swim pools. **Upper School.** Grades 9-12. **Junior** School 5-8. Separate Bldgs. Housemothers. 65th yr. Write for *One Subject Plan & Catalog.*
Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 101, Fork Union, Va.

Augusta Military Academy

"The Friendly School." Distinguished ROTC school in Shenandoah Valley. Jr. & Sr. Division. Boys 10-20. Accredited; graduates in leading colleges. All sports—pool, gym. 1400 acres. Family owned since 1742. Rate $1300. Catalog. **Gen. C. S. Roller, Box C, Ft. Defiance, Virginia.**

The Miller School of Albemarle

Military. Grades 5-12. College preparatory plus industrial arts, iron and woodworking, auto mechanics, machine shop and electricity. Endowed. Inclusive rate $1200. Sports. Near Charlottesville. 85th year. Write for catalog. **Col. W. Hugh Flannagan, Dept. C, Miller School P.O., Va.**

Randolph-Macon Academy

Military. Accredited. 71st year. Near Skyline Drive. Prepares for college by intensive study methods. Fireproof dormitory includes class rooms and pool. Superior equipment. 70 miles from Washington, D.C. Write for catalog and "Your Boy." **Col. John C. Boggs, Pres., Box C, Front Royal, Va.**

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box C1, Staunton, Va.

BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U. S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS.



Founded 1860

Junior Military Academy Boys 4-14

Semi-military. Kindergarten—8th grade. Family life and affectionate care. Food from our own farm. 12 months' enrollment includes 8 weeks at Camp Whooppee. Enter any time. Moderate rate. 44th year. Write for catalog. **Maj. Roy DeBerry, Box C, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.**

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY **High Standards**

Accredited. Preparation for College and Government Academies. Junior School in separate plant. Boys taught to *study* and inspired to excel. Guidance program. ROTC. 17 buildings. Every boy in athletics. Outdoor sports year round. Swimming pool, golf, aviation. Summer school and camp. A Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School. For catalog write
Registrar, Box 163C., Castle Heights, Lebanon, Tenn.

Camden Military Academy

Cultivates mental, physical, spiritual qualities. Grades 9-12. Location, resort section Pine Hill Belt. Plant built by U. S. Government. Swimming pool. Rate $1035.00 plus uniforms. Colonel James F. Risher, President. For catalogue write **Colonel Lanning P. Risher, Headmaster, Box C, Camden, S.C.**

THE PATTERSON SCHOOL for BOYS



Fully accredited college preparation. Grades 7-12. Small classes. Emphasis on Christian character. On 1300-acre estate. Gymnasium, sports, lake. Summer camp with tutoring for boys 7 to 15 years. For "Happy Valley" catalog, write **George F. Wiese, Box D, Legerwood Sta., Lenoir, N. C.**

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

College Admissions & Guidance Association

A NON-PROFIT CORPORATION

Experienced and Qualified Counselors analyze needs and help find Admission best suited to Individual. College, Boarding Prep, Military, General, etc. Thousands helped annually. 52 years of successful placements. · *Write or phone* Guidance Division

AMERICAN SCHOOLS & COLLEGES ASSOCIATION

Dept. 30, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Tel. PLaza 7-4440 · Area Code 212

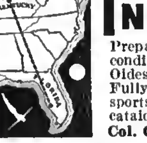
BOYS' SCHOOLS

Carlisle Military School

"Develops Manly Men"—cultivates physical, mental, spiritual qualities. Grades 8-12. Band, swimming pool, golf, school dairy. Rate $975.00 plus uniforms. Colonel James F. Risher, President. For catalogue write **Col. William C. Risher, Headmaster, Bamberg, S. C.**

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A School with a winter home in Florida



Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions. Winter months at Venice, Fla. Oldest private Military School in America. Fully accredited. ROTC. Land and water sports. *Early application advisable.* For catalog and "Why Florida", address: **Col. C. B. Richmond, Box C, Lyndon, Ky.**

Bolles of Florida

Fully accredited. Sound basic academic preparation. Grades 7-12. New conference-type classrooms. College Boards. Advanced Placement in English, Math & Biology. Guidance. Varsity and intramural sports for all. Year-round golf, tennis, sailing. Outdoor swimming pool. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 5037-C, Jacksonville 7, Florida.**

FARRAGUT

COLLEGE PREPARATORY—NAVAL TRAINING

Fully accredited. Prepares for all colleges and government academies. Separate Junior Department. Naval-military. Near beaches. Guidance for college and career. Sports. Boats. Pool. Band. Write for catalog.

Admiral Farragut Academy
Park St., St. Petersburg 3, Fla.

Laurel Crest Academy

College preparatory. Graduates attend leading colleges and universities. Boys with college potential developed through individual guidance, small classes and select faculty. Honors courses. Beautiful campus, pool, sports. Grades 9-12. Also summer. Catalog.

RUSSELL G. GRENON, Ph.D., Headmaster
Box C, Bristol, Conn.

Stratford Academy

50 BOYS • GRADES 1-8

Each boy's studies individually planned. Thorough basic instruction. Training for good health, behavior, habits, character. Beneficial military and work programs. 22 acres. **Near Phila. STRATFORD, NEW JERSEY**

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

151st YEAR

The School of Achievement

A good college preparatory school for boys. Grades 7 through 12. Limited Post graduate enrollment. ROTC. Accredited. Develops leadership. Learning to study emphasized in all classes. Over 90% of graduates enter college. Excellent success records. New library and science building. Athletics for all. Near Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. *Also Summer Camp.* For catalogue write: **Admissions Dir., GMS, Box C-201, Lewisburg 2, W. Va.**

Lakemont

College Preparatory School
For Boys, Grades 9-12

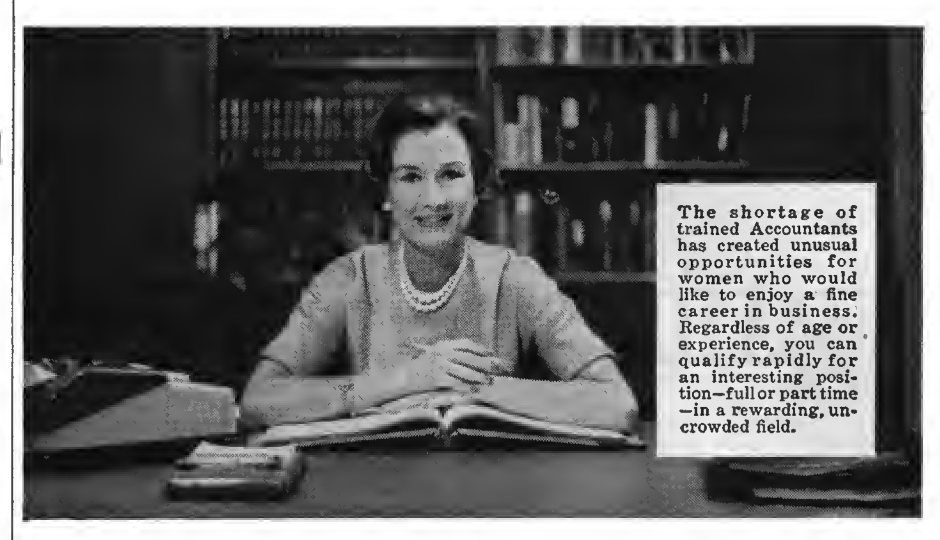
On Seneca Lake. 120 years old. Personal counseling program. Regents accredited. Small classes. Supervised study halls. Reading development. Dramatics. Student Senate and Clubs. Varsity athletics and recreational sports. 170 acre campus. Summer School. **Director of Admission, Lakemont 1, N.Y.**



Grades 8-12. Small classes. Study this year "In the land of the sun" 20 mi. north of Orlando. Fully Accredited College Prep. 30 acre campus. Outdoor Pool, Golf course. All Athletics, expert coaching. Experienced instructors. Moderate rate. Limited enrollment. Colorado Summer School. *Catalog, write* Registrar, Box 38, Sorrento 7, Fla.

Additional Boys' School listings on page 130.

The career that offers women equal opportunity with men



The shortage of trained Accountants has created unusual opportunities for women who would like to enjoy a fine career in business. Regardless of age or experience, you can qualify rapidly for an interesting position—full or part time—in a rewarding, uncrowded field.

Enjoy prestige and high pay in

Accounting

La Salle trains you at home in your spare time

Earn an independent income in a profession where salaries are high and promotions are frequent—and where women qualify as readily as men. Without interfering with your present job or responsibilities, you can prepare for a career in Accounting through LaSalle spare-time training.

No previous bookkeeping experience is necessary. LaSalle's distinguished faculty starts you at the beginning; explains every basic Accounting principle and method; gives you actual Accounting problems with your lessons, then corrects and grades your work. Your training is complete, practical and enjoyable. You are thoroughly prepared for every Accounting task you will handle in the business world.

For more than half a century LaSalle has been a world leader in business training. Its students total more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women. A LaSalle diploma in Accounting is a credential respected by America's biggest companies. Send for free illustrated booklet and sample lesson. Address: 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Ill.

"My salary is 305% more than when I first started to work. I am employed by the state of Alabama as an Accountant. This is a professional rating. Being a LaSalle graduate has meant so much!"—Mrs. Anne P. Cox, Elmore, Ala.

"Thanks to my LaSalle training I have been given the opportunity to reorganize and install accounting systems and procedures. My earnings have risen from $70.00 per week to $175.00 per week with many fringe benefits." —Mary M. Nyberg, Hollydale, California

"I have the highest regard for your training—also for the personal interest the LaSalle instructors give each lesson."—Mae Whitledge, Memphis, Tenn.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 South Dearborn St., Dept. 13-088, Chicago 5, Ill.



Please send me, free of cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Opportunities in Accounting" and also your interesting sample lesson.

Name .... Age......

Address...................... County..........

City &
Zone :........................... State........

103

KINGSLEY HALL

Coll. Prep. for Boys. Gr. 7-12 and Post-Grad. Small classes, Excellent Guidance Prog., Rem. Reading, Study Skills–Coll. Exam. Review. All sports 100 acre Berkshire campus. Catalogue. Applications accepted for immediate admission. Summer school July-Aug. 1963. Dr. Warren S. Freeman, Headmaster, Box 120C, Great Barrington, Mass. 1009. New York tel. JU 6-7347

FLORIDA Air Academy

Superior preparatory training for leading colleges and service schools. Strategically located near Cape Canaveral. Grades 4-12, small classes, study help, individual attention. New gymnasium. Expert coaching. All sports, golf & swimming on 25-acre campus. Military training, flight optional. For catalog, write: THE PRINCIPAL. Florida Air Academy, Melbourne 7, Florida.



MIAMI MILITARY ACADEMY

NATIONALLY ACCREDITED—Honor NDCC School 38th yr. College Preparatory. Separate Junior School. Grades 5-12. Boys Learn to Study in small classes under certified men instructors. Sports, Sailing, Rifle team, New Gym, Pool, Golf, Tennis, Band. 30 acres on Biscayne Bay. Fireproof Masonry Buildings. Moderate all inclusive fee. Also Summer School and Camp. *Illustrated Catalog, address:* 10605 Biscayne Blvd., Miami 38-A, Florida.

EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL

Simmons TEEN & UNIVERSITY TRIPS

Coed and All-Girl Groups

• **WEST** Great Lakes Cruise, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, California, Nassau Cruise from $695 • **MEXICO** 13th Year, study Spanish and Art 3 wks., tour Mexico 3 wks., $945 • U.S.A., Mexico & 5-day Pacific Cruise, $1,045 • **EUROPE** Israel-Greece-U.S.S.R. travel & study tours, incl. university summer sessions, from $1,095 • **CAMPING ABROAD** in Switzerland & Israel, 8 wks., Coed 8-18 from $895. Directors: Alice Feld & Herman Simon.

FREE BROCHURE: SIMMONS, BOX C, 1350 B'way, N.Y.
WI 7-0030 *. . . or ask your travel agent*

Study & Travel

Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-22; all inclusive from $913. Older students 17-27, 60 days residence and study program at Le Fleuron in Florence and tour of Europe, inclusive from $1685. **Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y. Circle 5-3560.**

EUROPE — RUSSIA — ORIENT — ROUND THE WORLD — MEXICO — HAWAII

We offer 1963's most comprehensive and interesting student tour program with *very unusual itineraries and unique features*! Don't make final plans before having compared our tours—there are none like them. . . . All departures in June *by Air or Ship* 50-72 days abroad—from *$835.00* (plus transportation). . . . Send for exciting details:

Peter W. Skov—STUDENTOURS
901 Kirkeby Center
10889 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles 24, California

Camp Crusoe

West Indies
7th Year

Private sportsmen's club for boys 14-up on the "Robinson Crusoe" island of Tobago, West Indies. Spearfishing, aqualunging, camp-outs, visits to Trinidad, other islands. 30 selected boys—7 weeks. For membership information write **Director, 3047 Lenox Rd., Atlanta 5, Georgia.**

SUMMER CAMP AFLOAT

Co-ed. 11 to 19. Live aboard ship & Air cond't rooms at Bahama Club. Scuba, Sail, Ski, Fish, Tennis, Golf. 54 Land & Water sports. Brochure, **Box 135, Bronxville, N.Y.**

Banff School of Fine Arts

University of Alberta.

31st Summer. Main Session, July 1-Aug. 10, 1963: Music, Drama, Ballet, Painting, Handicrafts, Modern Languages, Writing, Photography, Figure Skating. Eminent instructors. Painting Short Courses June 17-June 29 & Aug. 12-Sept. 7. **Director, Banff School of Fine Arts, Banff, Alberta, Canada.**

North American Tour-A-Camp, Inc.

An all-boy and all-girl camping tour of Canada, Mexico, California and 9 National Parks. 3 age groups 12-13, 14-15, 16-18. "A boy's dream come true." $695. More than 19 years of camp and tour experience.
Brochure—Dept. 3, YMCA, Nyack, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN FLORENCE, ITALY

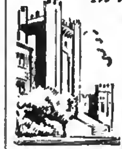
8-week summer program in the Humanities, for boys 15-19. Located at the *Collegio alla Querce.* Curriculum includes courses in literature, history, the fine arts, music, Italian. Weekend excursions. Recreational athletics. Limited enrollment. For information or prospectus, write the Director, P. O. Box 108, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Kemper Military School & College

Fully accredited boys' preparatory, junior college program. Small classes, individualized instruction. Excellent faculty. Personal counseling. Jr., Sr. ROTC. Sports for all. Social activ. Flying Club. Educating for leadership since 1844. Catalog: **704 Third St., Boonville, Missouri.**

Gordon Military College

Accredited Junior College. Also grades 8-12. ROTC trains for military or civilian leadership. Supervised study. Stimulating activities program. 350 acres. Golf, all sports, pool. $1195 inclusive rate. Founded 1852. *Write for catalog.* **Col. C. T. B. Harris, President, Barnesville 2, Georgia.**



MASSANUTTEN MILITARY ACADEMY

In the Beautiful Shenandoah Valley

Grades 8-12. Accredited College Prep. New Dormitory, Gymnasium and Classrooms. Supervised Study, Small Classes, Merit Plan. Special Reading Course, Personal Guidance. All sports, including Riding. Indoor Pool. Expert coaching. ROTC Band, Rifle. 64th yr. Catalog, Col. R. J. Benchoff, Hdmr., Box 71, Woodstock 7, Va.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

Charles E. Ellis School

Girls, grades 7-12. Fully accredited.

College preparatory, art, music, home economics, secretarial. Small classes. Individual guidance. 300-acre campus, modern stone buildings, suburban Phila. Separate dorms for younger girls. Sports, riding. Gymnasium. Est. 1910. Catalog. **Dr. C. Gordon Frantz, Pres., Newton Square 10, Pa.**

CHAPEL HILL

Carefully supervised college prep and general courses. Grades 7-12. Endowment permits moderate rate.

For girls. Boarding (5 or 7-day week). Music, art, drama. Typewriting. Social, athletic, creative activities. Also Summer Session. All regular subjects. Remedial English, Math.
Wilfred C. Clark '25, 327 Lexington St., Waltham, Mass.

BOYS' CAMP

ST. JOHN'S



Constructive recreation for boys 9-16. Choice of 24 sports and camp activities. Expert coaching. Complete land and lake facilities of **ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY**; modern hospital, gym; golf. Limited military and Army physical training. Accredited summer school if desired, remedial reading. Sister camp. Parent guest house. Catalog. **C-21 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wisconsin**

COED CAMPS

Nottingham Camps

A summer of fun and friendship for boys and girls, 8-16. Separate camps; 360 acres. All sports; riding, riflery, fishing, sailing, golf. Pool. Dramatics. Summer school. Between Philadelphia, Baltimore. Near Chesapeake Bay. Catalog. **C. C. Burley, Director, Box 290, Colora, Maryland.**

Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch

Spend the summer on a 40,000 acre Western cattle ranch. Daily riding. Roundups, rodeos, all sports. Pack trips. Swimming pool. Crafts. Southwest caravan trip. Cool, dry climate. Coed. 9-17. 32nd year. Tutoring program. Also winter school. **Charles C. Orme, Jr., Director, Meyer, Arizona.**

SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMPS

Shattuck Summer School-Camp

Six weeks' recreation and study for boys 9-18. Two age groups. Regular Shattuck faculty and facilities. Basic military training. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf, other sports. Dietitian. In southern Minnesota. Catalog. **Director of Admissions, A-633 Shumway Hall, Faribault, Minn.**

Hargrave Summer School-Camp

June 13—August 7. Boys enjoy eight weeks of work and play. Remedial and accelerated courses in reading and academic subjects. Grades 8 through 12. Organized sports, including swimming. Write: **Registrar, Hargrave Military Academy, Box CS, Chatham, Virginia.**

SPECIAL SCHOOL

Rhinebeck Country School

For the child with learning and adjustment problems. Individual academic attention, vocational program, psychiatric services. Year round, warm home atmosphere. 110 acres, shop, animals, happy social life. Therapy. **Leonard C. Zneimer, Dir., Rhinebeck, N.Y.** *TR 6-3434.*

COED SCHOOLS

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY

Coeducational College Preparatory Boarding School For Students Talented in Music, Art, Drama, Dance or Creative Writing

Grades 8-12. Outgrowth of famous National Music Camp. Complete academic and fine arts training of superior quality. Small classes, accelerated programs enable students to learn more in less time. Features Youth Symphony Orchestra, Radio and TV. For catalog, write:
Dr. J. E. Maddy, President
Room 12, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan

The Anderson School

Year-round. Regents accredited. College preparatory and general courses. Grades 8-12. Emphasis on study habits. Expert guidance staff. Psychiatrist and psychologist. Small classes. Activity program stressed. Est. 1924. Catalog. **L. C. Gage, M.A., Headmaster, Staatsburg-on-Hudson, N.Y.**

Windsor Mountain School

In Berkshires. Coed college preparation. Grades 8-12. Sound scholastic program in friendly, informal atmosphere. Excellent college record. Daily counseling. Work projects. Music, art, dramatics. Riding, skiing, all sports. Catalog. **Heinz E. Bondy, Hdm., Box 508-E, Lenox, Mass.**

Washington College Academy

Founded 1780

Coeducational. Grades 9-12. College prep. Industrial Arts, agriculture, business, home ec., music. All students participate in work program. Scholarships and workships available. Christian emphasis. Catalog. **T. Henry Jablonski, Pres., Box 21, Washington College, Tenn.**

Cherry Lawn School

Distinguished College Prep.

Coed. Grades 8-12. Small Classes. 46 years of Successful College Placement. College Guidance. Special Reading course. All sports. Creativity fostered—flexible curriculum. For Catalog or appointment to visit, phone or write **Box C-8, Darien 8, Conn. Tel. Oliver 5-1488.**

Judson School

In Arizona. A coed ranch school. Grades 1-12 (boarding 5-12). College Preparatory. Accredited. Beautiful location in Paradise Valley near Phoenix. Healthful, warm climate. Small classes. Riding included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, pack trips, fishing, rodeos, riflery, roping, music. 35th year. *Catalog.* **David C. Wick, Headmaster, Scottsdale, Arizona.**

Buxton School

Four year college preparatory school where boys and girls learn to know themselves and understand others. Advanced training for talented students in drama, creative writing, music and art. Country living. Sports. Work program. **Ellen Geer Sangster, Dir., Box 970-C, Williamstown, Mass.**

Fryeburg Academy

Est. 1792. Grades 9-12 & P.G. Coed. Accredited school offering college prep plus home economics, commercial, industrial arts courses. Fine faculty; curricula for students with special talents. Excellent facilities; new dormitories. Two gyms. Own skin area, trails, tow & 27 meter jump. Catalog. **Philip W. Richards, Hdm., Fryeburg 11, Maine.**

Fenster Ranch School—Tucson

Fully accredited, nationally known ranch school for boys and girls. Grades 1-12. College preparatory. Superior facilities and staff. Riding, swimming, other activities in warm, dry climate. For catalog write **Mr. G. F. Fenster, Director, Fenster Ranch School, P.D. Box 6230, Tucson, Arizona.**

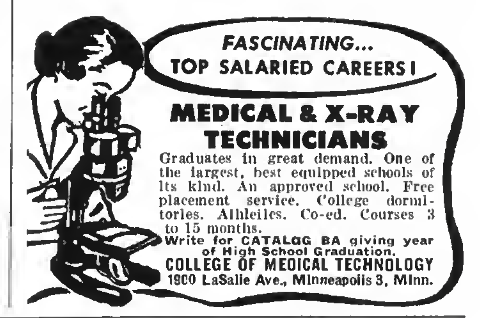
LAB & MEDICAL TECHNIQUE

Gradwohl School of Laboratory Technique

Internationally known. M.D. supervised. Coeducational. G. I. Approved. H.S. diploma required. Enter monthly. One-year course, modern procedures. Placement service, big demand, good salaries. Catalog. **3516 Lucas Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.**

Carnegie Institute

Medical & X-Ray Technologists. Med. Sec'ys & Assts. (12 to 24 mos.) Co-ed. Lifetime rewarding career. Graduates in demand. Part-time Work. Dorms. Free Placement. Clev. GI Appr. Known nation-wide. 4 Schools: Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, (Affil. Eastern Sch. for Phys. Aides, 85 Fifth Av., N.Y.). Write **4703 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**



FINE & APPLIED ARTS

Ringling School of Art 32nd year. Study Painting, Illustration, Commercial Art, Fashion Arts, Interior Design in Florida year round. Faculty of outstanding artists. Use Ringling Museum. Outdoor classes. Dormitories. Low cost. Write for catalog & folder "In Florida Sunshine." Address: **George C. Kaiser, Jr., Dean, Sarasota, Florida.**

New York School of Interior Design

Four Months' Practical Training course starts February 4th. Faculty of leading N. Y. decorators. Period and modern styles, color schemes, all fundamentals. Send for Catalog 2R. Home Study Course for those who cannot come to N.Y. Starts at once. Catalog 2C. **155 East 56th St., N.Y. 22.**

Art Institute of Pittsburgh

More jobs offered our graduates than we can fill. 18-month Diploma courses in Commercial Art; Fashion Art; Interior Design. Planned for beginners. Veteran approved. Coed. 42nd year. Pay monthly. Factbook. Write: **Willis C. Shook, Director, 635 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh 22, Penna.**

Ray-Vogue Schools Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Decoration, Dress Design, Fashion Merchandising with Modeling, Fashion Illustration. Dormitory for out-of-town girls walking distance. Living accommodations for men. Enter 1st Monday each month. Write **Registrar, Room 506.** Specify course: **Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11.**

American Academy of Art Practical courses in Commercial & Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Story, Advertising & Fashion Illustration, Lettering, Layout, Painting. Placement service. Coed. 40th year. Enroll now. Write for catalog. **Frank H. Young, Dir., Dept. 113, 30 East Adams Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.**

1 63

FREE

Cosmopolitan Annual Directories

Cosmopolitan publishes annual reprint directories for all kinds of educational opportunities. They are available to you for the asking. Fill in the form below (please print your name and address) and mail to:

Ellen Epps, Director
Cosmopolitan Education Department
959 Eighth Avenue
New York 19, N. Y.

Preparatory Schools —
Camps —
Summer Schools —
Educational Travel —
Colleges —
Vocational Schools —
Home Study —

Name________________

Address________________

____

If selection of a school or camp presents a problem, write to the Director of the Cosmopolitan Education Department. She will be happy to help by making specific recommendations.

Be sure to state the age, sex, grade, interests of the child, the location and tuition range of the school, and the expected date of entrance.

This service is free to Cosmopolitan readers.

HOME STUDY

249 COURSES

That's how many ways I. C. S. offers you to get ahead. Whatever your job interests—from accounting to zerography—there's an I. C. S. course tailor-made to help you get ahead in your present job. Or in finding a new career. Write today for 3 valuable FREE booklets.

International Correspondence Schools
DEPT. Z-7758M, SCRANTON 16, PA.

Interior Decoration at Home

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet. **Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 3391, Chicago 14, Ill.**

PLAY RIGHT AWAY!

Even If You Don't Know a Note of Music Now

Now it's EASY to learn any instrument. No boring exercises. Play by notes right away. Amazing progress at home, in spare time. No teacher. LOW cost. 1,000,000 students! Write for FREE BOOK. No salesmen. **U. S. School of Music, Studio A921, Port Washington, N.Y.** *(Est. 1898)* Chartered N. Y. State Educa. Dept. Tear out as reminder.

Oil Coloring

OIL COLORING PHOTOGRAPHS—A fascinating hobby or profitable sideline for those with artistic talent. Learn at home. Easy simplified method. Free Booklet. **National Photo Coloring School, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 3391, Chicago 14.**

WRITING?

Before you consider any course in writing—Compare! The New York School Of Writing offers: complete training in fiction, non-fiction and TV; placement of salable scripts. Write for FREE information and sample material.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WRITING
Dept. C-163, 2 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

JUNIOR COLLEGES

Averett College Girls. Fully accredited Jr. College. Transfer, terminal. Liberal Arts. Pre-professional. Merchandising, home ec., physical ed.; secretarial, medical sec'l. Music, art, drama, speech. Individual attention, small classes. Sports, pool, gym. Social program. Endowed. 104th year. Catalog. **Curtis Bishop, President, 402 W. Main St., Danville, Va.**

Leicester Two Year College for Men. Associate in Science Degree. Majors—in Accounting, Advertising, Management, Merchandising, Liberal Arts. Thorough Business Administration prepares for success at management levels. Terminal or college transfer. Vocational guidance. Suburban campus. All sports. Write **Director of Admissions, Leicester 4, Mass.**

AIRLINE TRAINING

McConnell Airline School

Be an Air Hostess. Romance! Travel! Adventure! Fun! Train in just four weeks for exciting flight and ground positions. Free placement service with 35 airlines. Airline-trained teachers. 19th yr. Write for free catalog (give age). **1030 Nicollet Ave., Room B-13, Minneapolis, Minn.**





Prestige Career. Famous "3 in 1 course" includes 2 year course that may be completed in 1 year, with steno, typing, college English, etc., plus Stewardess and Model Courses. Free Placement Service. Classes start March 5th. Write Bklt. CH-5. **Grace Downs Air Career School, 477 1st Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

HOTEL TRAINING

CAN YOU SUCCEED as a HOTEL-MOTEL HOSTESS or EXECUTIVE?



Did you ever sit in a hotel or motel lobby, admire the beautiful surroundings and say to yourself, "I certainly would enjoy being an executive here." Perhaps you think it would take years to "work up" to such an executive position. Or you may believe you're too old to start. Neither is true!

Dorothy Hesse Becomes Manager of a Leading Hotel Though Inexperienced in Hotel Work

"I answered a Lewis ad and enrolled. Today I can say I have reached the 'top' of my profession. I moved up to Manager of a leading hotel at double my initial salary. I look forward to a bright future."

You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Position Qualified to "Make Good."

Most successful Lewis graduates knew absolutely nothing about hotel or motel work when they enrolled. Many were of mature years. We not only train you at home or through resident classes in Washington, but help place you through our Nationwide Placement Bureau. FREE of extra cost. Mail coupon for FREE book. Approved for ALL Veteran Training. Accredited by N. H. S. C.

WANT TO RETIRE? With living expenses making it almost impossible to retire on a small income many mature people and retired service personnel have turned to Lewis Training as a proved shortcut to EXTRA INCOME. Step into a well-paid position in Florida, California—any place where living is easier. Write for facts.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL **47th SUCCESSFUL YEAR**
Room JA-202, Washington 7, D. C.

Please send me your Free Book, "Your Golden Opportunity." I am interested in opportunities checked below:
☐ Hotels ☐ Motels ☐ Clubs
☐ Institutions ☐ Restaurants ☐ Apartments
Please check: ☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training
Name..
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
Address..
City......................Zone....State..........

BUSINESS & SECRETARIAL

Katharine Gibbs SECRETARIAL

BOSTON 16 21 Marlborough St.
NEW YORK 17 230 Park Ave.
MONTCLAIR, N.J. 33 Plymouth St.
PROVIDENCE 6 155 Angell St.

Outstanding training. Three practical courses.
One-Year Secretarial
Liberal Arts-Secretarial (two years)
Special Course for College Women
Catalog: ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL

SECRETARIAL • BUSINESS • BROADCASTING

Learn half a day, earn half a day as your in-school learned skills are applied on School supervised jobs. One and Two year Work-Study Programs in Business, Secretarial Science or Broadcasting. Secretarial specialization in Executive, Medical, Legal, Radio-TV. Student activities. Placement service. Dormitories. Co-ed. Catalog. **Write Vice President, Cambridge School, 687 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts**

Wood Secretarial School College-level courses for High School and Private School graduates. Accredited by N. Y. State Education Department. Placement service. Air-conditioned. Dormitory. 84th year. Enroll now for Feb., July or Sept. Catalog. **Associate Dean, 125 Park Ave., (100 E. 42 St. opposite Grand Central), N.Y. 17. DX 7-1290.**

Berkeley School Train for key secretarial positions. Intensive and comprehensive courses for High School graduates, college women. Distinguished faculty. Guidance. Placement service. Two-year and one-year courses. New term February 18. Write for Catalog P: **420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, New York. Also: White Plains, New York; East Orange, New Jersey.**

CHANDLER

SCHOOL FOR WOMEN • SECRETARIAL

OFFERS NEW EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE. One of Boston's oldest, most distinguished schools offers excellent secretarial training combined with maturing influence of unusual residence program in a world-famous educational community. 2-yr. Medical, Legal, Science-research, Executive specialization. 1-yr. Course. Beautiful residences. Cultural, social opportunities of a city noted for music, arts, and ideas. Send for catalog and program folder. **Dr. G. I. Rohrbough, President, 448 Beacon St., Boston 15, Mass.**

BUSINESS & SECRETARIAL

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

Dress by Jax

FROM CALIFORNIA COMES THE SUNLIT LOOK OF CREME PUFF®

SEE YOURSELF IN A NEW LIGHT... the warm sunlit look of Creme Puff. It's creamy foundation and velvety powder at one stroke—made with millions of tiny light reflectors that give your complexion a misted inner radiance. And millions of tiny light diffusers to soften the light. The result: young, alive skin tones... tender, luminous beauty. A golden-girl complexion that could only have been conceived in the pure light of California... the sunlit look! 12 sunlit shades. In beautiful pastel compacts or jeweler's Case-Mates, $1.50 to $5.50. Refills, $1.00.

MAX FACTOR





PLATO FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

NOTHING short of amazing is the way this great classic (written more than two thousand years ago) hits so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, is the pure essence of how to get the best out of life — whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches in our hearts and minds.

This beautiful edition contains the five great dialogues. In these conversations between friends — fresh, spontaneous, humorous, informal — you have "philosophy brought down from heaven to earth."

MARCUS AURELIUS MEDITATIONS

THROUGH these writings, you gaze as if through a powerful telescope at the Rome of eighteen centuries ago. You will be struck by resemblances to our own era as you read the wise Meditations of the great emperor-philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic who found peace in traditional customs... the witty arguments of Lucian, the Skeptic, who punctured so many beliefs... the impassioned words of Justin, the Christian, willing to die for the new religion.

ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

Included is the essence of his five celebrated essays. You will be amazed, as you read them, how this great philosopher discovered by pure reason so many truths upon which modern scientists and thinkers have only recently agreed.

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

THE CLASSICS CLUB HJ
Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the THREE beautiful Classics Club Editions of PLATO, ARISTOTLE *and* MARCUS AURELIUS pictured above, which I may keep for only $1.00 plus a few cents mailing charges — the special new-member introductory price for ALL THREE volumes. If not completely satisfied after seven days' examination, I may return all 3 books and owe nothing.

As a member, I am not obligated to take any specific number of books, and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each *future* Club volume I decide to keep I will send you the low price of only $3.39 plus a few cents mailing charges. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss (Please Print Plainly)

Address..................................

Zone No.
City............(if any)...State........

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. The low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.